To the Vniuerſitie of Oxenford.

Thou eye of Honour, Nurſerie of Fame,
Still teeming-Mother of immortall ſeed:
Receiue theſe bleſſed Orphanes of thy breed
As from thy happie iſſue firſt they came.
Thoſe flowing wits that bathed in thy foord,
And ſuck't the honie dew from thy pure pap:
Returne their tribute backe into thy lap,
In rich-wrought lines, that yeelde no idle woord.
O let thy Sonnes from time to time ſupplie
This Garden of the Muſes, *where dooth want*
Such Flowers as are not, or come ſhort, or ſcant
Of that perfection may be had thereby:
So ſhall thy name liue ſtill, their fame ne're dye,
Though vnder ground whole worlds of time they lie.

Stat fine morte decus.

To the Vniuerſitie of Cambridge.

Mother of Muſes, and great Nurſe of Art, (grown,
Which lent'ſt the ſtate from whence theſe ſweets are
Now with increaſe, receiue a bounteous part,
Which thou mayſt iuſtly chalenge as thine owne:
That Grant *may to the comfort of her ſtreames*
Behold her (Seedes of late) now Dulcet flowres,
And with the plentie of the famous Thames,
Attyre her Nymphs, and decke her watry bowres
And cheriſhing theſe Choyces of delights,
With daintie Garlands, Crowne the peacefull ſhore,
Prepard for Feaſting, and Triumphant ſights,
More Beautifull than ages heretofore:
Whil'ſt all the Floods ſo famous but of late,
Shall giue their glorie to adorne her ſtate.

Sua cuique gloria.

To his louing and approoued good Friend, *M. Iohn Bodenham.*

TO thee that art Arts louer, Learnings friend,
First cauſer and collectour of theſe floures:
Thy paines iuſt merit, I in right commend,
Coſting whole years, months, weeks, & daily hours.
Like to the Bee, thou euery where didſt rome,
Spending thy ſpirits in laborious care:
And nightly brought'ſt thy gather'd hony home,
As a true worke-man in ſo great affaire.
Firſt, of thine owne deſeruing, take the fame;
Next, of thy friends, his due he giues to thee:
That loue of learning may renowme thy name,
And leaue it richly to poſterity,
Where others (who might better) yet forſlow it,
May ſee their ſhame, and times hereafter know it.

A. M.

Of this Garden of the Muſes.

THou which delight'ſt to view this goodly plot,
Here take ſuch flowres as beſt ſhal ſerue thy vſe,
VVhere thou maiſt find in euery curious knot,
Of ſpeciall vertue, and moſt pre[illegible]us iuyce,
Set by Apollo in their ſeuerall places,
And nouriſhed with his celeſtiall Beames,
And watered by the Muſes and the Graces,
With the freſh dew of thoſe Caſtalian ſtreames.
What ſente or colour canſt thou but deuiſe
That is not here, that may delight the ſenſe?
Or what can Art or Induſtry comprize,
That in aboundance is not gather'd hence?
No Garden yet was euer halfe ſo ſweet,
As where Apollo and the Muſes meet.

A. B.

A Sonnet to the Muſes Garden.

FAire planted Eden of collected ſweets,
Cropt from the boſome of the fertile ground,
Where Science with her honey-current greets
The ſacred Siſters: where her liberall ſound
Makes Angels ecchoes, and to heauens rebound
The repetition of ſententious ſpirits;
(Oh deare beloú'd in vertues painfull merits.)

Fruit-furniſht Tempe, *all the worlds abſtract,*
For flowres of vertue, hearbs of rare effect,
From whence, as well ſoules Phyſicke is extract,
As bodies gouernment; hold in reſpect
What Science giues (though Ignorance reiect)
For euery maime and ſickneſſe of the mind,
A wounded life a precious balme may find.

Shee ſends you not to ſearch the hidden mynes
For gorgeous iewels, nor to forraine lands,
But in one casket all her wealth combines,
And giues it freely with heart-open hands.
Shee limits not her bountie within bands:
Looke firſt, then like, ſuruey, take one or all;
Chooſe with the mind, the eye is fancies ball.

W. Rankins, Gent.

Of the Booke.

THe ſundry beames proceeding from one Sunne,
The hiue where many Bees their honey bring,
The Sea, to which a thouſand riuers runne,
The garden where ſuruiues continuall ſpring,
The Trophee hung with diuers painfull hands,
Abſtract of knowledge, Briefe of Eloquence,
Aiding the weake, preſeruing him that ſtands:
Guide to the ſoule, and ruler of the ſenſe.
Such is this Volume, and the fraight hereof,
How-euer ignorance preſume to ſcoffe.

R. Hathway.

Of God.

God is beyond fraile ſence to comprehend,
He firſt began all, and of all is end.

WHere God puts too his hand, all elſe is vaine.
God thunders oftner than he ſtrikes or beates.
God giues his wrath by weight, but mercie free.
Where God doth bleſſe, abundãce quickly ſprings.
Gods wiſdome too much ſearcht, is daungerous.
Gods iuſtice ouer-vrgde, ſtrikes heauily.
Without the vnderſtanding of Gods will,
Our wit is follie, and our beſt fight ill.
God doth not hate to loue, nor loue to hate.
God with his finger ſtrikes, and not his arme.
No man ſo poore, but God can bleſſe his dayes,
Who patient Iob did from the dunghill raiſe.
In vaine it is for man with God to ſtand.
God will controll when mortall men haue done.
Gods equitie doth euery action prooue.
Gods hand holds thunder, who dare him offend?
Faith finds free paſſage to Gods mercie ſeate.

Where vertue raiſeth men to dignitie,
There God his bleſſings ſtill doth multiply.
Little auailes Gods gifts where wants his grace.
Men order warre, but God giues victorie.
Gods mercie doth his iuſtice farre exceed.
God deales not with vs as our ſinnes deſerue.
Gods doctrine is the rule of prouidence.
God is eternall, therefore without end.
God made all mortall things, and orders them,
According to his wiſdome, where and when.
Gods greatnes is more ſeene in loue, than wrath.
God ne're made any equall to himſelfe.
If God helpe not, yet deeme him not vniuſt.
Gods mercie is the worke of our redemption.
If thou lift vp thy ſelfe, God flyes from thee:
If thou be humble, then he comes to thee.
If God dart lightning, ſoon he dewes down raine.
Gods wrath ſoone kindled, is as quickly quencht.
No miſaduentures croſſe, where God doth guide.
Where God doth ſaue, no other ſalue doth need.
How can that enterpriſe ill iſſue haue,
Where God himſelfe doth guide, doth ſpeed, doth ſaue.
Happy are they who fauour from God find.
God and our ſhame are ſtaies vnto our ſinne.
Gods iuſtice doth mans iuſtice farre excell.
Thoſe that God loues, in them he nothing hates.
How can a ſimple current him withſtand,
Who all the mightie Ocean doth commaund?
God loues the faithfull, but doth hate their ſinne.
Good life begun in earth, in heauen is ended.
When Sathan tempts, he leads vs vnto hell,
But God doth guide whereas no death doth dwell.
When Sathan tempts, he ſeekes our faith to foile,
But God doth ſeale it, neuer to recoile.

God

God makes our burning zeale full bright to ſhine,
Amongſt the candles of his Church diuine.
God euer ſeekes by triall and temptation,
To ſound mans heart and ſecret cogitation.
God well knowes men, and ſtill his eye doth ſee,
All thoughts of men, ere they conceiued be.
God out of ſeaſon neuer yet doth trie,
His children new conuerted by and by.
Man made of earth, ſounds not the ſeas profound
Of Gods deepe iudgements, where there is no ground.
The Lord law-maker, iuſt and righteous,
Doth frame his lawes, not for himſelfe, but vs.
Gods wiſdome guides this worlds ſocietie,
With equall power, and equall pietie.
Gods word which made the world, and guides it ſtill,
To diuers ends conducts both good and ill.
He that preferres not God fore all his race,
Amongſt the ſonnes of God deſerues no place.
He that the furrowes ploweth of Gods field,
May not turne backe his fainting face, nor yeeld.
Sathan ſuggeſteth ill, God mooues to grace.
God can doe all, ſaue that he will not doe.
Our mightie God, alwaies for his elect,
Of wicked things can draw a good effect.
God keepes his watch aboue the ſtarrie ſkies,
For his elect, who neuer idle lyes.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS one poore drop is nothing to the ſea,
So all we can is nothing in Gods ſight.
As the bright Sunne defaceth candle-light,
So Gods great power controlleth all the world.
As Princes are to be both lou'd and fear'd,
So God the Prince of princes, muſt haue more.

As with great care a Pilot guides the ſhip,
So with great grace doth God direct the world.
As when the ſoule departs, the body dies:
So where God bleſſeth not, all things decay.
As mothers hugge their children in their armes,
So God enfolds his choſen with his grace.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Pherecides, for his contemning God,
Was eate with lice, and dyed miſerably.
Lucian an Atheiſt, and denying God,
Was afterward in pieces torne with dogs.
Iuſtinian for his light regard of God,
Became a foole, and ſo in follie dyde.
Th'Athenians baniſhed *Protagoras*,
Becauſe his bookes queſtion'd the deitie.
Socrates did confeſſe one onely God,
And tearm'd the heathen Gods but vanitie.
Plato, when he wrote any ſerious thing,
Began ſtill, *In the name of one ſole God.*

Of Heauen.

Heauen is Gods ſeat, the throne of endles grace:
The Soules true home, and Hopes deſired place.

ALl powers are ſubiect to the power of Heauen.
Nothing but Heauen, is perfect happineſſe.
What heauen will haue, that needs muſt come to paſſe.
The Soule is heauenly, and from heauen relieu'd.
Heauen is as neere to ſea, as to the land.
Heauen ſings for ioy, when ſinners truly pray.
The waking heauens will plague all ſleeping ill.
When as the heauens are to iuſtice bent,
All things are turn'd to our iuſt puniſhment.
None can attaine what heauen and earth withſtands.
Earth muſt come in, when awfull heauen commaunds.
When heauen yeelds meanes, they muſt not be neglect.
Though men reuenge not, yet the heauens will.
Heauen is the habitation of th'elect.
Heauen is the iuſt mans true inheritance.
It's hard to liue well, eaſie to dye ill:
Hard to winne heauen, eaſie to keepe from thence.
In vaine do men contend againſt the ſtarres.

Heauen workes our fall, but yet the fault is ours.
All men ought know they haue the Heauens aboue them.
No walles can hide vs from the eye of heauen.
Repentance carries heauens eternall keyes.
When heauens lampe ſhines, all other lights are loſt.
We neuer know what 'tis in heauen to dwell,
Till wee haue had ſome feeling of grim hell.
Heauen is our home, we are but ſtraungers here.
All earthly things are darke, to them diuine.
What heauen decrees, follie may not withſtand.
Earths admirations are the heauens delights.
Heauens deepe deſſignes are hid from mortall eyes.
We are at heauens diſpoſe, and not our owne.
Heauen ſets our time, wherwith can nought diſpence.
High heauens hand reſtraines our wilfull powers,
Whoſe will muſt rule aboue this will of ours.
Heauen doth repaire what fortune hath deſtroid.
Things that are heauenly, no corruption taſt.
Whome heauen doth ſpight, the earth diſdaines to hate.
Heauens couers him that hath no buriall.
Earth feeds on earth, heauen giues the ſpirit food.
Prouidence heauenly, paſſeth humane thought,
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way.
Earth giues vs gold, but heauen the wealth of grace.
The Sunne which ſhines in heauen, doth light the earth.
Hell cannot hurt, whome heauen doth preſerue.
The care of heauen doth ſeeke the ſoules content.
It is the doome of heauen, which can and will,
Confound the braunch, whoſe root was planted ill.
Sinne, is earths Sun; the Sun of heauen, ſinnes death.
Thoughts fixt on heauen, contemne all earthly things.
Mortals may feele heauens doome, but not remooue.
All men are ſubiect to the powers aboue.
Heauens ſecrets are conceald from mortall ſight.

By mortall lawes a bond may be diuorſt,
But heauens decree by no meanes can be forſt.
From heauen, our ſoules receiue their ſuſtenance.
Hell is the place of horror, heauen of reſt.
Good death is true inheritance in heauen.
The way to heauen is not ſo wide as hell.
Men looke vp to the ſtarres, thereby to know,
That as they progreſſe heauen, they earth ſhould ſo.
Heauen often winkes at mortall mens amiſſe.
Heauens Sun doth ſhine both on the good and bad.
All humane wiſhes neuer haue the power,
To haſt or hold the courſe of heauen one hower.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS hell was made to puniſh ſinnes proud guilt,
Euen ſo was heauen for comfort of the iuſt.
As baſe clothes ill become a princes court,
So none can enter heauen but purely clad.
As trauailers deſire their natiue homes,
So ſhould all ſoules long for their heauenly home.
As hells obſcuritie excells all darke,
So nothing with heauens brightneſſe may compare.
As *Iacob* for his *Rachell* thought ſower ſweet,
So we for heauen ought deeme all elſe but vile.
As all ioyes in this life are fraile and vaine,
So none but heauens ioyes are perfect gaine.

Of

Of Conſcience.

Conſcience is that accuſeth and condemnes,
Needing no other witneſſe than it ſelfe.

FAults long vnfelt, the conſcience will bewray.
The feare of conſcience entreth iron walls.
Where coyne preuailes, conſcience beares little ſway.
Kings, but the conſcience, all things can defend.
Death, but an acted paſſion doth appeare,
Where truth giues courage, and a conſcience cleare.
Conſcience owne doome doth halfe condemne a man.
No armour proofe againſt the conſcience terror.
Weake conſciences are with vaine queſtions wounded.
Sound conſcience, well is cald a wall of braſſe:
Corrupted, fit compar'd to broken glaſſe.
In conſcience booke, our faults are daily writ.
There conſcience failes, where faith beares no account.
A guiltie conſcience neuer is ſecure.
The conſcience ſtain'd with blood of innocents,
Is alwayes ſubiect to appeaching guilt.
Repentance brings the keyes of conſcience.
After minds guilt, doth inward griefe begin.

Runne

Runne where thou wilt, into all lands betake thee,
Yet will a wounded conſcience nere forſake thee.

A ſtained conſcience finds no ioy at all.
They dread no ſhame, that vſe no conſcience.
If thou but find thy conſcience be vpright,
No matter for the worlds rebuke or ſpight.
Conſcience will neuer ſuffer wicked thoughts.
Conſcience needs no tormenter but it ſelfe.
Conſcience ſees that which no eye elſe can doe.
Conſcience once drownd in wealth and worldly pompe,
Eſteemes all wiſdome as meere fooliſhnes.
A guiltie conſcience is a gnawing worme.
Conſcience takes vengeance on her owne tranſgreſſions.
Nothing but true repent cleares conſcience.
The riches we may carrie to our graue,
Is a good conſcience: bleſſed they that haue.
Conſcience once faultie, ſtill abides in feare.
Innocence is the ioy of conſcience.
A conſcience ſtanding free from all detect,
Feares no accuſe, or doth excuſe reſpect.
Lookes confident and ſober, ſhew cleane ſoules.
Conſcience for heauen contemns all worldly things.
To frame excuſe, before thou be accuſde,
Shewes that thou haſt not conſcience truly vſde.
Conſcience doth couet nothing but her owne.
Conſcience craues nothing, but by lawfull meanes.
Conſcience will willingly offend no man.
Conſcience once loden with the weight of ſinne,
Is Iudge and Iuror to it ſelfe therein.
Conſcience doth bind vs to reſpect our kinne.
Conſcience deſpiſeth bribes in any caſe.
Conſcience commaunds vs to relieue the poore.
A conſcience cleare, is like a well fenc't tower,
Not to be ſhaken by rough Canon ſhot.

Conſcience, to princes alwaies giues their due.
Conſcience ſubmits, when Iuſtice doth commaund.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS perſecution is the bodies death:
So foule deſpaire quite kills the conſcience.
As the bright Sunne doth lighten all the world,
So a cleare conſcience ſhineth in the ſoule.
As beautie is a thing glads mortall ſight,
So vnſtain'd conſcience doth high heauen delight.
As wine cheeres vp the heart when it is ſad,
So peace of conſcience makes it much more glad.
As brazen walls defend a cittie beſt,
So conſcience taintleſſe, is at peace and reſt.
As gold is beſt, when through the fire 'tis tride,
So conſcience is by troubles purifide.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

O *Reſtes* matricide was iuſtly plagu'd,
With ſting of conſcience by his mothers ghoſt.
And *Nero* (whoſe foule fact did equall his)
Was whipt in conſcience with her walking ſhape.
Ceſar Caligula could neuer reſt,
But conſcience torment did him ſtill moleſt.
Tullie affirmes, a conſcience well emploi'd,
Is chiefeſt comfort in aduerſitie.
Plato ſaith: Sweetly ſleepeth innocence,
In the ſafe chamber of good conſcience.
Lactantius writes, that no ſinne can preuaile,
Where quiet conſcience ſits, and guides the ſaile.
Conſcience muſt leaue a little while to grieue,
To let in horror, comming to reproeue.

Of Religion.

Religion is the ground of euery grace,
And teacheth man ſaluation to embrace.

WHere God is not, religion cannot be.
Sundrie religions, make no religion.
Where ſaints are clarks, there alwaies God is iudge.
Religions touchſtone beſt doth trie the truth.
Religion is the ſoule of innocence,
Working in each vnſpotted conſcience.
After religion, painted zeale doth runne.
Bleſſings come ſeldome, but by earneſt prayer.
Ignorance is religions enemie.
The Scriptures are ſufficient to reſolue
All doubts that in religion can ariſe.
The word's a med'cine to a troubled mind.
Religion is the perfect bond of loue.
No poyſon worſe than Scripture falſly taught.
Religion is in truth, not fallacies.
No ſurer ſigne of kingdomes ouerthrow,
Than where religion lieth in contempt.
Change of religion is moſt daungerous.

Faith

Faith, and not reaſon, teacheth true religion.
Man was created for religions vſe.
There is no error halfe ſo daungerous,
As that committed in religion.
Ill happens when religion we neglect.
Doubt in religion, puniſhment deſerues.
Where no religion is, no vertue bides.
Religions cloake can couer much abuſe.
Thoſe men may well be cald religious,
That hate the world, and nothing mind but heauen.
Religion linketh men in vnitie.
Religion, to all vertues is the guide.
Humilitie expreſſeth true religion.
Religion doth relieue the fatherleſſe,
And ſuccours widowes in aduerſitie.
Religion is the councell of the iuſt.
Religion only can ſupport the weake.
Religion teacheth remedie gainſt ſinne.
Religion comforts all afflictions.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

LIke as a Torch directs vs in the darke,
So doth religion lighten all our hopes.
As theſe our bodies liue by earthly food,
So true religion doth our ſoules moſt good.
As yron maketh ſoft the rudeſt earth,
So doth religion temper hardeſt hearts.
As ſore eyes cannot gaze againſt the Sun,
So wicked minds brooke no religion.
As want of food the body hunger-ſterues,
So pines the ſoule through pure religions lacke.
As med'cines make ſicke bodies whole and ſound,
So doth religion waſh out errours wound.

Examples

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Brennus for wronging of religion,
Was ſmitten with a thunderbolt to death.
Conomachus, religious rites prophan'd,
But with an earthquake was he ſwallowed vp.
Pherecydes nick-nam'd religion,
For which he was conſum'd by wormes aliue.
In *Athens* they would not create a king,
Except he had tane orders of a Prieſt.
The chiefeſt oath th' Athenians had, was this:
Pugnabo pro ſacris, & cum alijs, & ſolus.
Old Rome, her ſonnes ſent to Hetruria,
To be inſtructed in religion.

Of Truth.

Truth is the fount of knowledge, earths beſt light:
The ſcale to heau'n, and onely rule of right.

THe weakeſt things are ſtrongeſt props to truth,
Truth is moſt ſtrong, and alwaies findeth friends.
Truth neuer failes, and true loue wants no might.

Triall

Triall doth certainlieſt the truth bewray.
Falſhood with truth may by no meanes abide.
Deeds not by manhood, or the doers might,
Are to be ſcand, but by their truth and right.
What ſhineth neareſt beſt, holds trueſt worth.
Where then is truth, if there be no ſelfe truſt?
Truth is the onely ſhield of beſt defence.
When truely in our ſelues our faults we ſee,
We deeme them known to all, as well as wee.
An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt being truly told.
Truth may be ſhent, but neuer ſhall be ſham'd.
Truth to all goodneſſe is the perfect guide.
All doubts reſoluing, is by finding truth.
How ſhall he thinke to find a ſtraunger iuſt,
That in himſelfe dare put no confidence?
Falſe dreames do euermore the truth deny.
Time ſhewes the truth, and wit that's bought is beſt.
Truth ſoundeth ſweetly in a ſillie tongue.
Who cheriſh wrongs, are bent againſt the truth.
Truth needeth not the aid of Rhetoricke.
Happie the people, bleſſed is the land,
Where truth and vertue get the vpper hand.
Nothing ſo hard, but is by truth explain'd.
All hidden ſecrets, truth can beſt diſcloſe.
Truth to all goodnes, is the perfect guide.
Truth hath two friends; Wiſdome, and Conſtancie.
Truth ſtandeth not vpon the tongues of men:
Nor Honour, on authorities bigge frownes.
Truth triumphes long, when falſhood ſoone decaies.
The truth of things, the end or time will trie.
The ſmootheſt tale, hath oft-times ſmalleſt truth.
Truth moſt delights, when ſhee goes meaneſt clad.
The ſeate of Truth is in our ſecret hearts,
Not in the tongue, which falſhood oft imparts.

Truth needs no Orators to plead her cauſe.
Truth feareth nothing more than to be hid.
Truth with her owne light is beſt ſatisfide.
A certaine truth doth need no ſubtill gloſe.
Truth is a health that neuer will be ſicke:
An endleſſe life, a Sunne that neuer ſets,
Truth ſhewes her ſelfe in ſecrecie of truſt:
A cleare caſe needs no ſhifting councellour.
Truth vnbefriended, will find friends at laſt.
Truth hateth moſt to here a feigned tale.
Innocence ſmile before the Iudge by truth,
And falſhood found before he was ſuſpect.
Reprooue not raſhly, neither hide the truth.
Truth is a blab, and will no treaſons hide.
Truth is a text that troubles many minds.
Truth ſtill hath certaine bounds, but falſhood none.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS the beſt ſteeled glaſſe bewraies the face,
So truth beſt ſhineth in an honeſt ſoule.
As pureſt Emeralds without foyles ſhine beſt,
So truth moſt pleaſeth in her plaineſt clothes.
As wormwood fitteth not a lickeriſh taſte,
So truth doth neuer pleaſe a lyars tongue.
As clouds oft threaten raine, and yet ſhed none,
So ſtormes oft menace truth, yet hurt her not.
As darkeneſſe is an enemie to light,
So falſhood is continuall foe to truth.
As meane attire impaires not beauties face,
So pooreſt ragges to truth giue no diſgrace.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Iulian Apoſtata the foe to Truth,
Cried out at length, that Truth had conquerd him.
Neſtorius, who contended with the truth,
His tongue was eaten in his life, with wormes.
The Perſians in the honour of the truth,
Ordained death to ſuch as did denie it.
Popiel king of Poland, for vntruth,
Was as he ſate aliue, deuour'd with Rats.
Cato was ſo renowmed for the truth,
That he was onely ſaid, to ſpeake the truth.
Vntruth, ſaith *Seneca*, are meeteſt Armes,
For any coward or baſe minded man.

Of Vertue.

Vertue, is Queene of labour, Nource of loue:
The minds true grace, and bleſsing from aboue.

All things decay, but vertue cannot die.
Vertue makes beautie more angelicall.
Vertue is free from time, and fortunes power.

Men

Men cannot leaue their vertues to their heires.
Faire vertues ſeat is deepe within the mind,
And not by ſhewes, but inward thoughts defin'd.
Vices are noted, vertues ſoone forgot.
Vertues beſt ſtore, by giuing doth augment.
There is no vertue that is borne with vs.
No vertue ſprings, where wanteth due regard.
Vertues obſcurde, yeeld ſmall and ſorie gaines:
But actiuely employd, true worth retaines.
Winne fame by vertue, let opinion goe.
Vertue is in the mind, not the attire.
Vertue and fortune neuer could agree.
Vertue is loath'd of fooles, lou'd of the wiſe.
Vertue is much more amiable and ſweet,
When therewithall true maieſtie doth meet.
Vice careth not if vertue ſinke or ſwimme.
Wit ſhines in vertue, vertue ſhines in wit.
Sweeteſt temptations moſt make vertue knowne.
Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice, being miſapplyed:
And vice ſometimes by action dignified.
The field of honour, vertue neuer looſeth.
Vertue will beare what can on vertue fall.
True happineſſe, on vertue taketh ground.
The more vice reignes, the leſſe doth vertue thriue.
To vertues goods we onely ought to cleaue,
The reſt are good in ſemblance, but deceaue.
Vertue will liue when villanie ſhall die.
Vertue may be diſturb'd, but ne're diſgrac'd.
No beautie like the vertue of the mind.
Vertue through darkeſt ſhades doth light her ſelfe.
Vertue in greateſt daungers being beſt ſhowne,
May be oppreſt, but neuer ouerthrowne.
Vertue oft lyes where life is in diſgrace.
If ſinne were dead, vertue could not be knowne.

Sweet is the gaine which vertuous trauaile brings.
All vertuous minds doe vertuous deeds declare.
Our vices nor our vertues neuer die,
Though vnder ground a thousand yeares we lye.
Vertue doth mortall things immortall make.
The bond of vertue alwaies sureſt binds.
Than vertue, there can be no greater dower.
'Tis vertues ſelfe, that her rewards doth pay.
Enuies black cloud would dim bright vertues rayes.
All ſorrowes in the world are farre more leſſe,
Than vertues might and valours confidence.
Sinne counted ſolace, vertue is deſpiſde.
Vaine praiſe is ſhame, but honour vertues due.
Without defence of vertue, nothing laſts.
Onely faire vertue ſcales eternitie,
Aboue earths all-abating tyrannie.
All Orators are dumbe when vertue pleads.
Vertue but ſtampt in Lead, is rich enough.
That growes apace which vertue helpes to raiſe.
Vertue curbes in the moſt vnbridled will.
With goodneſſe men doe ſoone grow diſcontent,
Where ſtates are ripe to fall, and vertue ſpent.
True vertue is rich dower for chaſtitie.
In vertuous deeds all ſtratagems are good.
Vertue is beautie of the inward man.
Exclude diſcretion, vertue turnes to vice.
Like to the Sunne, ſo vertue lights the world.
Such as leaue off faire vertues to eſteeme,
Doe greatly erre, that take things as they ſeeme.
Vertue will ſhine though ne're ſo much obſcur'd.
Vertue depreſſed, is expreſſed more.
Vertue makes women ſeeme to be diuine.
With honours eyes let vertues plaints be ſcand.
Vertue doth raiſe by very ſmall degrees,

Where in a moment Fortune caſteth downe.
While vertue ſuffers, ſtill it vanquiſheth.
Need clad with vertue, is aboundant rich.
Vertue is better and more ſure than Artes.
Vertue is not to get things, but to keepe them.
Vertue on earth doth ſooneſt bring vs fame,
Makes our graues glorious, writes our names in heauen.
Vertue moſt grieueth at her owne diſgrace.
A vertuous act ſeemes ſtraunge in ſome mens ſight.
A vertuous mind cannot be miſerable.
Death is true life to euery vertuous man.
Though vertue many times wants due reward,
Yet ſeldome vice eſcapes deſerued blame.
Vertue doth neuer enuie good deſert.
Loue maketh vertue liue, and vice to die.
Reports can neuer harme the vertuous.
He is not vertuous that's too timerous.
Ech cunning ſinne being clad in vertues ſhape,
Flyes much reproofe, and many ſtormes doth ſcape.
Vertues are many times by faults diſgrac'd.
Honours defects, by vertues are ſupplyed.
Vertue ſtill doteth on perfection.
Vertue, in beauteous bodies ſhineth beſt.
All the gay pleaſures that the world can proone,
Are but ſicke ſorrowes to pure vertues loue.
Vertue is moſt renowm'd in honors eyes.
Vertue ſtill ſmiles, when vaine conceit doth crie.
Immortall vertue liues an endleſſe date.
Wiſdome on Vertue as her handmaid waits.
The worlds opinion ſo doth vertue ſmoother,
As one beares that belongs vnto another.
Vertue makes euery where a ſtraungers home.
Vertue doth conquer diſſolute deſires.
Vertue in Princes is moſt glorious.

Vertue deſerueth more than wealth can doe.
The blaſts of Fortune neuer can preuaile,
In the maine ſea where vertue hoiſeth ſaile.
All pompe is vile, where vertue hath no place.
Vertue doth vanquiſh Fortune, Time, and Death.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS feare of torment holds the wicked in,
So vertues loue make good men loath their ſin.
Looke how one vice begets another ſinne,
Euen ſo one vertue drawes another in.
As Muſicke profits nothing but by ſound,
So vertue helpes not if it faile in life.
Like as the Sunne obſcures all leſſer lights,
So vertues luſtre damps all enuies ſleights.
As ſpices in their bruiſing ſauor moſt,
So vertue in affliction beſt is ſeene.
As wine refreſheth ſad diſmayed minds,
So vertue comforts poore diſtreſſed ſoules.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

KIng *Alexander* got the name of Great,
By vertuous cariage of himſelfe in warre.
Spurina choſe to mangle his faire face,
Rather than be ſeduc'de from vertuous thoughts.
Hercules, bad vaine pleaſure get her gone:
And made faire vertue his companion.
Xerxes for beaſtlines was not ſo blam'd,
As *Galba* for his vertue was renowmd.
Thales affirmes, that nothing in the world,
For man was meet, but vertuous actions.
Cicero ſaith: That vertue of it ſelfe
Is the ſole cauſe of happie life and death.

Vertue was neuer hireling of the mind,
But ſtill will liue though fame had ne're a tongue.
What ſute of grace hath vertue to put on,
If vice ſhall weare as good, and doe as well.

Of Faith and Zeale.

Faith ſhewes a good mans fruits, preſerues the ſoule,
And zeale doth beſt giue euidence of faith.

FAithes beſt is triall, then it ſhineth moſt.
The faithfull ſtands, the faultie man will flye.
Zeale is but cold where loueleſſe law reſtraines.
Tis haſtie raſhnes where true faith doth flye.
In deepe diſtreſſe, true faith doth beſt auaile.
When once mans faith is ſpotted and defamd,
The bodie had been better neuer framd.
Zeale and good courage beſt become a Prince.
Faith bides no perfit triall, but by time.
Shipwracke of faith is made, where conſcience dyes.
Friends haue no priuiledge to breake their faith.
The gift deſerueth moſt is giuen in zeale.
Falſe fainting zeale, ſhadowed with good pretence,
Can find a cloake to couer each offence.

Falſe faith is ouer-poiſde with weakeſt weight.
The ballance yeelds vnto the lighteſt feather.
An eaſie yeelding zeale is quickly quaild.
Faith violate, is moſt deteſtable.
Faith once reſolu'd, treads fortune vnder foot.
The man that holds no faith, ſhall find no truſt.

Where faith doth feareleſſe dwell in brazen tower,
There ſpotleſſe pleaſure builds her ſacred bower.

A zealous heart is alwaies bountifull.
The faith of Knighthood is by vertue tryed.
Euery occaſion quailes a hireling faith.
The gift deſerueth much is giuen in zeale.
A princes greateſt fault, is breach of faith.
The faith of Pagans ought not be belieu'd.

Faith is a fortreſſe gainſt all fainting feare:
And Zeale, the walles doth euermore vp-reare.

Take faith from iuſtice, all things runne to ſpoile.
Authoritie is ſtrengthened beſt by zeale.
Who binds himſelfe by faith, had need beware.
Faith to raſh oathes no credit giues at all.
The greater faith, the greater ſufferance.

Faith is the true foundation of the ſoule,
And ſooneſt doth redeeme the ſame from ſinne.

Zeale makes opinion ſtand inuincible.
A good mans wiſh, is ſubſtance, faith, and fame.
Selfe-will doth frown, when earneſt zeale reprooues.
Faith mounteth to the clouds on golden wings.
Faith brings forth workes, and workes declare our faith.
No faith too firme, no truſt can be too ſtrong.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS raine makes euery ground bring forth encreaſe.
So faith of euery ſoule doth ſhew the fruits.

As

As honours fire doth kindle high deſires,
So zealous faith lifts vp the loweſt ſoule.
As night doth beſt the diamonds glory ſhow,
So ſharpe affliction beſt makes faith to grow.
As wiſdome is the only way to weale,
So true diſcretion beſt directeth zeale.
As loue and hate cannot agree in one,
So without zeale, faith thinkes her ſelfe alone.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

P*Armenio* wild his king to breake his faith,
I would (quoth he) were I *Parmenio*.
Lyſander made no reckoning of his faith,
And therefore was by euery one reproou'd.
Attilius ſent to Rome vpon his faith,
Boldly return'd, although it coſt his life.
Raſtrix the Duke of Cleueland, breaking faith,
Was therefore diſpoſſeſt of both his eyes.
Let none ſpeake ill of vs, ſaid *Pittacus*,
To whome we ſtand obliged by our faith.
Keepe faith (ſaith *Cicero*) with enemies
What ere miſhap doe follow thereupon.

Of Hope.

Hope is the ſad hearts help, the ſick thoughts friend,
And what diſtruſt impaires, Hope doth amend.

ALl hope is vaine without the feare of God.
Hope, on each leaſt occaſion taketh hold.
Hope doth forbid vs ſorrow to bèleeue.
When loue growes ſickely, hope then daily ſterues.
Things out of hope, by ventring oft are woon.
Hope many times on bleſſed hap doth light.
When hope is loſt in care then comfort bleeds.
Vnworthy he of grace, whome once deniall
Excludes from faireſt hope, without more triall.
All fooliſh hopes haue euermore bad ſpeed.
Councell doth come too late when hope is paſt.
Men well may hope to riſe, but feare to fall.
Its good to hope the beſt, but feare the worſt.
Chaunging the aire, hopes time will alter chance.
Deſpaire and hope doe ſtill attend on loue.
Its good to feare, yet let our feare be ſo,
That to our hope it prooue no ouerthrow.
Oft preſent hap, makes future hope to yeeld.

No hap ſo hard but hope doth much amend.
Hope to enioy, is little leſſe than ioy.
Honour once loſt, giues farewell to all hope.
Vnhappie men are ſubiect to no hope.
Fortune may take our goods, but not our hope.
The heart that's inly hurt, is greatly eaſd,
With hope of that may make griefe beſt appeaſd.
Hopes are vnſure, when certaine is the paine.
We often fall, when moſt we hope to clime.
As wee waxe hopeleſſe, violence ſtill growes.
Hope well in loue what euer be thy hap.
Hope is the daily dreame of waking men.
This life, is but the hope of endleſſe life.
Vnworthie is he of one happie day,
That will not take the offer of good hope.
There is no truſt in youth, nor hope in age.
The hope of things vnſeene beares greateſt price.
Good conſcience alwaie hath a perfect hope.
Hope is a pleaſing paſſion of the mind.
To hope againſt all hope, is high reſolue.
True hope is ſwift, and flyes with ſwallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.
Inconſtant hope is drowned oft in feares.
In midſt of griefe, hope alway hath ſome part.
Hope being deluded makes the torment more.
Who cannot feare to looſe, ne're hopes to haue.
All greedie hope, vaine vicious humour feeds.
Hope is companion euermore to loue.
No one without great hopes, will follow ſuch,
Whoſe power and honour doth not promiſe much.
No hope of reſt, where hap true hope delayes.
Hope ſtill perſwading hope, expecteth good.
Hope is the God of miſerable men.
In vaine he hopes, who here his hope doth ground.

From fruitleſſe hopes but fillie fauours ſpring.
The euenings hope may comfort mornings care.
Hope built vpon the world, doth neuer thriue,
But grounded once on God, at no time failes.
Hope is the bread and food of wretched men.
Bad haps are holpe with hope and good beliefe.
No greater griefe in loue, than fruitleſſe hope.
Hope waits on great mens tongues, and oft beguiles.
Hopes aboue Fortune, doe fore-point deepe falls.
Who thinkes to thriue by hope, oft haps to begge.
To hope too much, is boldly to preſume:
To hope too little, baſely to deſpaire.
Small is his gaine that hopes for golden griefe.
Meane mens preferments eleuates their hopes.
Sad hopes ſeeme ouer long and burdenous.
Grace to thy hope is alwaies ſafeſt guide.
When hope and hap, when health and wealth is higheſt,
Then woe and wracke, diſeaſe and need is nigheſt.
Hope (of all paſſions) is the pleaſanteſt.
Vaine hopes, are like a Vane turn'd with the wind.
To haue no hope, is held moſt miſerable.
To liue in hope of that men meane to giue,
Is to deceiue our ſelues, and not to liue.
Hope not for that which iuſtice doth denie.
Where grace begins, hope makes a happie end.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS greateſt calmes oft turne to thunderclaps,
So ſweeteſt hopes doe change to ſowreſt haps.
As in meane places may much wealth be hid,
So little hopes may mightie things expect.
As ſadnes is the hearts chiefe puniſhment,
So hope is higheſt helpe in deepe diſtreſſe.

As one part of the body toiles for all,
So hope ſtriues to accompliſh all deſires.
As euery mettall is of Sulphur made,
So euery pleaſure doth from hope proceed.
As honeſt paſtimes can no way offend,
So good mens hopes muſt needs haue happy end.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

WHen *Alexander* gaue great gifts away,
Being askt, What for himſelfe he kept? replied, Hope.
Ceſar continually was led with hope,
That he ſhould gouerne many Monarchies.
Androclidas derided being lame,
Said; Then in fight I hope I ſhall not flie.
Pindarus calleth hope, The nource of age:
And *Thales* ſaid, Hope was a common helpe.
Learned men differ from the ignorant
(As *Bias* ſaith) but onely by their Hope.
Hope (as *Simonides* the Poet ſaith)
Is the ſole guide and gouernour of men.

Of

Of Loue.

Loue is a vertue, meaſur'd by duteous choice,
But not if it be maim'd with wilfull chaunce.

TRue loue is ſimple like his mother Truth.
Firme and vntainted loue, had neuer meane.
In long delay, loue moſt impatient is.
Our treaſure we may hide, but not our loue.
The trueſt loue is moſt ſuſpitious.
Loues eyes in looking neuer haue their fill.
MAY is not loues month, MAY is full of flowers,
But dropping APRIL: Loue is full of ſhowers.
Leud loue breeds loſſe, ill peace hath deadly fight.
Life is moſt loath'd, where loue may not preuaile.
Loue is the miſtreſſe of a many minds.
Loues little ſweet, oft finds a longer ſower.
Loue's like the winters Roſe, or Sommers Ice.
Loue where it likes, life where it loues would be.
Loue doth deſire the thing belou'd to ſee,
That like it ſelfe in louely ſhape may be.
As loue is loth to part, ſo feare ſhunnes death.
Lukewarme deſires beſt fit with crazed loue.

Valour nor loue dwells where diuiſion is.
Nought worth is loue without true conſtancie.
Loue cannot ſound well, but in louers tongues.
Loues ſtrongeſt bands, vnkindnes doth vnbind.
Firme loue that is in gentle breſts begun,
No idle charme may eaſily remoone.
Short is the ioy of him that longeſt loues.
Loue neuer can endure a Paragon.
The greater loue, the greater is the loſſe.
True loue is often ſowne, but ſeldome growes.
Looſe loues are vaine, and vaniſh ſtill to ſmoake.
Loue, that two hearts makes one, ſo frames one will.
Too hard a leſſon tis for liuing clay,
From loue (in courſe of nature) to refraine.
Firme loue, the dread of daunger doth deſpiſe.
Loue may not be compeld by maſterie.
Sweet loue barres lewdneſſe from his companie.
Cauſeleſſe to chaunge loue, is moſt foule reproch.
Loue hateth thought of all vngentlenes.
A louers heauen muſt paſſe by ſorrowes hell.
All loſſe is leſſe, yea leſſe is infamie,
Than loſſe of loue to him that loues but one.
They cannot iudge of loue, that ne're did loue.
Loue wants his eyes, yet ſhoots he paſſing right.
The ſhrine of loue doth ſeldome offrings want.
What can be ſaid, that louers cannot ſay?
Blind loues, beſt Poets haue imperfect ſight.
Loue deeply grounded, hardly is diſſembled.
Loue is a fiend, a fire, a heauen, a hell,
Where pleaſure, paine, and ſad repentance dwell.
Where both deliberate, the loue is light.
True loue is mute, and oft amazed ſtands.
Who euer lou'd, that lou'd not at firſt ſight?
The darkeſt night is *Cupids* brighteſt day.

Loue alwaies makes thoſe eloquent that loue.
There's nothing more than counſell, louers hate.
The light of hidden fire, it ſelfe diſcouers:
And loue that is conceald betraies poore louers.
A louer moſt reſtraind, the worſer fares.
Loue is too full of faith, too credulous.
Great force and vertue hath a louing looke.
No ſtonie limits can hold out true loue.
What loue can doe, that dare it ſtill attempt.
Sweet are thoſe bands that true loue doth combine.
Loue goes toward loue like ſchoole-boyes from their bookes:
But loue from loue, to ſchoole with heauie lookes.
No loue ſo ſweet as where both ſoules conſent.
True perfect loue is quickeſt of beleefe.
It's better loue and liue, than loath and die.
Free vent of words, loues fire doth aſſwage.
Lookes doe kill loue, and loue by lookes reuiues.
Foule words and frownes will not compell a louer.
Louers well wot, what griefe it is to part,
When twixt two bodies liueth but one heart.
Loue eaſily commenteth on euery woe.
Loues gentle ſpring doth alwaies freſh remaine.
Loue maketh young men thrall, and old men dote.
In follie loue is wiſe and fooliſh wittie.
A louers houres are long, though ſeeming ſhort.
Louers doe ſay, The heart hath treble wrong,
When it is bard the ayding of the tongue.
Loue doth with gall and hony both abound.
It is not loue, that loues to anger loue.
Loue ſtill is free and led with ſelfe-delight.
Sweet is the loue that comes with willingnes.
Who learnes to loue, the leſſon is ſo plaine:
That once made perfect, neuer loſt againe.
There is no paine like loues ſweet miſerie.

Great

Great talke of loue proceeds but from the tongue.
Loue makes blunt wits, right pleasing Oratours.
All loue deceits are held excusable.
Loue is most sweet and faire in euery thing.
Loue well is said, to be a life in death,
That laughes and weepes, and all but with a breath.
Such vertue loue hath, to make one of two.
The fire of loue is blown by dalliance.
Loues speciall lesson, is to please the eye.
Loues glorie doth in greatest darknes shine.
Loue is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not grosse to sinke, but light and will aspire.
Loue paints his longings in faire virgins eyes.
If merit looke not well, Loue bids, stand by.
Loue loftie, doth despise a lowly eye.
Loue neuer will be drawn, but must be led.
Although sweet loue to conquer glorious be,
Yet is the paine farre greater than the fee.
He that shewes all his loue, doth loue but lightly.
Fauours make happy louers euer dumbe.
The latest wonne, is alwaies lou'd the longer.
Equall estate, doth nourish equall loue.
Loue in braue spirits, kindles goodly fire,
Which to great height of honour doth aspire.
Loue makes at once, sicke, sound, aliue, and dead.
Loue makes diuided creatures liue in one.
Loue is a thing that feeds on care and feare.
Poore is the loue that pouertie impaires.
All loues conceits are excellently wittie.
Two eyes him needeth, both to watch and wake,
That louers will deceiue and find their scape.
That loue is singular, is least in sight.
A pregnant loue conceits a thousand things.
Wanton conceits are rife, where loue is wittie.

Diſdaine to true loue yet was euer foe.
That loue is it which alwaies laſteth long,
That tends to neither of the louers wrong.
Vnwoed loue knowes not what pittie meanes.
They loue indeed, that dare not ſay they loue.
Loues workes are more than of a mortall temper.
Hearts are Loues food, his drinke is louers teares.
Loue is a golden bubble full of dreames,
That waking breakes, and fils vs with extreames.
The gaine is griefe to them that traffique loue.
Loue is in prime of youth, a Roſe; in age, a Weed.
Loue, for a minutes ioy, payes endleſſe paine.
Meane men in loue haue frownes as well as Kings.
Two conſtant louers being ioynd in one,
Yeelding to one another, yeeld to none.
Loue truly bred, true triall will abide.
Mens loue is written on the Angels breſts.
Loue, with true friends will alwaies liue and die.
Loue is refiner of inuention.
The faultes that are in loue, by loue committed,
By loue for loue doe claime to be remitted.
Loue teacheth muſicke to vnskilfull men.
Loue woon by vertue, ſtill is permanent.
The loue of beautie, reaſon oft beguiles.
Loue is the Lord of hope and confidence.
Loue whets the dulleſt wits, his plagues are ſuch:
Yet makes the wiſe by pleaſing dote as much.
Likeneſſe in manners maketh loue moſt pure.
Vertue cannot be perfect, wanting loue.
Loue is moſt fortunate where courage liues.
Concealed loue burnes with the fierceſt flame.
Louers beſt like to ſee themſelues alone,
Or with their loues, if needs they muſt haue one.
A cold baſe loue, cooles not a hot deſire.

Hate

Hate in the name of loue doth oft preſume.
Selfe-loue, of miſchiefe is the only ground.
The cowards warfare is a wanton loue.
Where growes a perfect ſympathie of hearts,
Ech paſſion in the one, the other paineth.
Pure loue did neuer ſee the face of feare.
Laſciuious loue is root of all remorſe.
Loue wonne in heat, will with a cold be loſt.
Loue, and high ſeat, no equals can endure.
Louers haue quick all-corners ſearching eyes.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

Like as the waxe doth quench, and feed the flame,
So loue to men giues both deſpaire and life.
As ſuie finds fit meanes whereby to climbe,
So loue ſorts out his ſubiect where him liſt.
As fire with violence conſumeth wood,
So ſcorne with crueltie doth murder loue.
As young vines yeeld moſt wine, but old brings beſt,
So young loue ſpeaketh much, but old doth moſt.
Like as affection is in louers reſtleſſe.
So being perfect, it is likewiſe endleſſe.
As fancie muſt be cured by affection,
So loue is onely remedied by loue.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Pauſanias lou'd his wife with ſuch firme loue,
As no deſcription well could ſet it downe.
Perdiccas for his loue to *Alexander*,
Refuſed mightie wealth in Macedon.
The Emperour *Claudius* would not loue or hate,
But as he was thereto by others led.
Scipio ſo lou'd the Poet *Ennius*,
That being dead, he kept his picture ſtill.

Zeno, although a Stoicke, yet did yeeld,
That loue in young men was moſt requiſite.
Cicero not gain-ſaid wiſe men to loue
So they might loue without deepe cares and ſighes.

Of Hate.

Hate, is loues enemie, and Friendſhips foe:
Neighbourhoods bane, and Peaces ouerthrow.

HAte cannot worke, where nature planteth loue.
Hates eies may ſlumber, but can hardly ſleepe.
Hatred is chiefeſt enemie to loue.
That which is held with hate, we feare to looſe.
Who hates himſelfe to loue another man,
Senceleſſe ſhould be eſteemed of all men.
The deadlieſt hate, with ſmiles, ſecurely ſtands.
Where rancour rules, there hate doth moſt preuaile.
Lewd loue, is hate; and baſe deſire is ſhame.
Youth old in will, age young in hate doth make.
'Tis incident to them who many feare,
Many to them more grieuous hate doe beare.
In meekeneſſe maskes the moſt diſtemperd hate.

True

True faithfull loue will neuer turne to hate.
Men oft ſhew fauour to conceale their hate.
Hatred attendeth on proſperitie.
The ſweeteſt loue, changing his propertie :
Turnes to the ſowreſt and moſt deadly hate.
Loue ſo, thou maiſt haue little feare to hate.
Few hate their faults ; all hate of them to heare.
A rooted hate will hardly be diſplac'd.
Fie on the loue that hatcheth hate and death.
Theſe are the greateſt ſpoilers of a ſtate :
Young counſell, priuat gaine, and partiall hate.
Hate without might comes euermore too late.
A poore mans hate is very perillous.
Mercie may mend, whome hatred made tranſgreſſe.
From deepe deſires, oft comes the deadlieſt hate.
Hatred muſt be beguil'd by ſome new courſe,
Where ſtates are ſtrong, and Princes doubt their force.
Neuer put truſt in them that hate their blood.
Hate ſeekes to ſalue his harmes by ſwift reuenge.
Enforced wedlock breeds but ſecret hate.
Hate euermore is blind, and ſo is loue.
In vulgar eares delight it alwaies breeds,
To haue the hated authors of miſdeeds.
Where hate doth rule, Lordſhip ſmall ſafetie hath.
Hate nouriſheth contempt, debate, and rage.
Hate furrowes vp a graue to burie loue.
But few will follow them whom princes hate.
Hate and diſdaine doe neuer brooke reſpect,
Conſiſting in true louing hearts neglect.
To colour hate with kindneſſe, ſome commend.
Hid hate exceedeth open enmitie:
Lookes oft times hate, when as the heart doth loue.
No hate like that of friends, once chang'd to foes.
Who foſter hate, can neuer find out loue.

Moſt happie he, to whome loue comes at laſt,
And doth reſtore what hate before did waſt.

Hate many times is hid in ſmootheſt lookes.
The wrong of friends exceeds the foe-mans hate.
Hate buried once, hurts deadly afterward.
A bad mans hate can neuer harme the good.
With pleaſing ſpeech men promiſe and proteſt,
When hatefull hearts lye lurking in their breaſt.
Whome all men hate, none is ſo fond to loue.
Hate commonly doth moſt offend it ſelfe.
Hates winking is a prep'ratiue to death.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS Lyons are diſcerned by their pawes,
So hateſull men are by their qualities.
As enuie braggeth and can draw no blood,
So hate in ſtead of hurt, oft doth men good.
As greeneſt wood lies long before it burne,
So hate ſtands watching till fit time to harme.
As blindnes, led by blindnes, needs muſt fall,
So hate, vrg'de on by hate, harmes leaſt of all.
As children for their faults haue ſlye excuſes,
So hates ſmooth lookes hide very foule abuſes.
As crauen Cocks make ſhew, yet dare not fight,
So hate makes proffers, when he dares not bite.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

DEmetrius *Phalerius* did condemne
Any that iuſtly could be ſaid to hate.
Steſilia did procure *Themiſtocles*,
Euen to the death to hate *Ariſtides*.
Cato and *Cæſar* hated not each other,
Vntill *Sernilia* made them enemies.
Clodius did hate the men that lou'd him moſt,

And therefore was of all abandoned.
Cicero ſaith, No honeſt citizen
Can be procur'de to hate his enemie.
Pindarus held no vice more odious,
Than enuious hatred, in what man ſo ere.

Of Chaſtitie.

Chaſt life is graces ſeale, deuotions ſtaffe,
Marke of the iuſt, and crowne of martyrdome.

CHaſtitie is bright honours glorious crowne,
Loſt iewels may be found, Chaſtitie neuer
That's loſt but once: and once loſt, loſt for euer.
Shee is moſt chaſt, that's but enioyd of one.
Pure chaſtitie is beautie to our ſoules,
Grace to our bodies, peace to our deſires.
We breake chaſt vowes when we liue looſely euer.
The pureſt incenſe on the altar ſmokes.
But chaſteſt thoughts are Nectar in loues ſight.
Chaſtitie loſt, can neuer be reſtor'd.
Eternall thraldome rather ſhould be wiſht,
Than loſſe of chaſtitie, or chaunge of loue.
Chaſt loue is founded on a iuſt deſire.

When chaſtitie is rifled of her flore,
Luſt, the proud theefe, is poorer than before.

Chaſt things are charie to the Gods themſelues.
Chaſt eyes are blind at any gaudie gift,
And deafe her eares to goodlieſt promiſes.

Chaſt eyes will baniſh luſtfull ſights away.
Riches and beautie praiſeth not a wife,
But pleaſing of her husband, and chaſt life.

No princes wealth can prize true chaſtitie.
The browne complexion fam'd for chaſtitie,
Exceedeth farre the fair'ſt ſuſpected beautie.

No life to libertie, no loue like chaſtitie.
Chaſtitie beautifies the meaneſt coat,
Better than blame in richeſt clothing clad.

Beautie vnchaſt is reckned nothing worth.
Chaſtitie, weakely can withſtand proud wealth
And dignitie; both leagued to aſſault.

Chaſtitie is the crowne of happy life.
In wedlocke, chaſtitie is ſpeciall good:
But more, in virgins life and widowhood.

Chaſtities wrongs, bondage awarrants not.
Chaſtitie is the beautie of the ſoule,
The ioy of heauen, beſt iewell here on earth.

Wanton deſire, chaſt lookes doth often hide.
Chaſtitie, charitie, and humilitie,
Are the vnited vertues of the ſoule.

Frugalitie is badge of chaſtitie.
Beautie vnchaſt, is like the Mandrakes fruit,
Sightly in ſhew, but poyſonous in taſt.

Idlenes is the foe to chaſtitie.
Nothing in women worthy praiſe remaines,
If once their (glorie) chaſtitie be loſt.

Where gold's too plentie, chaſtitie growes cheape.
Faire is the face which promiſeth pure loue,

But that celeſtiall, liues by chaſtitie.
Fortitude, with chaſt life, adorne the ſoule.
Shee is not chaſt that is by feare compeld:
Neither ſhe honeſt, that with need is wonne.
Modeſt and chaſt, is dourie rich enough.
Chaſtitie in extremitie is knowne,
And in the end crownd with eternitie.
A wandring eye bewrayes an vnchaſt mind.
With reaſons reines, chaſtitie bridles luſt.
Where needie want is ioynd with chaſtitie,
There vncleane life gets ſome authoritie.
Chaſt eares cannot endure diſhoneſt talke.
The modeſt eye controlles loues wanton ryot.
Chaſt modeſt thoughts beſeeme a woman beſt.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS beautie lookes like flowers in the ſpring,
So chaſtitie is like the ſtarres of heauen.
As Violets ſmell ſweet in any ſente,
So chaſtitie ſhines bright in euery eye.
As water-drops will pearce the hardeſt flint,
So chaſt reſolue o'recomes the proudeſt luſt.
As glaſſes broke, can neuer be repaird,
So chaſtitie once loſt, is ne're reſtor'd.
As luſt and libertie doth ſhorten life,
So chaſtitie makes endleſſe liue the ſoule.
As champions by their manhood are beſt knowne,
So is good life by ſpotleſſe chaſtitie.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

THe Spartane virgins rather choſe to die,
Than looſe the honour of pure chaſtitie.
Nicanor moou'd a Thebane maid to luſt,
Which to preuent, ſhe gladly ſlue her ſelfe.

Lucrece once rifled of her chaſtitie,
Imagin'd following life, but infamie.
Diripentina, by her fathers hands,
Was done to death to ſaue her chaſtitie.
Varro did hold the man religious,
That made a conſcience of his chaſtitie.
Quintilian ſaith, That heauens chiefeſt gift
Beſtowed on man, is bleſſed chaſtitie.

Of Beautie.

Beautie is Natures priuiledge, a cloſe deceit,
A ſhort times tyrant, and vaſt Monarchie.

BEautie but ſeldome ſeene, makes vs admire it.
Beautie is ſuch a bait, that (ſwallowed) choakes.
Beauties beſt treaſure, is the owners harme.
Selfe-pleaſing ſoules doe play with beauties baites.
There is no name (if ſhee be falſe or not)
But being faire, ſome enuious tongue will blot.
Beautie doth varniſh age, as if new borne.
Where faire is not, no boot to paint the brow.
Beautie being borrowed, merits no regard.

Simples

Simples fit beautie, fie on drugs or Art.
Beautie doth ſweetly quicken when 'tis nigh:
But diſtant farre, murders, where 'tis behol'd.
Seldome want gueſts where beautie bids the feaſt.
Care and ſuſpition is faire beauties dower.
Beautie brings perill, wanting ſafe protection.
Beautie at death can be bequeath'd to none.
Were beautie vnder twentie lockes kept faſt,
Yet loue will through, and picke them all at laſt.
Nice fooles delight to be accounted faire.
Beautie is ſooneſt loſt, too choicely kept.
Beautie to beautie alwaies is benigne.
Beautie within it ſelfe ſhould not be waſted.
Bright beautie is the bait, which with delight,
Doth moſt allure man to encreaſe his kind.
Beautie and wealth are fraught with coy diſdaine.
Beautie is often with it ſelfe at ſtrife.
True beautie needs no other ornament.
Men praiſe the face, yet blame the flintie mind.
The faireſt flower of beautie fades away,
Like the freſh Lillie in the Sun-ſhine day.
Swift time makes wrinkles in the faireſt brow.
Faire women grieue to thinke they muſt be old.
Pittie and ſmiles doe beſt become the faire.
Beautie hath priuiledge to checke all dutie.
All things that faire, that pure, and glorious been,
Offer themſelues on purpoſe to be ſeene.
Alluring ſhewes moſt deepe impreſſion ſtrike.
Sweetly it fits the faire to wantonnize.
Nothing but cruel:ie miſſeemes the faire.
Beautie is nothing if it be not ſeene.
No greater corſiue to our blooming yeeres,
Than the cold badge of winter-blaſted haires.
Beautie will be where is the moſt reſort.

Beautie is mightie, yet her ſtrength but weake.
Beautie like Autumne fades and falls away.
Beautie hath power to ouercome the ſtrong.
Faire flowers that are not gathered in their prime,
Rot and conſume themſelues in little time.
The Summers beautie yeelds to winters blaſts.
By clouds of care beſt beauties are defac'd.
Beautie being ſhameleſſe, ſeemes a loathſome ſight.
Amongſt faire Roſes grow ſome ſtinking weeds.
The fairer and more beautifull the skie,
The ouglier ſeeme the clouds that in it lye.
Nothing ſo ſoone allures as beautie doth.
Religion is auſtere, but beautie mild.
The fair'ſt in ſhew muſt carrie all away.
At faireſt ſignes, beſt welcome is ſurmiz'd.
Beautie in heauen and earth this grace doth win,
It ſupples rigor, and it leſſens ſinne.
Dainties are made for taſt, beautie for vſe.
Seeds ſpring from ſeeds, and beauty beauty breedeth.
Beautie oft crazeth like a broken glaſſe.
Both old and young, and all would faireſt be.
Hardly perfection is ſo abſolute,
But ſome impuritie doth it pollute.
A ſmall fault ſoone impaires the ſweeteſt beautie.
The verie faireſt hath her imperfection.
Beautie to dwell with woe, deformes it ſelfe.
As faireſt beautie fades, ſo loue growes cold.
Beautie it ſelfe, doth of it ſelfe perſwade
The eyes of men, without an Oratour.
If beautie were not, loue were quite confounded.
The faireſt flowers haue not the ſweeteſt ſmell.
The painted face ſets forth no perfect blood.
The beautie of the mind excels the face.
Deſire being Pilot, and bright beautie prize,

Who can feare ſinking where ſuch treaſure lyes?
Beautie is able ſorrow to beguile.
There's none ſo faire, whoſe beautie all reſpect.
The faireſt buds are ſooneſt nipt with froſts.
Who builds on beautie, builds but for a while.
Beautie is euer held ſo much more faire,
By how much leſſe her hate makes loue deſpaire.
That's quickly ſtaind, which is the pureſt fine.
In faireſt ſtone ſmall raine ſoone makes a print.
Ill fare that faire which inwardly is foule.
Beautie is inward vertue of the ſoule.
We trample graſſe, and prize the flowers in MAY,
Yet graſſe is greene, when faireſt flowers decay.
The loue of beautie, Reaſon quite forgets.
The cauſe of loue is only beauties lookes.
Beautie and youth once baniſht, ne're returne.
Chaſt thoughts makes beautie be immortallizd.
Faire beautie is the ſparke of hot deſire,
And ſparkes in time will kindle to a fire.
Sickneſſe and age are beauties chiefeſt foes.
Weeds oft times grow, when faireſt flowers fade.
Beautie is like a faire, but fading flower.
Where beautie moſt abounds, there wants moſt ruth.
The goodlieſt gemme being blemiſht with a cracke,
Looſeth both beautie and the vertue too.
Beautie doth whet the wit, makes bold the will.
Beautie makes Art to worke beyond it ſelfe.
Vnhoneſt beautie is a deadly poyſon.
Vertue-leſſe beautie doth deſerue no loue.
The faireſt flower nipt with the winters froſt,
In ſhew ſeemes worſer than the baſeſt weed.
The perfect glaſſe of vertue, beautie is.
No bait ſo ſweet as beautie, to the eye.
White ſeemes the fairer when as blacke is by.

The pureſt Lawne is apt for euery ſtaine.
Better it is with beautie to be blinded,
Than beauties graces ſhould be blindly minded.
Beautie is tearm'd the miſtreſſe of delight.
Beautie oft iniures them endued therewith.
Beautie enflates and puffeth vp the mind.
Humilitie with beautie ſeldome is.
Beautie brings fancie to a daintie feaſt,
And makes a man, that elſe were but a beaſt,
Man of all creatures is moſt beautifull.
Beautie not proud, nothing more excellent.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

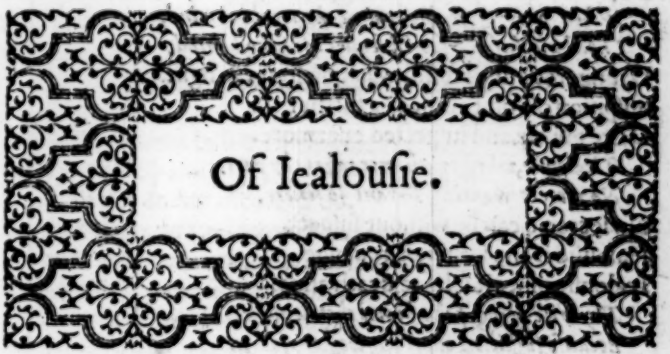
AS the right Corall need no other grace,
So Artleſſe beautie beſt ſets forth the face.
As fineſt cloth will ſooneſt catch a ſtaine,
So faireſt lookes may ſhadow minds moſt vaine.
As greateſt feaſts ſeldome can want fit friends,
So beauties houſe will hardly lacke reſort.
As medlers with the fire are eaſily ſcorcht,
So they that gaze on beautie ſoone are caught.
As coldeſt Climates haue their Summer dayes,
So cooleſt thoughts are fierd at beauties blaze.
As that ſame Speare which harme muſt heale the wound,
So looke where beautie kills, it muſt reuiue.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

HE*rcules* being a mightie conquerour,
Yet vaild his courage at faire beauties feet.
The Lybian Lyons looſe their ſterneſt might,
If of a beauteous face they once get ſight.
The *Scandian* Lord, by nature dull and rude,
By ſight of beautie loſt this ſeruitude.
Alceſtaes beautie made *Mæanders* Swannes,

To

To leaue the flood and on her ſhoulders pearch.
Chryſippus held, that beautie did preſerue
Kindnes, and all ſocietie with men.
Zeno, the Prince of Stoickes did agree,
That beautie, like could very hardly be.



Iealouſie is hells torment to the mind,
Quite quenching reaſon, and encreaſing rage.

LOue euer laughes when Iealouſie doth weepe.
If age be iealous, youth will be vntrue.
No hell can be compard to iealouſie.
This ſtill we find, where iealouſie is bred,
Hornes in the mind are worſe than on the head.
Suſpect bewraies our thoughts, betraies our words.
Suſpitious eyes are meſſengers of woe.
Iealous ſuſpect is linked with deſpaire.
Well fares the man, how ere his cates doe taſt,
That tables not with foule ſuſpition.
Better to die, than be ſuſpitious.
Truſt not too ſoone, nor all too light miſtruſt.

Miſtruſt

Miſtruſt doth treaſon in the truſtieſt raiſe.
Where Iealouſie directeth forward wills,
Beauties ſweet dalliance with deſpight it kills.
Iealouſie kindles eniuies quenchleſſe fire.
Suſpition alwaies haunts a guiltie mind.
Suſpition often wounds as deepe as death.
When ſweet repoſe doth calme the troubled mind,
Then baſe ſuſpect ſoon'ſt leaues his ſting behind.
Daungerous ſuſpect ſtill waits on loues delight.
Suſpition oft times breeds a further ill.
Once guiltie, and ſuſpected euermore.
O Iealouſie, when truth once takes thy part,
No mercie-wanting Tyrant ſo ſeuere.
No ſecrecie can be without ſuſpect.
Iealouſie is the father of reuenge.
Iealouſie pines it ſelfe to death aliue.
Thy wife being faire be not thou iealous,
Becauſe ſuſpition cures not womens follies.
Iealouſie growes extreame, by lengthning it.
A iealous man no counſell will admit.
Iealouſie is the fruit of ſuddaine choice.
The heart being once infect with iealouſie,
Griefe is the night, and day darke miſerie.
No thraldome like the yoke of iealouſie.
Suſpition giues continuall cauſe of care.
Iealouſie is Diſdaines blacke harbinger.
Iealouſie is the torment of the mind,
For which, nor wit, nor counſell helpe can find.
Suſpition wounds, but iealouſie ſtrikes dead.
Suſpect ſends men too ſwiftly to their end.
Who trauailes in ſuſpect, are bound to haſte.
Too much ſuſpition of another, is
A flat condemning of our owne amiſſe.
Paſſions kept priuat, doe moſt preiudice.

Suſpition needs no vrger but it ſelfe.
Wiſe men haue alwaies hated iealouſie.
Where once ſuſpition breedeth enmitie,
'Tis hard with ſhewes to compaſſe amitie.
Iealouſie murdereth hoſpitalitie.
Iealouſie rootes vp all good neighbourhood.
Iealouſie reckons friends no more than foes.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

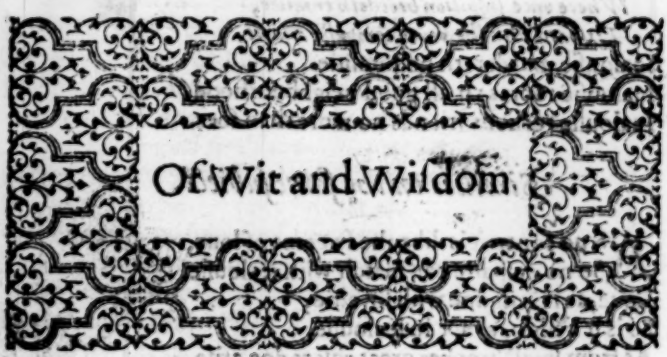
AS no content is like the ſweetes of loue,
So no deſpaire can match with iealouſie.
Loue, as it is diuine with loyaltie,
So is it helliſh, wrapt in iealouſie.
As from ſmall brookes great riuers doe ariſe,
So huge diſtemper ſprings from iealouſie.
As Crowes do deeme their brood the faireſt birds,
So iealous men their owne choiſe moſt commend.
As ſhippes in tempeſts by the winds are toſt,
So fond conceits doe hurrie iealous heads.
As kindneſſe doth delight in companie,
So is it poyſon to mad iealouſie.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

THe Perſians were ſo iealous of their wiues,
As but in waggons they ne're went abroad.
Phanius lockt vp his wife through iealouſie,
Whereby ſhe compaſt what ſhe could not elſe.
Procris was ſlaine through her owne iealouſie,
Hid in a buſh to watch her husbands walke.
Argus, albeit he had an hundred eyes,
Yet could not keepe from *Io*, *Iupiter*.
Cicero calleth Iealouſie, a feare
Of looſing that belongs to ones owne ſelfe,

Chryſippus

Chryſippus holds, that ielouſie ill brookes
A partner in the thing it moſt eſteemes.



Wiſdome is Natures child, Experience heire,
Diſcretely rul'd, while Wit gads euery where.

WIſdome ſeemes blind, when ſhe beholdeth beſt.
Wiſdome growne wealthie, liueth then at quiet.
No wiſdome with extremities to deale.
It's wiſdome to giue much: a gift preuailes
When deepe perſwading Oratorie failes.
Mans wit doth build for time but to deuoure,
Wiſdome is alwaies held the chiefeſt wealth.
Ech ſoyle or countrey is a wiſe mans home.
He is not wiſe, that hauing ſcapte a harme
Will afterward goe meddle with it more.
Faire ſober ſpeed, is counted wiſdomes haſt.
All after-wit, is euer dearely bought.
Wiſdome bids ſtay, though foot be in the gate.
Not cowardiſe, but wiſdome warnes to yeeld,
When fortune aids the proud inſulting foe.

Feed

Feed fooles with toyes, and wiſe men with regard.
When clouds appeare, wiſe men put on their cloakes.
He wiſely walketh that doth ſafely goe.
All places that the eye of heauen ſurueies,
Are (to a wiſe man) happie ports and hauens.
What wiſe men ſee, the vulgar little thinke.
Sad pawſe and deepe regard, becomes the wiſe.
Warie fore-ſight doth maſter head-ſtrong will.
Wiſe men doe ſeldome ſit and wayle their woes,
But preſently preuent the wayes to waile.
No common things can pleaſe a wandring wit.
Without diſcretion, vertue ſeemes like vice.
Good wit ill vſde, may harme a common-wealth.
Wiſdome commaunds to part the dead and ſicke,
Leaſt they infect the faultleſſe and the quicke.
Diſcretion practiſeth the things are good.
In loue, diſcretion is the chiefeſt helpe.
Ouer diſcretion, Fortune hath no power.
All after-wit is like a ſhower of raine,
That falls vntimely on the ripened graine.
Sharpeneſſe of wit quickly enflames deſire.
What ſtrength denyes, wit may aſpire vnto.
Wit bendeth not where will doth ſhew moſt force.
If thou haue loſt by fore-wits raſh preuention,
Win it againe by after-wits contention.
Who truſteth moſt his wit, is ignorant.
Wiſdome in midſt of rage appeareth beſt.
By others faults wiſe men reforme their owne.
The Pilot, that by skill the ſhip doth guide
And not by might: makes veſſels brooke the tyde.
Wiſdome is poore, her dowrie is content,
To play the foole well, is good ſigne of wit.
Some little pawſe doth helpe the quickeſt wit.
Wiſe men for fortune doe ſo well prouide,

That though ſhe ſhake them, yet they will not ſlide.
Wiſdome will flouriſh when as folly fades.
True wiſdome bids, rather doe well than ſpeake.
Wiſe-men haue companie, though left alone.
Wiſdome muſt iudge twixt men apt to amend,
And minds incurable, borne to offend.
A wiſe mans countrey is the world throughout.
Wiſdome is wealth, euen to the pooreſt wretch.
Natures imperfect things, wiſdome makes right.
Reformed wit can ſcant ſo iuſtly deeme,
But that it leaues true goods, for ſuch as ſeeme.
Wiſdome doth beautifie meane pouertie.
Vnskilfull heads run reckleſſe on their will.
Sound iudgement ſlightly weighes opinion.
Too few there be that doe diſcreetely learne,
What profit rightly ought themſelues concerne.
Who truſts his wit, by wit is ſooneſt tript.
By wit we ſpeake, by wit the mind is rul'd.
By wit we gouerne all our actions.
Wit in a woman, like to oyle enflam'd,
Kindles great vertue, or much vanitie.
Wit is the load-ſtarre of ech humane thought.
Wiſe men will take their opportunities.
All wiſdomes heires are iealous of their fall.
Wiſdome hath charmes and incantations,
Can tame huge ſpirits and outragious paſſions.
Slow to beleeue, from wiſdome doth proceed.
High is the ſeat which wiſdome doth commend.
It's wiſdome when we winne, to winne to ſaue.
When all gainſt one, and none for him will ſpeake,
Who thinkes himſelfe moſt wiſe, will prooue too weake.
Will doth deſire, what wiſdome ſtill reprooues.
Wiſdome breeds care, but folly want doth bring.
Wit daunceth many times, when folly pipes.

T'attempt

T'attempt with others daunger, not our owne,
A chiefeſt part of wiſdome may be knowne.
'Tis wiſdome not to be too credulous.
Short liued wits doe wither as they grow.
Home ſtill is yrkeſome to a wandering wit.
Wiſe men haue euermore preferred farre,
Th'vniuſteſt peace, before the iuſteſt warre.
Vnwiſe weaues he that takes two webbes in hand.
Things well regarded, longeſt doe endure.
Fore-ſight doth ſtill on all aduantage wait.
It is no wiſdome to enlarge a thrall,
Whoſe freedome may returne thee greater harme.
The office of wiſdome, is to ſhadow griefe.
Wiſdome is that whereby the ſoule doth liue.
Wiſdome is plentifull in good examples.
Thoſe wits that know how much faire graces moone,
May thereby draw ſound arguments of loue.
Wit getteth wealth, but none by wealth get wit.
No noble badge like ornament of wit.
Nothing more fine than wit, nothing more fickle.
Men that neglect their owne for want of wit,
Make ſomething nothing, by augmenting it.
Wit wonne by induſtrie is hardly loſt.
When age approcheth, wiſdome waxeth young.
Wiſdome makes poore men rich; rich, honourable.
All pearles are not deriued from one ſhell,
Nor all good wits within one countrey dwell.
Iuſtice, not ioyn'd with wiſdome's crueltie.
Wiſdome in man, is no meane happineſſe.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS from the earth the plough all brambles cleares,
So wiſdome from the mind all vices roote.
As wiſe men for them-ſelues are meeteſt ſcribes,

So fooles ne're care what ſtraunger knowes their hearts.
As braſſe or yron (by vſe) become moſt bright:
So wit employ'd, ſhines faire in all mens ſight.
As emptie veſſels yeeld the loudeſt ſound,
So thoſe of meaneſt wit will prattle moſt.
As Bees by their owne hony oft are hurt,
So wit by wiſdome many times is ſcourg'd.
As Sea-crabs vſe to ſwimme againſt the ſtreame,
So wit with wiſdome alwaies will contend.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Cæſar in his great fortunes gloried,
Yet by his wiſdom all were brought to paſſe.
Antonius the Emperour was ſo wiſe,
He ne're repented what-ſoe're he did.
Scipio, accuſ'd vniuſtly, by his wit
In making anſwere, wonne himſelfe renowme.
The Senate did acquite *Emilius Scaurus*,
Onely becauſe he anſwer'd wittily.
Plato in his *Conuiuim* doth affirme,
That wiſdome is the onely gift in man.
Tullie tearmes wiſdome, miſtreſſe of this life:
Likewiſe, an Art inſtructing to liue well.

Of

Of Learning, &c.

Learning and Knowledge are the lampes of life,
Chiefe guides to Artes and all perfections.

LEarning in ſpight of fate will mount aloft.
Vaine is the Art that will deceiue it ſelfe.
Midas baſe brood doe ſit in honours chaires,
Whereto the Muſes ſonnes are onely heires.
Art hath a world of ſecrets in her power.
There is no age ought thinke too late to learne.
The world doth ſmile on euery ſottiſh clowne,
And moſt vngently treadeth learning downe.
Oft higheſt worthes are paid with ſpightfull hire.
Art is but baſe, with them that know it not.
None haue more hard or more obdurate minds,
Than vicious hare-braines, and illit'rate hinds.
The rareſt gifts doe need no trumpets ſound.
Learning by vertue is more beautifull.
True Art can wound as deepe as any ſteele.
Who may haue helpe aſſuredly elſe where,
In vaine ſeeke wonders out of Magique Art.
Knowledge is hurtfull, if diſcretion want.

Art muſt be wonne by Art, and not by might.
Needs muſt thoſe men be blind, and blindly led,
Where no good leſſons can be learn'd or read.
Nature is moſt of all adorn'd by Artes.
The pureſt ſtudie ſeeketh heauenly things.
Learning hath power to draw men waxen rude,
To ciuill loue of Art and fortitude.
Wit learneth vs what ſecrets Science yeelds.
Artes periſh, wanting honour and applauſe.
Learning can bridle the infernall kind:
To wit, the perturbations of the mind.
The prieſt vnpaid can neither ſing nor ſay.
Skill, and the loue of skill, doe euer kiſſe.
Fooles will find fault without the cauſe diſcerning,
And argue moſt of that they haue no learning.
No bond of loue ſo ſtrong as knowledge is.
Learning, to graue experience, ought to bow.
True Science ſuted in well couched rimes,
Is nouriſhed for fame in after-times.
Learning to conqueſt addeth perpetuitie.
Learning, firſt founder was of publicke weales.
When dolts haue lucke, on honours ſtep to ſtay:
Let Schollers burne their bookes, and goe to play.
Learning is ages comfort, youthes beſt guide.
Learning makes young men ſober, old men wiſe.
Dull idiots neuer learning doe deſire,
But hate all ſuch as are by nature wiſe.
To vnlearne euill, that beſt learning is.
Opinion without learning is not good.
Some men ſo ſtriue in cunning to excell,
That oft they marre the worke before was well.
Knowledge continues when all wealth elſe waſts.
Knowledge in all things is right profitable.
The mind withdrawne from ſtudie, for ſupplies,

Is lear-

Is learnings wracke, where want doth tyrannize.
To know, and want performance, is miſhap.
Beſt knowledge is for men to know themſelues.
Coy readers deeme, that dull conceits proceed
From ignorance, the cauſe being onely need.
Poets are borne, but Oratours are made.
Poetrie quickeneth wit, ſweetens diſcourſe.
Poets ſcant ſweetly write, except they meet
With ſound rewards, for ſeruoning ſo ſweet.
Learning and knowledge, good minds moſt deſire.
Knowledge, before all elſe ſhould be preferd.
True learning hath a bodie abſolute,
That in apparant ſence it ſelfe can ſute.
Breuitie is great praiſe of eloquence.
Silence in wiſe men is ſweet eloquence.
The man that ſcorneth all the Artes of ſchoole,
Lackes but a long coat, to be natures foole.
Eloquence is the ornament of ſpeech.
Eloquence makes bad matters oft ſeeme good.
They which doe like all Artes which can be thought,
Doe comprehend not any as they ought.
Experience is the miſtreſſe of old age.
Men rich in knowledge hate all other wealth.
Arts, which right hard doe ſeeme at our firſt ſight,
By triall are made eaſie, quicke and light.
Experience, times characters raceth out.
Knowledge diſtinguiſheth twixt men and beaſts.
Learning will liue, and vertue ſtill ſhall ſhine,
When follie dyes, and ignorance doth pine.
Learning, with courage, make a man complete.
Let Guns ſerue gownes, and bucklers yeeld to books.
Arts want may ſtop our tongues, but not our teares.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS learning helpes to purchaſe all men fame,
So (truly learn'd) doth more renowme their name.
As ground vntil'd can neuer bring forth graine,
So vnlearn'd valour fruitleſſe taketh paine.
As men by folly differ from the Gods,
Euen ſo by knowledge come they neereſt them.
As Bees ſucke honey out of diuers flowers,
So out of Sciences men knowledge learne.
As ſeales imprint their liuely forme in waxe,
So Poets in dull mindes ſweet thoughts impreſſe.
As Muſique quickens diſcontented hearts,
So drowſie ſoules are cheer'd with eloquence.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

ALexander honoured *Ariſtotle*,
And made his pillow *Homers Iliades*.
In campe or elſe-where *Cæſar* alwaies bare,
His Commentaries as his boſome-friend.
Robert king of Scicill vs'd to ſay.
Kingdome and all goe, ere I learning looſe.
Ptolomie Philadelphus, learnings friend,
Fiue hundred thouſand bookes had in his ſtudie.
Man (as ſaith *Ariſtotle*) was create
To vnderſtand, and afterward to doe.
Oh Science (ſaid graue *Plato*) how would men
Loue and eſteeme thee, if they knew thee right?

Of

Of Kings and Princes.

Kings are the images of Gods on earth:
And therefore they are cal'd, Gods of the earth.

KIngs like to Gods ſhould gouerne euery thing.
Monarchs miſdeeds cannot be hid in clay.
Vnhappie kings, that neuer may be taught
To know themſelues, or to diſcerne their faults.
Princes are glaſſes to their ſubiects eyes.
The liues of princes are their ſubiects bookes.
To whome ſhould ſubiects for true iuſtice flie,
When Kings themſelues doe reigne by tyrannie?
The greateſt ſcandale waits on greateſt ſtate.
Poore groomes are ſightleſſe night; Kings, glorious day.
A king ſhould euer priuiledge his pleaſure,
And make his peeres eſteeme it as their treaſure.
The cares of kings waſt life, and haſten age.
Within one land, one ſingle ſway is beſt.
Princes like Sunnes are euermore in ſight,
All ſee the clouds that doe ecclipſe their light.
Diuided kingdomes make diuided hearts.
Good deeds from kings muſt not be drawne perforce.

A prin-

A Princes wealth, in ſpending ſtill doth ſpread,
Like to a poole with many fountaines fed.

Minions too great, argue a king too weake.

Kings ſleeping, ſee with eyes of other men.
Whereas proud conqueſt keepeth all in awe,
Kings oft are forc'd in ſeruile yokes to draw.

A kings great arme doth reach from ſhore to ſhore.

Kings vſe their loues as garments they haue worne.
Princes haue but their titles for their glorie,
And outward honour for an inward toyle.

Kings pardon death, but can not pardon ſhame.

Kings want no means t'accompliſh what they would.
Princes, for meere vnfelt imaginations,
Do often feele a world of reſtleſſe cares.

It ſhames a Prince to ſay · *IF THAT I COVLD.*

Kings liues reputed are their ſubiects lights.
Betweene kings titles and their lowly name,
There's nothing differs but the outward frame.

No common fortunes can once blemiſh kings.

A begging prince, what begger pitties not?
Where Angels in the cauſe of Kings doe fight,
Weake men muſt fall, for heauen regards the right.

A king, woes ſlaue, muſt kingly woe obey.

Kings may winne kingdoms, but not conquer hearts.
Not all the water in the rough rude ſea,
Can waſh the balme from an annointed king.

The linkes of princes loue, are blood and warre.

Poore priuat men ſound not their princes hearts.
This fault is euer incident to kings,
Too much to credit ouer-pleaſing things.

Princes reſpect their honour more than blood.

To be a Prince, is more than be a man.
The man that at a ſubiects life doth aime,
To the princes bodie giues a priuie maime.

Princes

Princes like Lyons neuer will be tam'd.
Kings will be onely, competitors muſt downe.
Gnats are vnnoted where-ſoe're they flie,
But Eagles gaz'd vpon with euery eye.
A kings great name makes not his fault the leſſe.
Deſire of ſoueraigntie reſpects no faith.
Fooliſh the begger, that to touch a crowne,
VVould with the ſcepter ſtrait be ſmitten downe.
The threats of kings are like the thunders noiſe.
Kings haue long armes, and rulers reach at large.
Princes are as the glaſſe, the ſchoole, the booke,
VVhere ſubiects eyes doe learne, doe read, doe looke.
Maieſtie ſhines like lightning from the Eaſt.
A princes will ought not exceed his law.
Mildneſſe doth better ſute with maieſtie,
Than raſh reuenge, and rough ſeueritie.
Princes deſires are many times corrupt.
Princes oft fauour flatterers more than friends.
Kings doe approach the neareſt vnto God,
By giuing life and ſafetie to their people.
Vnworthie mens preferment, ſhames the prince.
Kings Courts are held as vniuerſall ſchooles.
Succeeding heapes of plagues doe teach too late,
To learne the miſchiefes of miſgnided ſtate.
Kings by example ſinne more than by act.
Kings ſeates for ſoules diſtreſt, are ſanctuaries.
The youth of Princes haue no bounds for ſinne,
Vnleſſe them-ſelues doe make them bounds within.
Princes oft purchaſe quiet with price of wrong.
Wiſh for good princes, but endure the ill.
Subiects may well complaine, but not correct
A princes faults, they beare more high reſpect.
No ruler yet could euer all content.
The face of kings makes faultie ſubiects feare.

Kings, Lords of times and of occaſions,
May take aduantage when and how they liſt.
It's hard to rule, and pleaſe both good and bad.
New kings doe feare when old Courts furder ſtraine.
Poore maieſtie, that other men muſt guide:
Whoſe diſcontent can neuer looke aright.
When princes worke, who then will idle ſtand?
Peaſants may beare, but kings muſt needs requite.
Who would all maſtring maieſtie defeat
Of her beſt grace: that is to make men great.
A princes wrath is meſſenger of death.
What els is pompe, rule, raigne; but earth and duſt?
Kings muſt haue ſome be hated worſe than they,
On whome they may their weight of enuie lay.
Pride is no ornament for diademes.
Selfe-loue doth very ill beſeeme a prince.
Bleſt is that league, where cities further Kings,
And kings doe further them in other things.
Kings that would haue lawes kept, muſt rule themſelues.
Graue heads are meeteſt Councellors for kings.
Looke what a King doth moſt of all embrace,
To that his ſubiects will encline as faſt.
The ſtrength of princes is their ſubiects loue.
Kings ought be free from partialitie.
Sleepleſſe ſuſpition, pale diſtruſt, cold feare,
Alwaies with princes company doth beare.
Kings ſhould be fathers to their common-weales.
Kings ſhould preferre them moſt that ſeeke it leaſt.
A Prince not fear'd, hath oft his death conſpir'd:
And dreaded Princes haue their deaths deſir'd.
Maieſtie ſcornes to looke on cowardiſe.
Kings reaſons ſhould be more than their opinions.
What elſe are kings when regiment is gone,
But like to ſhadowes in a Sun-ſhine day?

In

In ſubiects wrongs, princes ſuſtaine abuſe.
It's greater care to keepe, than get a crowne.
Kings fauours in their eye-lids vſe to hang,
Ready with euery winke to be wip'te out.
He is no king, that is affections ſlaue.
No fall like his that falleth from a crowne.
Kings are not tearmed Gods for wearing crownes,
But for o're fame and fortune they are Lords.
Miſgouern'd kings are cauſe of common wracke.
Kings chaunging cuſtomes, euer feare a chaunge.
Ieſt not with Princes if that thou be wiſe:
For in vnequall ieſt great daunger lyes.
Kings are their ſubiects ioy, their countries hope.
True ſubiects hearts are princes chiefeſt ſtay.
In Princes, theſe two qualities well fit:
For ſtrength a Lyon, and a Foxe for wit.
Great perils are compriz'd within a crowne.
Beggers make maieſtie a gazing marke.
True iuſtice is the chiefe and onely thing
That is requir'd and look't for in a king.
Miſlikes are ſillie lets, where kings reſolue.
Iuſt ſoueraignty can neuer be diſplac'd.
A king, bereft of all his truſtie friends
Is dead aliue; for fame and honour ends.
All lawfull princes, firſt or laſt preuaile.
A princes ſafetie is his peoples loue.
Who hath been kneel'd vnto, can hardly kneele,
Or begge for that which once hath been his owne.
Kings greatnes ſtands on the great king of heauen.
No maieſtie, where vertue is deſpis'd.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS princes wills are commonly held lawes,
So life or death depen deth on their lookes.

As often burials is Phyſicians ſhame,
So many deaths argue a kings hard raigne.
As beaſts obey the Lordly lyons looke,
So meane eſtate muſt mightie princes brooke.
As the Sun-beames doe lighten all the world,
So princes liues are lanternes to their lands.
As Princes wanting wealth, learne tyrannie,
So too much treaſure makes them vicious.
As biggeſt winds enkindle greateſt flames,
So much ſubmiſſion makes a king moſt mild.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

THe Kings of Perſia, alwaies ſhewed themſelues
More ſubiect to the law, than to their Lords.
Antiochus told his ſonne *Demetrius*,
That kingly rule was noble ſlauerie.
Belus the ſonne of *Nemrod*, was firſt king
That in this world had title of that name.
The Romane kings did vſe to weare no crownes,
But alwaies bare their ſcepters in their hands.
Tully ſaith, then 'tis beſt to checke a prince,
When he forgets himſelfe to be a prince.
Socrates wil'd good kings preferre their friends,
And ſhewe ſome kindneſſe to their enemies.

Of

Of Kingdomes,&c.

The Kingdome, Countrey, and the Common-weale,
Are things that ſubiects loue doe moſt reueale.

KIngdomes are Fortunes flattering gifts, ſoone loſt.
Kingdomes are burd'nous to the wiſeſt men.
Concord doth keepe a Realme in ſtable ſtay,
When diſcord brings all kingdomes to decay.
Wretched the ſtate where men deſire to die.
Who ſtriues to alter lawes, diſturbes the ſtate.
Kingdomes are commonly much ſooner loſt
Than kept: deſir'd, than had with mightie coſt.
Kingdomes are Fortunes fatall teniſe balls.
A wicked king, makes a more wicked land.
A man that takes delight in doing ill,
To trouble all the State deuiſeth ſtill.
In a well-gouern'd ſtate one head is beſt.
Some men vnwilling benefit their land.
Fooles ſet in office, doe their ſplenes reueale:
And meaning well, moſt hurt the common-weale.
Some vnawares their countries good preferre.
All earthly kingdomes, euen as men muſt periſh.

Kingdomes are rul'd but badly, where the baſe
Will checke the chiefe that ſit in higheſt place.

No ſtate ſtands ſure, but on the grounds of right.
Realmes neuer get by chaunge, but paine and loſſe.
When lawes are made, they ought to be obey'd,
And rulers willes with reuerence to be weigh'd.
Wiſdome and care are kingdomes chiefeſt props.
Rude multitudes are kingdomes ouerthrow.
By nature, man vnto the worſt is bent,
If wholſome ſtatutes ſtay not his intent.
Innocent men are common-weales beſt treaſure.
Innocence makes kingdoms floriſh more than arms.
That kingdome ought of right to be deſtroy'd,
Which once was vertues flower, now vices weed.
Wiſe princes are their kingdomes comforters.
Vniuſt exactions killes a common-weale.
No greater daunger to a common-wealth,
Than when vnskilfull leaders guide her powers.
Kingdomes are nothing elſe but common care.
Where fools beare rule, the common-wealth decaies.
In realmes a many ſee how broyles begin,
But few reſpect the end, and remedie.
Where wiſe men are neglected, kingdomes periſh.
No nearer kinred can be, than our countrey.
There are no common-weales more looſe and bad,
Than where the commens haue moſt libertie.
Our countrey, parents, kin, claime part in vs.
Our countries loue ought be moſt deare to vs.
Authorities of common-weales decay,
Where buildings waſt, and careleſſe heads beare ſway.
Where any may liue well, that is his countrey.
Remembrance of our countrey is moſt ſweet.
In common-weales ſuch ſhould be honour'd moſt,
As ſhew their care both in ſterne warre and peace.

Our

Our countrey firſt by nature claimeth vs.
Sweet is the death in cauſe of common-weale.
The gouernment of common-weales and ſtate,
Will (without wiſdome) ſoone be ruinate.
Reward and puniſhment are kingdomes keyes.
Peace in a common-wealth is mellodie.
There's nothing can impreſſe ſo deare conſtraint,
As countries cauſe and common foes diſdaine.
Men of deſert, their countrey leaſt eſteemes.
Diſcretion beſt doth rule a common-weale.
That kingdome may be counted fortunate,
Where no man liueth by anothers ſweat.
Seditious heads diſturbe the common good.
Vnruly members ſoone ſhould be lopt of.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS ſpring and Autumne hazard health by chaunge,
So innouations harme a common-wealth.
Looke how the body void of members is,
Euen ſo are kingdomes diſpoſſeſt of lawes.
As ſhips in tempeſts need all helping hands,
So in a kingdome none muſt idlely ſtand.
As many Elements one temper frame,
So diuers mens endeauours helpe the ſtate.
As from the heart all members haue their life,
So from the common-wealth comes each mans good.
As Captaines are the eyes to lead their men,
So kings are Load-ſtarres to their common-weales.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

VLyſſes lou'd ſo deare his natiue land,
As for it, he refus'd to be immortall.

Aglaurus to redeeme his countries peace,
From Athens walls himſelfe threw headlong downe.
Faire *Iphigenia* for her kingdomes good,
Made willing ſacrifice of her owne blood.
King *Codrus*, rather than his realme ſhould periſh,
Gladly did runne vpon his foe-mens ſwords.
Xenophon did thinke them vnworthie life,
That made no conſcience of the common-wealth.
He that denyes to die in countries cauſe,
Deſerues (ſaith *Tullie*) hate of all good men.

Of Nobilitie.

Nobilitie, is a ſir-name or praiſe,
Which to our ſelues by vertue we doe raiſe.

A Noble nature no miſhap can daunt.
Vertue feeds ſcorne; and nobleſt honour, ſhame.
A noble mind doth neuer dread miſchaunce.
That which in meane men we call patience,
In noble breaſts, is pale, cold cowardiſe.
Noblenes neuer ſtoupes to ſeruile feare.
A noble heart doth ſtill contemne deſpaire.

Of

Oft noble deeds by falſhood are defac'd.
Good gifts are ſometimes giuen to men paſt good:
And nobleſſe ſtoopes oft times beneath his blood,
Our vertues make vs noble, nothing elſe.
Nobilitie from kinred is but borrowed.
It is thine owne deſerts ennobles thee.
He is not noble, but moſt baſely bred,
That ranſacks tombes, and doth deface the dead.
A noble nature is to all men kind.
Nobilitie contemneth flatterie.
A noble reſolution makes men iuſt.
Nobilitie is beſt continued,
By thoſe conuenient meanes that made it riſe.
In boldeſt actions, nobleſſe ſhines moſt cleare.
He is not noble, beares a niggards mind.
True nobleſſe is a ſigne of happie life.
In chaunge of ſtreames ech fiſh makes ſhift to liue,
And euery place a noble mind contents.
Nobilitie (to bad men) is reproch.
To vertuous men, nobilitie brings glorie.
Nothing are noble titles worth, if life be bad.
If nobleneſſe gets but a minutes ſtaine,
An hundred yeares ſcant makes it well againe.
Truth is the title of true nobleneſſe.
'Tis vertue only giues nobilitie.
In vertues loue no noble mind diſmayes.
Faire ſpeech, with vſage affable and kind,
Wipes malice out of any noble mind.
Much babbling doth offend a noble eare.
A noble nature is religious.
Pouerties beſt friend, is the noble mind.
Noble diſcents make vertue more diuine.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS none but Eagles gaze againſt the Sunne,
So none but vertuous eyes diſcerne nobilitie.
As credit from opinion often comes,
So from deſert enſues nobilitie.
As bricks from clay haue their originall,
So nobleſſe firſt roſe from meane parentage.
As groſſe thicke clouds obſcure the Suns faire light,
So muddie crimes diſgrace nobilitie.
As bitter roots may yet yeeld pleaſant fruit,
So meane diſcent may bring forth noble minds.
As in the barren grounds beſt gold doth grow,
So pooreſt race ſtaines not true nobleſſe.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

C*Amillus* did expreſſe a noble mind,
In ſafe-returning the *Falerian* youthes.
Pyrrhus well found *Fabritius* noble nature,
When his Phyſicion would haue poyſon'd him.
Lyſander in his famous victories,
Euer declar'd his minds true nobleneſſe.
Catilines wicked life diſgraced him,
And quite obſcur'd his former noble race.
The name of Noblenes (ſaith *Cicero*)
Muſt giue them place that by their vertue claime it.
Plato affirmeth, that a noble heart
Will not by baſe attempts once wrong it ſelfe.

Of

Of Honor & diſhonor.

Honour, is that the mind doth couet moſt:
And no diſhonour like that honour loſt.

HOnour once loſt, can neuer be repair'd.
Honor, ambitious womens ſexe doth pleaſe.
It is no honour to be Princes heires:
When we can boaſt, but only birth is theirs.
Their fall is great, that from high honour ſlide.
Honour is leaſt, where oddes appeareth moſt.
Honour was firſt ordained for no cauſe,
But to ſee right maintained by the lawes..
To honour, beautie is a due by right.
Die rather, then doe ought diſhonour yeelds.
True loue doth alwaies bring forth bounteous deeds,
And in good minds deſire of honour breeds,
It is more honour to preſerue, than ſpill.
Who cheapneth honour, muſt not ſtand on price.
Fie on the fame, for which good fame is ſold,
Or honour with indignitie embac'd.
Honour is grounded on the tickle Ice.
No kingly vaile can couer villanie.

An honourable graue is more eſteem'd,
Than the polluted cloſet of a king.
No ſcepter ſerues diſhonour to excuſe.
No ſubtill plea reuokes diſhonours error.
Profite with honour ſtill muſt be commixt,
Or elſe our actions are but ſcandalous.
Honour and enuie are companions.
Honour is purchas'd by the deeds we doe.
To fruſtrate them that but expect their due,
Doth ill beſeeme an honourable mind.
On generall bruit, honour doth moſt depend.
With painfull toyle is honour ſooneſt found.
Honour will hardly fellowſhip endure,
Nor neuer Crowne carrinall could abide.
Some honour liues in honourable ſpoile.
'Tis honour to forgiue a yeelding foe.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing:
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate.
Daunger hath honour; great deſignes their fame.
Honour's a thing without vs, not our owne.
It's honour to depriue diſhonour'd life:
The one will liue, the other being dead.
Honour by oath, ought right poore Ladies wrongs.
Honours are ſmoakes, and dignities haue cares.
Honour and beautie in the owners armes,
Are weakely fortreſt from a world of harmes.
Honour relieues a foe as well as friend.
It is no honour to be ſwolne with pride.
Honour doth ſcorne diſhonourable thoughts.
The victor can no honour iuſtly claime,
To looſe the meanes that ſhould aduance the ſame.
Where hate beares ſoueraignty, there honour dies.
He that regards his honour, will not wrong it.
Diſquiet honour hurteth more than helpes.

Honour and wealth oft times too dearely coſt
The death of all, ſo altogither loſt.

Honour doth euer iudge with lenitie.
No greater honour than a quiet mind.
Honour's no priuiledge againſt defame.
Alwaies doth great employment for the great,
Quicken the blood, and honour ſtill beget.
Honour, to many is more ſweet than life.
Honour is fruit of vertue and faire truth.
Honour once gone, bids farewell to all hope.
The inward touch that wounded honour beares,
Findeth no helpe, till death cure the diſeaſe.
Honour and glorie labours in miſtruſt.
Honour is firſt ſtep to diſquietneſſe.
How hard is princely honour to attaine?
High honour, not long life, the treaſure is,
Which noble mindes without reſpect defend.
Diſhoneſt deeds no honour can attaine.
The praiſe of honour is not alwaies blood.
Neuer retire with ſhame, bright honour ſaith,
The worſt that can befall thee, is but death.
Honour doth ſcorne the height of Fortunes pride.
Great honours youth may looſe it ſelfe in age.
Report, that ſeld to honour is true friend,
Maymany lies againſt true meaning mint.
No honour comes by ſpilling aged blood.
Who ſeekes for honour, lingers not his time.
Vilde is that honour, and the title vaine,
The which true worth and honour did not gaine.
Honour doth hate with baſe delights to dwell.
Honour helpes nothing where contentment wants.
He that contends with th'inferiour ſort,
May with diſhonour reape but bad report.
Honour is worthleſſe in a wretched ſtate.

High honour cryes reuenge vpon his foes.
No death or hell can damniſie thine honour,
So long as reaſons arme vpholds thy banner.
Who reach at honour, ſpurne at beauties baits.
Honour is like a vaine, yet pleaſing dreame.
Honour deckes learning that with honour reares it.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS faireſt bloſſoms ſoone are nipt with froſt,
So honours pride by fortunes frownes are croſt.
As goodly trees that yeeld no fruit are bad,
So beauteous bodies (honour-leſſe) as bad.
As ſhadowes are the fleeteſt things that be,
So honours haue the like inconſtancie.
As raine in harueſt doth but little good,
So fooles for honour beare no likelihood.
As he that climbes aloft may quickly fall,
So honours ſeat is not the ſur'ſt of all.
As euery crowne fits not a conquerour,
So honour not agrees with euery one.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

NEſtor rehearſt his honourable deeds,
That *Hectors* combat might be vndertane.
Leonidas to honour *Eutichus*,
Led him from forth the daunger of the fight.
Pericles being requeſted to ſweare falſe,
Replyed: That honour would not ſuffer him.
Ageſilaus vrg'd to giue ſentence wrong,
Said: But for honour he could eaſily doe it.
Parmenides, his ſchollers did inſtruct:
No wound was comparable to diſhonour.
Cleobulus condemn'd that citie quite,
Where honour was not held in high eſteeme.

Of

Of Councell, &c.

Councell and good aduiſe is wiſdomes ſquare,
And moſt auailing to the life of man.

COuncell doth mitigate the greateſt ſmarts.
In publicke ſhame, oft counſell ſeemes diſgrac'd.
That counſell euermore is held moſt fit,
Which of the time doth due aduantage take.
They that thriue well, take counſell of their friends.
Vntroubled night giues counſell euer beſt.
With graueſt counſell all muſt be directed.
VVhere plaineſt ſhewes are openly ſuſpected.
All wounded minds good counſell helpeth moſt.
With patient counſell thirſt is not appeas'd.
A kingdomes greatneſſe hardly can he ſway,
That wholſome counſell will not firſt obey.
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelfe will chooſe.
Oft long debated counſels hinder deeds.
In vaine be counſels, ſtatutes, humane lawes,
VVhen chiefe of counſell pleads the vniuſt cauſe.
Ne're grieue his harme that would not be aduis'd.
Friends by aduiſe may helpe ech other much.

Alway

Alway too late comes counſell to be heard,
Where will doth mutinie with wits regard.
The ſicke man may giue counſell to the ſound.
The wiſeſt men (in need) will liſt aduiſe.
When greene deuiſe by graue aduiſe is ſtayed:
A world of harmes are openly diſplaied.
Who vſeth counſell, is not ſoone deceiu'd.
A worldly mans aduiſe is daungerous.
Time, and fit place, giues alwaies beſt aduiſe:
For what comes out of ſeaſon's out of price.
Aduiſe is quickly giuen, not ta'ne ſo ſoone.
No man ſo wiſe, but he may counſell want.
Oft times the counſell of a very friend,
Appearing good, may faile yet in the end.
Councell confoundeth doubts, diſſolues denials.
Afflicted hearts, all counſels doe deferre.
Counſell vnto a careleſſe man applyed,
Is like a charme vnto an Adders eare.
The wiſe accept of counſell, fooles will not.
The careleſſe man is full of wretchedneſſe.
Counſell vnto it ſelfe moſt honour drawes.
Wounds oft grow deſperate, and death doth end,
Before good councell can the fault amend.
Aduiſe bids quench a ſparke before it flame.
Counſell beſt curbs doting affections.
Where ſound aduiſe and wholſome counſell wants,
Trees hardly proone, but periſh in the plants.
Counſell, the iealous ſcorne, and will not learne.
What boots complaining, where's no remedie?
It cannot be, but ſuch as counſell ſcorne,
Shall in their greateſt need be left forlorne.
In euils, counſell is a comfort chiefe.
Good counſell oft times cheares diſpairing mindes.
The ſicke that loathes to liſten to his cure,

To

To die the death for lacke of helpe is ſure.
Good counſell may be call'd a right good worke.
Courteous aduiſe, calmes ſtormes of miſerie.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS wiſe men ſcorne not to accept aduiſe,
So fooles hold counſell not of any price.
As young raſh heads without diſcretion run,
So old mens counſels tell what ſhould be done.
As gentle ſhowers doe cauſe the earths encreaſe,
So mild aduiſe aſſures the conſcience peace.
As treachers treaſons prooue againſt themſelues,
So euill counſell oft turnes on it ſelfe.
As flowers in their prime haue ſweeteſt ſente,
So in diſtreſſe counſell beſt ſhewes it ſelfe.
As foes by fleering ſeeke each others harme,
So friends by councell gaine each others good.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

TO *Plutarch* did the Emperour *Traiane* write,
Only to counſell him what he ſhould doe.
The Emperour *Galba* ſaid; All his miſhaps
Enſued, becauſe he would not be aduis'de.
Demetrius of Macedon would ſay:
Reprooue me, when I councell doe refuſe.
Verres had neuer fallen in miſerie,
But that good counſell alwaies he deſpis'd.
Solon bad wealthie *Cræſus* be aduis'd,
For counſell was more worth than all his wealth.
Philoxenus the Poet did eſteeme
Nothing ſo precious as diſcreete aduiſe.

Of

Of Iuſtice, &c.

Iuſtice is that which giueth equall right,
Puniſheth wrong, keepes law in publicke ſight.

IVſtice and order keepe vp common-weales.
Iuſtice allowes no warrant to defraud.
Iuſtice giues euery man that is his owne.
Good Iuſtices are common-weales Phiſitions.
Honour and fame hold vp mild iuſtice traine,
And heauenly hopes in heart ſhe doth retaine.
Wrong muſt haue wrong, & blame the due of blame.
A world of wrongs can not weigh downe one right.
Men are content to leaue right, being diſtreſt.
Weak doth he build, that fenceth wrong with wrong.
To a ſtrong man, and of moſt puiſſant might,
He giues him more that takes away his right.
What wrong hath not continuance out-worne?
Yeares makes that right, which neuer was ſo borne.
That right is wrong, ill ſought and got with ſpoile.
Proud, rich, and poore, to iuſtice are alike.
Princes ne're doe themſelues a greater wrong,
Than when they hinder iuſtice, or prolong.

With

With loue and law is iuſtice ioyned ſtill.
Wrong richly clad, to blindneſſe ſeemeth right.
To pay each with his owne, is right and due.
In ſuffering harmes great wrongs are offered.
Where iuſtice ſwayes in time of peace and quiet,
Is fits not ſhifters fiſhing, nor their diet.
Right often-times by might is ouer-raught.
Men higly wronged, feare not to diſpleaſe.
True noble minds doe ſtill reſpect the right
Iuſtice, not pittie, fits a princes mind.
Where our owne wrongs doe worke our ouerthrow,
In vaine we hope to weare it out with woe.
Men arm'd with iuſtice, know not how to feare.
Companion to offence, is puniſhment.
The puniſhment of ſome, reformeth all.
Speed doth loue right, but long delay is wrong.
Innocence, concord, friendſhip, and godlineſſe:
Theſe doe ſupport iuſtice and equitie.
Right maketh roome ſomtimes where weapons faile.
Accuſers ſhould themſelues be innocent.
Iuſtice forbids to ſlay them that ſubmit.
The foe doth iuſtly kill where prince forſakes.
The iudge himſelfe doth for condemned ſtand,
Where guilt goes free with pardon in his hand.
Poſſeſſion is no plea where wrong inſults.
They that haue part in wrongs, haue part in griefes.
Wrongs are remembred while the ſcarres remaine.
A lawleſſe peere, by law deſerues to die.
Iuſtice is vertues badge, and ſtaffe of peace:
Maintaining honour in her rich increaſe.
True iuſtice payes the bloodie home their hire.
Blood ſpilt by wrong, calls vengeance ſcourge by right.
Seldome aduantage is in wrongs debar'd.
Who ſoweth wrong, is ſure to reape the ſame.

All

All runnes to wracke and ruine, where ſelfe-kind,
From ſelfe-ſame kind with-holdeth mutuall right.

Delay in puniſhment no pardon is.
A publicke fault craues open puniſhment.
Who flyeth iudgement, ſhewes his guiltineſſe.
Equitie iudgeth mildly, law ſeuerely.

Wrongs done vs, we are ſparing to forgiue:
Not minding, we by mercie onely liue.

Wrong is the triall of true patience.
Law with extremitie is extreame wrong.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS hardeſt mettals in the fire is melt,
So greateſt ſinnes by iuſtice ſoone are felt.
As ſinne at firſt is ſweet, but after ſower,
So Law lookes ſterne, yet ſhewes not all her power.
As from worſt maladies beſt med'cines come,
So are beſt lawes from lewdeſt manners form'd.
As cities with their walles are fenced round,
So are good minds with right and equitie.
As he that wanteth reaſon is no man,
So who liues lawleſſe may be tearm'd a beaſt.
As thirſtie ſoules doe ſeeke ſome long lookt ſpring,
So wrongs receiu'd with right, doe comfort bring.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

PHilip, when any made complaint to him,
Stopt one eare, till the other part were heard.
Ariſtides ſo loued Equitie,
That he of all men was ſir named IVST.
Iunius the Conſull ſo reſpected right,
As his owne ſonnes he did condemne to death.
Cato Cenſorius was ſo iuſt and firme,
As none durſt mooue him in a naughtie cauſe.

Iuſtice

Iuſtice (ſaith *Seneca*) is the law of God,
And bond of all humane ſocietie.
Deuotion and good will (*Lactantius* ſaith)
Ioynes vs to God, as iuſtice doth to men.

Of Pollicie.

Pollicie is a wiſe and diſcreet care,
For King, for countrey, and for common good.

POllicie oft religions habit weares.
What wants in ſtrength, is holpe by pollicie.
Small pollicie hath proweſſe learn'd, to ſpill
Much blood abroad, to cut her owne with skill.
Small harme, pretending good, is pollicie.
Oft times hath reaching pollicie deuiſde,
A cunning clauſe which hath himſelfe ſurpriz'd.
A wraſtlers ſleights oft counter-checketh force.
Strength, wanting wit and pollicie to rule,
Is ſoone caſt downe, and prooues himſelfe a foole.
'Tis pollicie to feare a powerfull hate.
Counſell in any kingdome pollicied,
More worthie is than warre, more dignified.

No

No pollicie where lambes doe lyons lead.
It is the ſumme of perfect pollicie.
To worke ſecurely with vulgaritie.
Who builds on ſtrength, by pollicie is ſtript.
More worthie 'tis, by wit and pollicie
To compaſſe honour, than by progenie.
Pollicie is to proweſſe chiefeſt friend.
Where power and pollicie doe often faile,
Reſpect of gold both conquers and commaunds.
The very pooreſt hath his pollicie.
Men may in conqueſt benefit themſelues,
As much by pollicie as power and might.
All pollicie is ſoone deſtroy'd by pride.
Pollicie oft ſubdues where valour failes.
Courage that hath nor wit nor pollicie,
Flyes like a ſlaue before his enemie.
A well-eſtabliſht pollicie is beſt.
Societie muſt be preſeru'd by pollicie.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS dull neglect is follies chiefeſt badge,
So quicke conceit is ſigne of pollicie.
As careleſſe heads doe ſooneſt harme a ſtate,
So pollicie fore-ſees before too late.
As cunning crafts-men are commended moſt,
So Realmes of polliticke aduiſers boaſt.
As ſubtiltie is ſlye to helpe it ſelfe,
So pollicie is wiſe to ſhield it ſelfe.
As daungers felt are worſe than others fear'd,
So pollicies not executed, moſt offend.
As counſell is ſome comfort in diſtreſſe,
So pollicie employ'd ills wretchedneſſe.

Exam-

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Licurgus by his pollitricke aduiſe,
Reform'd the Lacedæmon mangled ſtate.
Numa Pompilius diſcreete pollicie,
Made Rome to flouriſh in her royaltie.
Deucalions pollicie befriended Greece,
And brought the people to religious awe.
Scipioes Lieutenant nam'd *Polybius*
Was highly praiſed for his pollicie.
Byas did much commend the gouernment,
Where the chiefe heads were wiſe and pollitricke.
Plutarch thought, cities could as ably ſtand
Without foundations, as no pollicie.

Of Peace & Concord.

Peace is the ground of kingdoms happineſſe:
Nource of true concord, loue, and all encreaſe.

PEace is great riches in the pooreſt ſtate.
Men know not peace, nor rightly how to deeme it,
That firſt by warre haue not been taught t'eſteeme it.

Peace hath beſt biding in a ſetled mind.
Peace brings in pleaſure, pleaſure breeds exceſſe:
Exceſſe procureth want, want workes diſtreſſe.

Peace doth depend on reaſon, warre on force.
You whoſe faire calme make neighbors ſtorms ſeeme ſore,
Try you your tydes, before you truſt the ſhore.

Peace, all extreames concludeth with remorſe.
Sourges may riſe on ſuddaine ere we thinke,
And whiles we ſwimme ſecure, compell vs ſinke.

Mild calm'd-fac't peace, exceeds blood-thirſting war.
Warre is ordain'd for nothing elſe but peace:
And perfect peace is end of bloudie warre.

Peace flouriſheth where reaſon beareth ſway.
Peace ſtill is honeſt, humane, and vpright:
When warre is brutiſh, fofftered by deſpight.

Concord of many, makes an vnitie.
Concord makes ſmall things mightily encreaſe:
Where diſcord makes great things as faſt decreaſe.

True peace, is peace with vertue, warre with vice.
In peace, for warre let vs ſo well prouide,
As in each ſtate, no harme doe vs beſide.

Peace from a Tyrants mouth, is treacherie.
Deare and vnprofitable is the peace,
That's purchaſt with expence of guiltleſſe blond.

The weight of peace, is eaſie to be borne.
They iuſtly doe deſerue the ſword of warre,
That wilfully withſtand faire offered peace.

To flye from peace, is ſeeking ſelfe-decay.
Peace aſketh no leſſe wiſdome to preſerue it,
Than valour was beſtowed in getting it.

Peace ſtill ſucceeds, what euer drifts withſtand.
That's more eſteem'd, obtain'd by peace-full words,
Than any thing atchieu'd by violence.

State-ſtabling peace, brings froward minds in faſhion.

Similies

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS members knit in one, doe maintaine life:
So ſtates combin'd in peace, doe nouriſh loue.
As deſolation dwelles where diſcord is,
So where is concord, liues all happineſſe.
As Laurell euer crownes the Conquerour,
So peace becommeth any Emperour.
As they that ſeeke their harme, deſerue to haue it,
So they which flie from peace, ſhould neuer feele it.
As warre cuts deepe, and maketh mightie wounds,
So peace like ſoueraigne balme doth cure them all.
As griefe is cogniſance of falling ſtates,
So peace is glorie of faire ſhining ſway.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

FOrtie yeeres keeping *Ianus* temple ſhut,
Gaue teſtimonie of the Romanes peace.
Numa (the ſecond king of Rome) ſo loued peace,
That all his reigne, was neither warre nor ſtrife.
Archidamus, wrote to the Elians
Nothing but this; *Peace is a goodly thing.*
The cauſe why *Cato* did oppoſe himſelfe
Againſt great *Cæſar*; was, For breach of peace.
Tullie ſaith: Let vs ſo begin our warre,
That afterward we may be ſure of peace.
Phocion being askt; What fitted kingdomes beſt?
Replyed: A little warre, to win long peace.

Of Warre.

Warre is moſt lawfull for a countries good,
To purchaſe peace with leaſt expence of blood.

WArre makes the conquer'd yeeld,& ſerue with hate.
Where warre once enters, ruine doth enſue.
Great is the horror of inteſtine broyles,
When with our blood we fat our native ſoyles.
Warre makes the victour to deſire debate.
A Captaine talketh beſt of boiſtrous warre.
Looke where the ſword for pittie leaues to ſpill,
Pittie that Iuſtice ſhould begin to kill.
Warre leaues naught ſure, though we preſume to chooſe.
Bloodſhed by bloodſhed ſtill is nouriſhed.
Warre ſhould not fill kings pallaces with mone:
Nor perill come when 'tis leaſt thought vpon.
In vaine are armes, when heauen becomes our foe.
Warres rage hath no reſpect of pietie.
It is a meritorious faire deſſigne,
To chaſe iniuſtice with reuengefull armes.
Vertue may ſomtimes be ſurpriz'd by number.
Valour and Art, are both the ſonnes of *Ioue.*

Who

Who would not be a Souldiour in that hand,
Which (ere it fight) holds victorie in hand?
Arte is Nobilities true regiſter.
Nobilitie, Arts champion ſtill is nam'd.
Honour doth ſay: That if ſhee chaunce to faile,
The braue attempt the ſhame ſhall counteruaile.
Learning, is fortitudes right kalender.
Faire fortitude is learnings ſaint and friend.
Honour ſhields learning from all iniurie,
And learning, honour from blacke infamie.
A crowne twixt breethren breeds contention.
Valour in greateſt daunger ſhines moſt bright.
If thorow raſhnes valour doe get honour,
We blame the raſhnes, but reward the honour.
Well doth he die, that dies gainſt countries foes.
An honourable buriall is the field.
He that hath once ſuſtain'd the bullets wound,
What need he feare the Canons harmeleſſe ſound?
Blood, nought but ſin; war, nought but ſorrows yeeld.
Sad are the ſights, bitter the fruits of warre.
Thoſe that are brought vp in the broiles of realmes,
Thinke it beſt fiſhing ſtill in troubled ſtreames.
A martiall man ought not be fancies ſlaue.
Men vs'd to warre, are greateſt foes to peace.
The ſmalleſt iarres if they be ſuffered run,
Breed wrath and warre, yea death ere they be done.
No warre is right, but that which lawfull is.
The ſword muſt mend what inſolence did marre.
Who knowes to win by ſword, can iudge of wit:
For without wit, no warre can proſper well.
On little broyles enſueth bloodie warre.
Who beſt doth ſpeed in warre, ſmall ſafetie finds.
The beſt obſeruing prouidence in warre,
Still thinketh foes much ſtronger than they are.

Vnnaturall warres where ſubiects braue their king.
A bloodie conqueſt ſtaines the captaines praiſe.
A brauer mind hath he that fights for more,
Than he that warres for that he had before.
His flight is ſhameſull that flyes victorie.
Warres conquerours, in loue doe ſeldome pine.
When warre and troubles doe vs moſt moleſt,
Then wicked perſons euer proſper beſt.
In warre and loue, courage is moſt requir'd.
A coward Captaine marres the ſouldiours fight.
Armes, but in great extreames, doe neuer ſerue
To reconcile and puniſh ſuch as ſwerue.
A valiant leader, makes faint cowards fight.
By armes, Realmes, Empires, Monarchies are wonne.
Let warre his boaſt of dignitie ſurceaſe,
And yeeld to wiſdome, which ſeekes all encreaſe.
To armes, lawes, iuſtice, magiſtrates ſubmit.
Artes, Sciences, before Armes triumphes ſit.
The plough-mans hope, and husbands thriftie tillage,
Oft times become the waſtfull ſouldiours pillage.
Vnciuill warre, all iuſtice doth diuorce.
Baſely he fights, that warres as others bid.
It's much to conquer, but to keepe it then,
Is full as much, if not a great deale more.
Booke-expert warriours ne're are truly bold.
Warre for our countrie is a holy fight.
Thoſe wiſer heads that know the ſcourge of warre,
Seeke ſafeſt meanes to mitigate the iarre.
Warre rightly handled, is moſt excellent.
Who fights for crownes, ſet life and all too light.
To keepe our countrie ſafe from any harme:
For warre or worke, we either hand ſhould arme.
Warre was ordain'd to make men liue in peace.
Warre doth defend our right, repulſe our foes.

In warre they are eſteem'd as Captaines good,
That win the field with leaſt expence of blood.
Neuer vſe armes where money may preuaile.
Th'effects of warre, are couetous deſires.
Let deſperate men and Ruffians thirſt for blood:
Win foes with loue, and thinke that conqueſt good.
In warre, let female honour be preſeru'd.
Ambition is the chiefeſt cauſe of warre.
He that was woont to call his ſword to aid:
It's hard with him, when he muſt ſtand to plead.
Neceſsitie makes warre to ſeeme moſt iuſt.
Many may talke of warre, but few conclude.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS Earth and Fire were firſt in this worlds frame,
So Warre and Peace are chiefe in kingdomes rule.
As cunning Pilots beſt can guide the ſhip,
So expert Captaines apteſt manage warre.
As peace may ſuffer wrong, and be abus'd,
So warre is harmeleſſe, if but rightly vs'd.
As pleaſant talke makes ſhort the longeſt way,
So valiant leaders whet on dulleſt mindes.
As lingring ſickneſſe moſt offendeth life,
So quicke diſpatch in warre is glorious.
As ruſticke notes likes any loutiſh ſwad,
So drummes and trumpets pleaſe a Souldiour beſt.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

PAPyrius Curſor puniſht *Fabius*,
Becauſe vniuſtly hee commenced warre.
The Emperour *Aurelius* gaue ſtrict charge,
That no man ſhould abuſe himſelfe in warre.
The worthie Souldiour *Bellizarius*,
Would neuer warre but on ſome ſpeciall cauſe.

Traiane was neuer vanquiſhed in warre,
Becauſe he would not meddle, but in right.
Warre makes men cruell, ſo ſaith *Seneca:*
But peace prouoketh them to gentlenes.
Plato affirmed, warre was excellent
When it did harme to none but enemies.

Of Fame and Infamie.

Good Fame is that which all men ought deſire:
But euill Fame is bad mens worthy hire.

FAme neuer finds a tombe t'encloſe it in.
Fame neuer ſtoops to things are mean or poore.
No fame doth follow any vniuſt act.
To fames rich treaſure, Time vnlockes the doore,
Which angrie Fortune had ſhut vp before.
Fame neuer lookes ſo low as idle drones.
Baſe Enuie ſtill will barke at ſleeping fame.
Life is not loſt that brings eternall fame.
All perils ought be leſſe, and leſſe all paine,
In open field, than the deare loſſe of fame.
Dearer is loue than life, and fame than gold.

The

The path is ſweet which daunger leads to fame.
Fame being once foil'd, incurable the blot.
Our deeds in life to worth cannot be rated:
In death our life with fame euen then is dated.
Fame is not ſubiect to authoritie.
Fame neuer profiteth a wicked man.
Infamie hath no power to hurt the good.
Thy fame defac'd, or toucht with any ſtaine:
Being once ſupplanted, neuer growes againe.
Fame is a ſpeedie herald to beare newes.
A good report, in deepeſt darkneſſe ſhines.
Good life is readieſt way to purchaſe fame.
If ſpotleſſe reputation be away,
Men are but guilded loame, or painted clay.
Fame, by our vertuous actions is maintain'd.
Rumours ſoone rais'd, decay; but fame ſtands firme.
A man can haue no ſweeter friend than fame.
Fame, not ſuppos'd to waſte, but grow by waſting:
(Like ſnow in riuers ſalne) conſumes by laſting.
Couet not ſame, without great care to keepe it.
No like miſhap, as to be infamous.
Fame, that the liuing ſaues, reuiues the dead.
Fame hath two wings; the one of falſe report:
The other hath ſome plumes of veritie.
No law can quit, where fame is once endighted.
Fame is the ioy and life of valiant minds.
Preferre ſharpe death before infamous life.
The chiefeſt thing a princes fame to raiſe,
Is, to excell thoſe that are excellent.
Glorie doth neuer blow cold pitties fire.
There's nothing can be done, but fame reports.
To know too much, is to know nought but fame.
Let not proud will hold vp thy head for fame,
When inward wants may not expect the ſame.

Fame dyes with them that all their honour waſte.
Fame, bad concealer of our cloſe intenrs.
Fame got by follie, dyes before it liues.
Fame with her golden wings aloft doth flie,
Aboue the reach of ruinous decay.
He liueth long enough, dies ſoone with fame.
Where fame beares ſway, there *Cupid* will be bold.
Good fame is better than a crowne of gold.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS thunder nor fierce lightning harmes the Bay,
So no extremitie hath power on fame.
As precious ſtones (though ſet in Lead) will ſhine,
So fame in pooreſt corners will appeare.
As earth producing ſalt, brings nothing elſe,
So vertue, ſeeking fame, craues nothing elſe.
As many voices make the conſort ſweet,
So many vertues doe confirme true fame.
As pride is enemie to good report,
So lowly thoughts doe lead the way to fame.
As light receiues his ſplendour from the aire,
So fame from vertue doth deriue her ſelfe.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

PVblicola wonne fame for leading armes:
And *Solon* by his ciuill actions.
The fame *Milciades* got at *Marathon*,
Would not permit *Themiſtocles* to ſleepe.
Fabius did by his vertues get ſuch fame,
As *Maximus* was added to his name.
Lyſimachus was famous through the world,
Becauſe he kill'd a Lyon in his youth.

Seneca

Seneca ſaith; Fame ſhould be followed,
Rather than coueted by fond deſire.
No man (ſaith *Cicero*) is learn'd and wiſe,
But fame muſt needs attend his actions.

Of Praiſe, &c.

Praiſe is the hyre of vertue, for thoſe partes
That well deſerue it, both in eyes and hearts.

PRaiſe is but ſmoake that ſheddeth in the skie.
Men for their owne deeds ſhall be prais'd or blam'd.
True laud proceeds by the report of other:
Of more eſteeme, when we our ſelues it ſmoother.
The peoples voice, is neither ſhame nor praiſe.
Safetie may breed delight, not nouriſh praiſe.
Hard words doe diſcommend ſome men to day,
Yet praiſe to morrow with all might they may.
Many will praiſe in words, but ſpight in workes.
Chiefe praiſe conſiſteth in contented life.
It's better to be praiſed for a truth,
Than for a leaſing to be honoured.
To praiſe vnworthie men, is flatterie.

Saue

Saue vertuous deeds, there's nothing merits praiſe.
When men doe praiſe themſelues immoderately,
Makes other ſentence them with obloquie.
Praiſe ſtirres the mind to great and mightie things.
Praiſe nouriſheth true vertue where it ſprang.
The benefits of peace deſerue more praiſe,
Than all the cunningſt ſtratagems of warre.
Praiſe maketh labour light, enricheth hope.
When others praiſe thee, beſt to iudge thy ſelfe.
Praiſe is a poyſon to ambitious men,
Becauſe it makes them out run honeſtie.
In doing that we ought, deſerues no praiſe.
By counterfeited vertue ſeeke no praiſe.
In vaine we ſeeke the idle ſmoake of praiſe,
Since all things by antiquitie decayes.
All good things haue preheminence in praiſe.
Neuer praiſe that which is not commendable.
Oft thoſe whome princes patronage extold,
Forget themſelues, and what they were of old.
Condemne not that deſerueth praiſe by due.
An ill mans praiſe, is praiſe for doing ill.
Who ſtriues to gaine inheritance of aire,
Leaues yet perhaps but beggerie to his heire.
Helping the poore, deſerueth double praiſe.
Vertue begetteth praiſe; praiſe, honours height.
Nothing of more vncertaintie than praiſe:
For one dayes gift, another robs vs of.
An open praiſe deſerues a ſecret doubt.
Too much commending, is a heauie load.
He that commends a man before his face,
Will ſcant ſpeake well of him behind his backe.
Bad nature by good nurture mended, merits praiſe.
Abaſing worthie men, argues ſelfe-praiſe.
It is more worthie praiſe to keepe good fame,

Than

Than the bare ſtile, or getting of the ſame.
Our elders praiſe, is light vnto our liues.
Be not too raſh in diſcommending any.
Be not too haſtie in beſtowing praiſe:
Nor yet too ſlow when due time calls for praiſe.
A mans owne praiſe, is publicke infamie.
Honeſt attempts can neuer want due praiſe.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS ſhadowes on our bodies doe attend,
So praiſe doth wait on vertue to the end.
As praiſing make the Peacocke ſpread her taile,
So men commended doe expreſſe themſelues.
As fooles in folly are not ro be ſooth'd,
So wicked actions are not to be prais'd.
As Cockes by crowing ſhew their victorie,
So mens owne praiſes blab their obloquie.
As niggards are diſcerned by their giftes,
So mens commendings doe expreſſe their loue.
As greateſt praiſes fatten not thy fields,
So much commending pleaſeth not thy friend.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

THe noble Romane *Titus Flaminius*,
Could not endure when any praiſed him.
Cæſar beholding *Alexanders* image,
Wept, in remembring his exceeding praiſe.
Pompey did count it praiſe enough for him,
To ſet *Tigranes* in his throne againe.
Agathocles condemned all vaine praiſe,
And ſtill confeſt himſelfe a potters ſonne.
By vertue (ſaith *Euripides*) get praiſe,
For that will liue when time expires thy dayes.

Solon

Solon ſaid, All vaine-glorious men were fooles;
And none praiſe-worthie, but the humble-wiſe.

Of Friendſhip, &c.

The ſumme of friendſhip is, that of two ſoules
One ſhould be made, in will and firme affect.

TRue friends partake in either weale or woe.
Faint-hearted friends, their ſuccours long delay.
A deare friends graue is a more heauie ſight,
Than all the feares wherewith death can affright.
Of foes, the ſpoile is ill; farre more of friends.
Who faileth one, is falſe, though true to other.
That friendſhip can no length of time endure,
Which doth caruſe ill, or euill end procure.
The trueſt friendſhip, is in equalitie.
Likeneſſe in manners, makes beſt amitie.
When equall might is vp vnto the chin,
Weake friends become ſtrong foes to thruſt him in.
Among kind friends, departing drinkes vp ioy.
Better a new friend, than an auncient foe.
Call him not friend, that ſauours moſt of foe:
Tearme him thy death-man, looke he proone not ſo.

Giue

Giue foes no oddes, nor friends vnequall power.
Truſt not to foes, if friends their credit looſe.
For friends if one ſhould die, were rarely much:
But die for foes, the world affoords none ſuch.
In baſe minds dwells friendſhip nor enmitie.
No ſeruice will a gentle friend deſpiſe.
Looke what abuſe is offer'd to a friend,
The ſhame and fault finds no excuſe or end.
To wrong a friend doth prooue too foule a deed,
Foes often wake, when loyall friends doe ſleepe.
Faire louely concord, and moſt ſacred peace,
Doe nouriſh vertue, and make friendſhip faſt.
A ſteadfaſt friend is to be lou'd as life.
Faint friends, when they fall out, prooue cruell foes.
Thoſe friends that loue the Sun-ſhine of delights,
Will flye the winter when affliction bites.
True friendſhip at the firſt affront retires not.
Moſt friends befriend themſelues with friendſhips ſhew.
Suſpition is ſedition mongſt good friends,
When eithers drift to others miſchiefe tends.
They kill, that feele not their friends liuing paine.
Be enuied of thy foe, rather than pitied.
More conqueſt is the gaining of a friend,
Than the ſubduing of an enemie.
He is too fooliſh that miſtruſts his friend.
In greateſt need, a friend is beſt diſcern'd.
We ought ſometimes as well to reprehend,
As praiſe the partie whome we count a friend.
True friendſhip maketh light all heauie harmes.
A friend in moſt diſtreſſe, will moſt aſsiſt.
Who entertaineth many friends, doth looſe
The title of a true and ſtedfaſt friend.
Men in their friendſhip, alwayes ſhould be one.
A hard attempt to tempt a foe for aid.

Make

Make all men our well-willers if we can,
But onely chuſe good men to be our friends.

Small is that friendſhip table-talke will cracke.

Requeſts twixt friends are counted as commaunds.

To ſtraungers let great proffers ſtill be made:
But to true friends vſe ſound and perfect deedes.

Performance is in friendſhip held a dutie.

No man ſhould loue himſelfe more than his friend.

Foure things we ought ſupply our friend withall:
Our perſon, counſell, comfort, and our goods.

A friend is to a man another ſelfe.

With euery one to ſhake hands, is not good.

Who wanteth friends to backe what he begins
In lands farre off: gets not, although he winnes.

A wiſe man takes not ech one as his friend.

Prooue ſtrangers to loue them, and not loue to prooue them.

The man that makes a friend of euery ſtraunger,
Diſcards him not againe without ſome danger.

True friendſhip ought be free, like charitie.

Opinion of vertue is the ſount of friendſhip.

In friendſhip this one difference is tryde:
True friends ſtand faſt, when as the feigned ſlide.

Who neuer had a foe, ne're knew a friend.

Friendſhip admitteth not an angry frowne.

A true firme friend will neuer ſound retreat,
Nor ſtoope his ſailes for any ſtorme of weather.

Vnitie, is Amities chiefeſt eſſence.

Hazard diſpleaſure to relieue a friend.

True friendſhips Sunne continually doth laſt,
And ſhines the clearer in the bitterſt blaſt.

They are no friends, that hazard them they loue.

True friendſhip ſcornes confederacie with ſhame.

In earneſt, ieaſt, in quiet, peace or warre:
Neuer preſume to try thy foe too farre.

Aduerſitie

Aduerſitie doth beſt diſcloſe a friend.
Amitie ſtretcheth not beyond the Altar.
An open foe a man may ſoone prevent,
But a falſe friend, murders in blandiſhment.
A feigned friend will quickly chaunge conceit.
Ouer-much boldneſſe makes men looſe their friends.
Whil'ſt things go well, friends alwaies will be neer thee,
But failing once, the deareſt friends will feare thee.
What death is life, when deareſt friends are loſt.
It's good to haue a wiſe and diſcreete friend.
No foe ſo fell, or cunning to eſcape,
As is a friend, clad in a foe-mans ſhape.
Often to trie our friends is profitable.
Flatterie is friendſhips forme, but not the fruit.
Many to thoſe they ſhould moſt friendſhip ſhow,
Doe lie in wait to worke their ouerthrow.
Suſpition is the poiſon of firme friendſhip.
Forgetfull fooles vnfriendly vſe their friends.
Of any foe, be ſure no gift thou take,
Leaſt to thy ruine it ſome entrance make.
Follie reſpecteth flatterers more than friends.
Good natures inly grieue to trie their friends.
No mortall foe ſo full of venemous ſpight,
As man to man, when miſchiefe he pretends,
Begging at friends hands, is eſteemed buying.
Friends hide no coine, or ſecrets from their friends.
Who ſees their friends in want, and them deſpiſe:
When they doe fall, neuer deſerue to riſe.
True friends doe ſoone forget a friends offence.
Scornfull and proud, are very perillous friends.
He that intendeth guile, and thou findſt ſo:
No wrong thou doeſt, to vſe him as thy foe.
Where friends are knit in loue, there griefes are ſhar'd.
Quicke promiſers, ſlow doers, are ſlacke friends.

Where many hearts doe gently ſympathize
In ſacred friendſhip, there all bliſſe abounds.
No friend like him whome no diſtreſſe can daunt.
Happie is he that finds and feeles a friend.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS no calamitie can thwart true loue,
So no miſhap can ſeparate firme friends.
As want of friends is very perillous,
So talking friends doe prooue too tedious.
As fire from heat cannot be ſeparate,
So true friends hearts will no way be disjoyn'd.
As Phyſicke cures the ſecret'ſt griefes we haue,
So friendſhip heales the hearts extreameſt woes.
As inſtruments are tun'd ere muſicke's heard,
So friends are tride ere they be firmely found.
As exiles haue no comforts but their cares,
So home-abiders haue no ioy like friends.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Cyrus vpon his left ſide plac'd his friends,
Becauſe they ſhould be neereſt to his heart.
Dyon and *Ceſar* rather wiſhed death,
Than they ſhould grow diſtruſtfull of their friends.
Cato this poeſie caried in his Ring:
Be friend to one, and enemie to none.
Lucillius ſeeing *Brutus* round engirt,
Call'd himſelfe *Brutus*, that his friend might ſcape.
Phocion, in deſperate furie ſau'd his friend,
Saying: *For this cauſe was I made thy friend.*
Three things (ſaith *Tullie*) men ſhould wiſh their friends:
Health, good account, and priuiledge from need.

Of

Of Patience.

Patience, is voluntarie ſufferance
Of hardeſt matters, for faire vertues ſake.

PAtience preuailes againſt a world of wrongs.
What Fortune hurts, patience can onely heale.
No baniſhment can be to him aſſign'd,
That hath a patient and reſolued mind.
The minds affliction, patience can appeaſe.
To be borne well, and die worſe, breaketh patience.
That life is only miſerable and vile,
Which from faire patience doth it ſelfe exile.
Patience doth paſſions alwaies mortifie.
The minds diſtreſſe, with patience is relieu'd.
They that looſe halfe, with greater patience beare it,
Then they whoſe all, is ſwallowed in confuſion.
For cureleſſe ſores, patience is chiefeſt ſalue.
Patience, all trouble ſweetly doth digeſt.
True patience can mildly ſuffer wrong,
Where rage and furie doe our liues defame.
True patience is the prouender of fooles.
Patience importun'd, doth conuert to hate.

The ſtrength to fight with death, is patience,
And to be conquer'd of him, patience.
The onely ſalue for wrong, is patience.
Reuenge on fortune, is mild patience.
Let ſuch whome patience cannot moderate,
Endaunger them that would endammage him.
He is moſt valiant that is patient.
No conqueſt can compare with patience.
Patience is oft from princely ſeat puld downe,
When bloodie minds doe ſcuffle for a crowne.
Patience makes light, afflictions heauieſt load.
The ſhield of patience beares off all miſhaps.
Comfortleſſe patience brings conſumption.
No ſting hath patience, but a ſighing griefe:
That ſtings nought but it ſelfe without reliefe.
The end of patience, is expect of promiſe.
Patience beares that which care cannot redreſſe.
A heauenly ſpirits hope, is patience.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS rage doth kindle ſtill the fire of wrath,
Patience to quench it, ſtore of water hath.
As fire impaires not gold, but makes it bright,
So greateſt wrongs by patience are made light.
As phyſicke doth repaire decayed health,
So patience brings true bleſſings to the ſoule.
As water quencheth the extreameſt fire,
So patience qualifies the mightieſt wrongs.
As Diamonds in the darke are beſt diſcern'd,
So patience is in trouble beſt approou'd.
As angrie ſplenes are haſtie in reuenge,
So diſcreete ſoules brooke all with patience.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

WHat-e're miſhap *Darius* did befall,
Yet in his mind he was not moou'd at all.
Marcus Aurelius ſaid, that patience
Had holpe him more than any thing beſide.
Sylla endur'd reuilings patiently,
And mildly yeelded his Dictator-ſhip.
Mauritius moou'd not at his childrens death,
Although he ſaw them ſlaine before his face.
When *Socrates* was councel'd to reuenge,
Said: *If an Aſſe ſtrike, ſhall I ſtrike againe?*
In patience conflict, ſaith *Euripides*:
The vanquiſht doe exceed the vanquiſher.

Of Man, and Men.

Man is a creature of ſuch excellence,
As all elſe was created for his vſe.

MAn in himſelfe a little world doth beare.
All other creatures follow after kind,
But man alone is ruled by his mind.

All men, to ſome peculiar vice encline.
The greater man, the greater is the thing,
Be it good or bad, that he doth vndertake.
A man once ſtung, is hardly hurt againe.
Fond is the man that will attempt great deeds,
And looſe the glorie that attends on them.
Where eaſe abounds, men ſoone may doe amiſſe.
Men doe not know what they themſelues will be,
When as more than themſelues, themſelues they ſee.
The worth of all men by their end, eſteeme.
When men haue well fed, and the bloud is warme,
Then are they moſt improuident of harme.
Birds haue the aire, Fiſh water, Men the land.
When from the heart of man aſcends true ſighes,
From Gods diuineſt ſpirit deſcendeth grace.
The man that ſeekes his thraldome, merits it.
Man of himſelfe is as a barren field,
But by the grace of heauen, a fruitfull vine.
Men eaſily doe credit what they loue.
The man that liueth by anothers breath:
Looke when he dies, is certaine of his death.
No man weighes him, that doth himſelfe neglect.
Men ought eſpecially to ſaue their winnings
In all attempts, els looſe they their beginnings.
Oft one mans ſorrow doth another touch.
The man vniuſt, is hopeleſſe fortunate:
Quickely miſſe-led, but hardly reconcil'd.
It grieues a man to aske, when he deſerues.
Men are but Fortunes ſubiects, therefore variable:
And times diſciples, therefore momentarie.
Deuiſe of man, in working hath no end.
There liues no man ſo ſetled in content,
That hath not daily ſomewhat to repent.
Ech man muſt thinke, his morning ſhall haue night.

Mens

Mens imperfections often-times are knowne,
When they repine to thinke them as their owne.
Man neuer takes delight to heare his fault.
Men often iudge too well their owne deserts:
When others smile to see their ignorance.
Men honoured, wanting wit, are fruitlesse trees.
Man is but meere calamitie it selfe.
Man when he thinkes his state is most secure,
Shall find it then both fickle and vnsure.
Mans nature is desirous still of chaunge.
To greatest men, great faults are incident.
Mishaps haue power o're man, not he o're them.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS flowers by their sight and sente are knowne,
So men are noted by their words and workes.
As snow in water doth begin and end,
So man was made of earth, and so shall end.
As waxe cannot endure before the fire,
So cannot vniust men in sight of heauen.
As all things on the earth are for mans vse,
So men were made for one anothers helpe.
As Toades doe sucke their venime from the earth,
So bad men draw corruption from foule sinne.
As fooles erect their houses on the sands,
So wise men doe rely their hopes on heauen.

Examples likewise on the same.

PHilip of Macedon was daily told:
Remember Philip, thou art but a man.
Cyrus held no man worthie gouernment,
Except his vertues were to be admir'd.

Thoſe men did *Alcibiades* count ſafe,
That kept their countries lawes vnchangeable.
Timon was cal'd, the enemie to men,
And would perſwade them to deſtroy them-ſelues.
What elſe is man (ſaith *Pindarus*) but a dreame,
Or like a ſhadow we diſcerne in ſleepe?
Homer cryed out: Man was moſt miſerable
Of all the creatures that the world contain'd.

Of Women.

Women are equall euery way to men,
And both alike haue their infirmities.

WOmen by men receiue perfection.
Women and loue like emptie houſes periſh.
Like vntun'd golden ſtrings faire women are,
Which lying long vntoucht, will harſhly iarre.
Faire and vnkind, in women ill beſeemes.
Women are wonne, when they beginne to iarre.
Griefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.

All

All women are ambitious naturally.
In womens tongues is quickly found a rub.
A womans will that's bent to walke aſtray,
Is ſeldome chaung'd by watch or ſharpe reſtraint.
Ripe ſtill to ill, ill womens counſels are.
All things are ſubiect, but a womans will.
'Tis faſt good will, and gentle courteſies
Reclaime a woman, and no watching eyes.
Women are moſt wonne, when men merit leaſt.
Women that long, thinke ſcorne to be ſaid nay.
Neuer as yet was man ſo well aware,
But firſt or laſt was caught in womens ſnare.
Find conſtancie in women, all is found.
Women deſire to ſee, and to be ſeene.
Great vaunts doe ſeeme hatcht vnder Sampſons lockes,
Yet womens words can giue them killing knockes.
Women haue teares for ſorrow and diſſembling.
Women allure with ſmiles, and kill with frownes.
It is a common rule, that women neuer
Loue beautie in their ſexe, but enuie euer.
Women with wanton eyes, haue wanton trickes.
Vertue is richeſt dowrie for a woman,
Though men can couer crimes with bold ſterne lookes,
Poore womens faces are their owne faults bookes.
Women leaſt reckon of a doting louer.
What cannot women doe, that know their power?
If womens hearts, that haue light thoughts to ſpill them
Die of themſelues: why then ſhould ſorrow kill them?
No beaſt is fiercer than a iealous woman.
Women oft looke, one to enuie another.
A womans teares are falling ſtarres at night,
No ſooner ſeene, but quickly out of ſight.
A womans fauour laſteth but a while.
Two things, to be a woman, and a Queene.

Women doe hold, 'tis ioyes life, lifes beſt treaſure,
Both to begin, and leaue to kiſſe at leiſure.

Oft womens mercie, more than mens is ſeene.
Some womens wits exceed all Art, in loue.
A womans paſſions doth the aire reſemble:
Neuer alike, they ſinne if they diſſemble.
Loue, women, and inconſtancie ne're part.
Bluſhes ſhew womens thoughts, and teach men wit.
Thoſe vertues that in women merit praiſe,
Are ſober ſhewes without, chaſt thoughts within.
A womans heart and tongue, are relatiues.
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.
Thoſe women of their wit may iuſtly boaſt,
That buy their wiſdome by anothers coſt.
A womans mind is fit for each impreſsion.
High praiſes hammer beſt a womans mind.
Thy wife being wiſe, make her thy ſecretarie:
Elſe not, for women ſeldome can keepe ſilence.
Women in miſchiefe, are more wiſe then men.
A womans tongue, wounds deeper than her eye.
Conſtant in loue, who tryes a womans mind:
Wealth, beautie, wit, and all in her doth find.
Women are Natures wonder, louing Nature.
Women doe couet moſt, what's moſt denyed them.
Extreame are womens ſorrowes, paſt redreſſe:
Or ſo diſſembled, not to be beleeu'd.
A woman of good life, feares no ill tongue.
Silence in women, is a ſpeciall grace.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS none can tell a griefe but he that feeles it,
So none knowes womens wrongs, but they that find them.
As women moſt deſpiſe what's offered them,
So to denie their minds, is worſe than death.

As

As a ſharpe bridle fits a froward horſe,
So a curſt woman muſt be roughly vs'd.
As the beſt mettal'd blade hath iron commixt,
So the beſt women are not free from faults.
As readines of ſpeech becomes a man,
So ſilence doth a woman beſt beſeeme.
As goodlieſt gardens are not void of weeds,
So faireſt women may haue ſome defect.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

I *Strina*, ſometimes Queene of Scithia,
With her ſweet voice, made calme the rough ſwolne ſeas.
Romane *Cornelia* was ſo eloquent,
That to her they did daily ſacrifice.
Lachis of Athens, to her country-men
Appointed lawes for ciuill gouernment.
Queene *Pariſatis* caus'd the Perſian kings,
To haue their buriall in rich tombes of gold.
Plato held women in a familie,
As needfull as a kingdomes gouernour.
If nature doe deſire her ſelfe to ſee,
(Saith *Plutarch*) women then her glaſſe may be.

Of

Of Ambition.

Ambition is a humour that aſpires,
And ſlayes it ſelfe in ſeeking high deſires.

AMbition, with the Eagle loues to build.
Ambition being once inur'd to raigne,
Can neuer brooke a priuat ſtate againe.
Ambitious fauorites alwaies miſchiefe bring.
Th'aſpirer once attain'd vnto the top,
Cuts off thoſe meanes whereby himſelfe got vp.
Ambition yet tooke neuer laſting root.
High aimes, young ſpirits, birth of loyall line:
Make men play falſe, where kingdomes are the ſtakes.
Th'ambitious will find right, or elſe make right.
It is ambitions ſicknes, hauing much,
To vexe vs with defect of that we haue.
Might makes a title where he hath no right.
Thoſe men that commonly o're-looke too much,
Doe ouer-ſee themſelues, their ſtate is ſuch.
Ambitious minds, a world of wealth would haue.
Ambitious minds to get a princes traine,

Would

Would afterward of beggers life be faine.

Ambition, paine, and loue, brookes no delay.
Lyons doe neuer caſt a gentle looke
On any beaſt, that would vſurpe their den.

Who climbes too ſoone, oft time repents too late.
Bloud and alliance nothing doe preuaile,
To coole the thirſt of hot ambitious breaſts.

Aſpiring things are readie ſtill to fall.
Bruiſes are ſooner caught by reaching high,
Than when the mind is willing to ſtoope low.

Many vſurpe, but moſt in miſchiefe end.
Fortune doth neuer grudge at them that fall:
But enuie ſtings and biteth them that climbe.

Aſpiring thoughts led *Phaeton* awry.
Beware ambition, 'tis a ſugred ill,
That fortune layes, preſuming minds to kill.

Ambitious *Icarus* did climbe too high.
Ambitions bold and true begotten ſonne,
Is quite ſpent in deſire, ere hope be wonne.

Gazers on ſtarres, oft ſtumble at ſmall ſtones.
Seldome can proud preſumption be enthroan'd
To liue eſteemd; or die, to be bemoan'd.

Ambition, no corriuall will admit.
The man that doth preſume aboue his ſtate,
In ſtead of loue, incurres but deadly hate.

Higheſt attempts to low diſgraces fall.
Craft giues ambition leaue to lay his plot,
And croſſe his friend, becauſe he ſounds him not.

Competitors the ſubiects dearely buy.
Preſuming will counts it high preiudice
To be reproou'd, although by ſound aduiſe.

Beware ambition in felicitie.
Such reaching heads as neuer thinke them well,
After their fall, their owne miſhaps may tell.

High

High mounting Eagles ſoone are ſmitten blind.
Ambitions dying, is great glorie wonne.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS breath on ſteele, as ſoone is off as on,
So climbers are as quickly downe as vp.
As nothing in ſubſtance is more light than aire,
So nothing can out-goe ambitious thoughts.
As winds being vp, doe blow more violent,
So proud vſurpers tyranniſe in height.
As bad men grieue at good mens happineſſe,
So high aſpirers grudge at lowlines.
As powder fier'd, is but a ſuddaine flaſh,
Euen ſo ambition is no more than ſmoke.
As Bats doe flutter, not directly flie,
So climbers aime at much, and miſſe of all.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

FRedericke the third, was by his baſtard ſonne
Ambitious *Manfroy* diſpoſſeſt of life
Geta murdered *Antonius* his brother,
Through his ambitious mind to rule alone.
Craſſus procur'd himſelfe a ſhamefull death,
Through his ambitious ſpight at *Cæſars* fame.
Marius, not ſatisfied with former praiſe,
Through his ambition ſoone abridg'd his dayes.
Plato would haue good men exalted ſtill,
But none that ſauour'd of ambition.
Saith *Ariſtotle*, kingdomes ſoone decay,
Where pride, or elſe ambition beareth ſway.

Of Tyrants,&c.

Tirants are kingdoms plagues, and good mens woe:
Their owne deſtroyers, and ſoone ouerthrow.

A Tyrants lookes breed terror after death.
Oft in the childrens ſlaughters, fathers die.
The man that once is ſtrong in equitie,
Will ſcorne th'auſtereſt lookes of tyrannie.
Tyrannie ſtill ſtrikes terror to it ſelfe.
Death is the vtmoſt end of tyrannie.
Thoſe that in blood a violent pleaſure haue,
Seldome deſcend but bleeding to the graue.
Birth is no ſhadow to ſterne tyrannie.
Ladies and tyrants doe reſpect no lawes.
When tyrannie is with ſtrong aid ſupported,
All iuſtice from good minds is quite extorted.
No tyrannie can force true fortitude.
Tyrants are leaders to a many ills.
A tyrant that hath taſted once of blood,
Doth hardly thriue by any other food.
Tyrants will brooke no tearmes, or liſt diſpute.
Tyrants are torturers of honeſt ſoules.

Words not preuaile, neither can sighes aduise,
To moone the heart that's bent to tyrannise.

No fame consists in deeds of tyrannie.

Tyrants are alwaies traitours to them-selues.
To punish many for th'amisse of one,
Most properly to tyrants appertaine.

Where tyrants reigne, God help the land that while.

It's worse than death, to liue a tyrants slaue.
Tyrants being suffred, and not quail'd in time,
Will cut their throats that gaue them leaue to climbe.

The smallest worme will turne, being trode vpon.

The Doues will pecke in rescue of their brood.
The sauage Beare will neuer licke his hand,
That spoiles her of her young before her face.

By vniust deeds, a true prince growes a Tyrant.

Nothing more abiect than a tyrant is.
He that in bountie doth exceed himselfe,
Becomes a tyrant afterward to others.

Tyrants subdue by strength, maintaine in hate.

Tyrants are Nobles scourge, the commons plague.
Kings as they ought, Tyrants rule as they list:
The one to profit all, the other few.

No peace, no hope, no rest hath tyrannie.

One iniurie, makes not a tyrannie.
Princes ought iustly to defend their owne,
Rather than tyrant-like to conquer others.

Who kings refuse, deserue a tyrant Lord.

Vsurping rule is held by tyrannie.
Tyrannie in a teacher is most vile:
For youth with loue, not rigour should be taught.

Tyrants tread lawes and honour vnder foot.

Subiects in Tyrants eyes, are held as slaues.
Tyrants by armes, the iust referre their cause
To due arbitrement of right and lawes.

A tyrants reigne hath ſeldome permanence.
Tyrants doe neuer die an honeſt death.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS kings doe rule by counſell and aduiſe,
So tyrants by their will, and not by law.
As want of riches makes a tyrant prince,
So great abundance heapes vp wickednes.
As boiſtrous winds doe ſhake the higheſt towers,
So blood and death cuts off proud tyrannie.
As enuie ſhooteth at the faireſt markes,
So tyrants leuell at true princes liues.
As foreſt tempeſts are in largeſt ſeas,
So greateſt euill enſues on tyrannie.
As trees are alwaies weakeſt toward the top,
So falleth Tyrants in their chiefeſt height.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

THraſillus teaching meanes of tyrannie,
Was firſt enforſt to taſt thereof himſelfe.
Scyron threw others headlong in the ſea,
Till *Theſeus* did the like by him at length.
Caligula wiſht Rome had but one head,
That at one ſtroke himſelfe might ſmite it off.
Cyrus that neuer had enough of blood,
Had afterward his head all drown'd in blood.
The ſoules of tyrants, *Plutarch* doth affirme,
To be compos'd of crueltie and pride.
A tyrant ſeekes his priuate benefit
And no mans elſe, as *Seneca* maintaines.

Of Treaſon, &c.

Treaſon is hated both of God and men,
As ſuch a ſinne, as none can greater be.

TReaſon hath no place where obedience is.
Rebellion doth bewray corrupted nature.
There is no treaſon woundeth halfe ſo deepe,
As that which doth in princes boſoms ſleepe.
Rebellion ſprings of too much head ſtrong will.
The rebell ſhrinkes, where rule and order ſwayes.
Kings pallaces ſtand open to let in
The ſoothing traitour, and the guide to ſinne.
In darkneſſe dwels the blind rebellious mind.
Traitours are loath'd, and yet their treaſon lou'd.
They that gainſt ſtates and kingdomes doe conſpire,
Their head-long ruine none can well recine.
Treaſon firſt workes ere traitors are eſpied.
Moſt bitter-ſower doth foule rebellion taſte.
Be me 'tis good to let the traitour die,
Fo ſparing iuſtice fee a iniquitie.
All filthie floods flow from rebellions brinks.
No vertue merits praiſe with treaſon toucht.

No wor-

No worthy mind by treason will assaile,
When as he knowes his valour can preuaile.
A factious Lord sold benefits him-selfe.
Who builds in blood and treason, builds vnsure.
A troubled streame of puddle mixt with mire,
Doth quench the thirst of rebels hot desire.
Men in seditions nourc'd, in factions liue.
Shame, is the rightfull end of treacherie.
It's madnesse to giue way to treacherie,
Without due vengeance to such iniurie.
In careleſſe truſt is treaſon ſooneſt found.
Reuolted ſubiects, of them-ſelues will quaile.
No greater ſpight, than baſely be betrayed
By ſuch a one whome thou before haſt made.
Reuolt's a miſchiefe, euer-more pernitious.
Who nill be ſubiects, ſhall be ſlaues at length.
Converſe with treachers, looke for treacherie:
Who deales with bad men, muſt haue iniurie.
Conflict with traitors is moſt perillous.
A traitor once, ne're truſted afterward.
They that doe couet deadly to betray,
By ſweeteſt meanes firſt practiſe to entrap.
No place is ſafe enough for any traitour.
Time is the touch that treacherous minds doth try.
Nothing auailes, ſtrong bulwarkes, fence or towers:
When treacherous foes all inward ſtrength deuoures.
Traitours are ſubiect to continuall feare.
Traitours, like vipers, gnaw their countries bones.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS Iuie kills the tree embracing it,
So traitours murder with their ſmootheſt lookes.
As euill ſauours doe corrupt the aire,
So treachers doe pollute a common-weale.

As in faire weather greateſt ſtormes ariſe,
So in mild ſeaſons, treaſon is moſt bold.
As braunches too much loden quickly breake,
So traitors too farre truſted, doe moſt harme.
As too much rankeneſſe bends the ſtalkes of corne,
So too much mildneſſe whets the traitor on.
As hawkes are loſt by ſoaring ouer-high,
So traitours periſh in their chiefeſt hopes.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

THey that ſlew *Cæſar* in the Senate-houſe,
Periſht like traitours, neuer proſpered.
The traitours that great *Pompey* did betray,
With death did *Cæſar* iuſtly guerdon them.
Sylla to her owne father proou'd vntrue,
And therefore felt deſert accordingly.
Lyciſcus rotted aliue aboue the ground
For his vile treaſon to th'Orcmenians.
Th'Athenians would let none be buried,
That had been traitours to the countrey.
Tullie ſaith: Wiſe men not at any time
Will truſt a traitour or a faithleſſe man.

Of

Of Enuie.

Enuie is nothing els but griefe of mind,
Conceiu'd at ſight of others happineſſe.

ENuie is hand-maid to proſperitie.
Enuie let in, doth in more miſchiefe let.
Enuie doth ceaſe, wanting to feed vpon.
Enuious is he, that grieues his neighbors good.
Enuie hath oft times eloquence in ſtore
To ſerue his turne, than which he craues no more.
Ill will too ſoone regardeth enuies cryes.
Hee's moſt enuied, that moſt exceeds the reſt.
Promotions chaung'd, glorie is enuies marke.
No ſooner excellent, but enuied ſtraight.
Enuie doth vertue in ſuch ſort diſgrace,
It makes men foes to them they ſhould embrace.
Enuie to honour, is a ſecret foe.
The fruits of enuie, is deſpight and hate.
It's hate, which enuies vertue in a friend.
Anger and enuie, are lifes enemies.
Enuie liues with vs while our ſelues ſurviue,
And when we die, it is no more aliue.

Let enuie with misfortune be contented.
Honour is ſtill a moate in enuies eye.
Enuie cannot offend but ſuch as liue.
On dead mens vertues, enuie hath no power.
Enuie in this point may be knowne from hate:
The one is euident, the other hid.
All poyſoned thoughts, are enuies daily food.
Enuie is friendſhips ſecret enemie.
Enuie at other ſhoots, but wounds her ſelfe.
It's better be enuied, than pitied.
Enuie doth make the body ill diſpos'd,
And kills the colour of the countenance.
Men enuious, by their manners are beſt knowne.
Enuie doth often brag, but drawes no blood.
Enuie like lightning in the darke is ſeene.
Enuie is blind, and vertues mortall foe.
Enuie doth ſcorne to caſt her eye below:
As proud ambition alwayes gazeth vp.
As ruſt the iron, ſo enuie frets the heart.
At good mens fatneſſe, enuie waxeth leane.
Enuie ſpots beauties colours with diſdaine.
Enuie will reach at them are fartheſt off.
The enuious man is fed with daintie fare,
For his owne heart is his continuall food.
Enuie is mightie mens companion.
Enuies diſeaſe proceeds from others good.
Enuie at vertues elbow alwaies waits.
The enuious man, thinkes others loſſe, his gaine.
It's better be a beggers mate in loue,
Than in baſe enuie, fellow with a king.
Enuie teares vp the dead, buries the quicke.
Enuie ſpeakes alwaies what comes next in mind.
Glorie erects, what enuie caſteth downe.
Enuie is like a ſhaft ſhot from a bow,

Which

Which flies a while aloft, but lighteth low.
The enuious man ne're ſpares to perſecute.
Hid enuie is more daungerous than knowne.
When enuie winkes, then waiteth he moſt harme.
If any man be good, he is enuied:
If euill, then himſelfe is enuious.
Patience endures what euer enuie dare.
An enuious neighbour is a double ill.

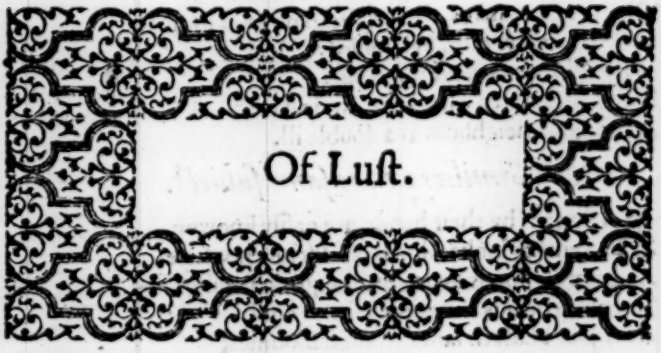
Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

As Bauens by their bands are eaſily knowne,
So enuies lookes doe moſt diſcloſe her ſelfe.
As greateſt floods haue alwaies quickeſt ebbes,
So enuies heat is commonly ſoone cold.
As rigour blaſteth fancies faireſt bloomes,
So enuie doth the no' leſt man diſgrace.
As no diſeaſe with inward griefe compares,
So nothing more than enuie wounds the mind.
As fire not maintain'd is quickly out,
So enuie not ſupplyed, dies of it ſelfe.
As in the Cedar, wormes doe neuer breed,
So in the wiſe, enuie can haue no power.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Philip was told, that men enuied him:
Quoth he; *I care not, I haue giuen no cauſe.*
Caligula had ſuch an enuious heart,
As he repin'd at all mens happineſſe.
Th'Athenians ſo enuied *Themiſtocles*,
As they made verſes in reproch of him.
Pompey and *Cæſars* enuie to each other,
Can ſcant be matcht in any hiſtories.
Plutarch ſaith, enuie is damn'd ſorcerie,
And therefore with it generally abhorr'd.

Thucidides graunts, wiſe men may be enuied,
Only to make their vertues ſhine the more.



Of Luſt.

Luſt, is the minds diſturber, purſes foe:
The conſcience wronger, and firſt ſtep to woe.

LVſt oft is fill'd, but neuer ſatisfied.
Laſciuious luſt the ſences doth deceiue.
Where luſt gets footing, ſhame doth ſoon enſue.
Luſt like a lanthorne ſheweth through it ſelfe,
The poyſoned venime hid within it ſelfe.
Luſt puts the moſt vnlawfull things in vre.
The Leachers tongue, is neuer void of guile.
Luſt liues by ſpoile, like theeues that rob true men.
Luſt makes oblivion, beateth reaſon backe:
Forgetteth ſhames pure bluſh, and honours wracke.
The flames of luſt doe from loues fewell riſe.
The filth of luſt, vncleanneſſe wallowes in.
Luſt gads abroad, deſire doth ſeldome ſleepe.
Moſt ſweet it is, ſwift fame to ouer-goe:
But vile, to liue in luſts blacke ouerthrow.

Where

Where luſt is law, it booteth not to plead.
Luſt lacks no wings, when loue is fled away.
Blind is baſe luſt, falſe colours to deſcrie.
Luſtes Owle-ſight eyes are dazeled with the light,
Yet ſee too clearely in the darkeſt night.
Loue ſurfets not, luſt like a glutton dies.
Loue is all truth, luſt full of perjur'd lyes.
Luſts winter comes ere ſommer halfe is done.
While luſt is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curbe his heat, or reine his raſh deſire.
Luſt being Lord, there is no truſt in kings.
Leud luſt is endleſſe, pleaſure hath no bounds.
As corne o're-growes by weeds, ſo feare by luſt.
All faire humanitie abhorres the deed,
That ſtaines with luſt loues modeſt ſnow-white weede.
Teares harden luſt, though marble weare with drops.
Faire loue, foule luſt, are deadly enemies.
Luſt blowes the fire when temperance is thawed.
Faire day diſcouers luſtes obſcureſt wayes,
And ſheweth ech thing as it is indeed.
The loue of luſt is loſſe vnto our health.
Luſt led with enuie, dreads no deadly ſinne.
Sower is the eaſe that from luſts root doth ſpring.
Inchaſtitie is euer proſtitute,
Whoſe tree we loath, when we haue pluckt the fruit.
It is great vertue to abſtaine from luſt.
Who followes luſt, can neuer come to loue.
Luſt alwaies ſeekes the ruine of chaſte loue.
Better ſeueritie that's right and iuſt,
Than impotent affections led with iuſt.
Greatneſſe doth make it great incontinence.
No bondage like the flauiſh life to luſt.
Luſt is a pleaſure bought with after paine.
The gaze that opens to iniquitie,

Is vnreſtrained luſt and libertie.
Luſt by continuance growes to impudence.
Shame and diſgrace attend vnbridled luſt
Adulterie is iniurie to nature.
Where wicked luſt doth dwell in foule exceſſe,
That is no houſe but for damn'd beaſtlines.
Adult'rie is vnlawfull matrimonie.
Adult'rie is deſpis'd among bruit beaſts.
Concupiſcence doth violence the ſoule.
Loue comforteth like Sun-ſhine after raine,
But luſts effect is tempeſt after Sunne.
No beaſtlines like baſe concupiſcenſe.
Luſt is the path-way to perdition.
Concupiſcenſe leads on the way to death.
Poore ſillie flyes may teach great men be inſt,
And not to yeeld themſelues a prey to luſt.
Luſt is in age moſt loathſome, vile in youth.
Luſt makes vs couet things beyond our power.
Luſt cuts off life before the dated time.
Luſt neuer taketh ioy in what is due,
But ſtill leaues knowne delights to ſeeke out new.
A man long plung'd in luſt, is hard v purg'd.
Slothfulneſſe is the nouriſher of luſt.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS fire conſumeth wood into it ſelfe,
So luſt drawes men into her deepeſt ſinnes.
As Sulphur being hot, is quickly fier'd,
So luſt vnbridled eaſily is prouokt.
As wanton thoughts are full of wanton ſpeech,
So leud conceits are fild with looſe deſires.
As greedie minds encroch on others right,
So luſt makes no reſpect of leud delight.

As

As leproſie the members doth corrupt,
So luxurie enuenometh the ſoule.
As rauenous birds make no reſpect of prey,
So all are apt that come in luſts foule way.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Cleopatra had her brothers companie,
Wronging thereby her husband & her ſelfe.
Thaleſtris trauail'd fiue and twentie dayes,
To lye one night with mightie *Alexander*.
Claudius of his owne ſiſters made no ſpare.
Semiramis in luſt deſir'd her ſonne.
Nero ſlew *Atticus* the Romane Conſull,
That he might haue acceſſe vnto his wife.
Ariſtotle ſaith, that luſt mens bodies chaunge,
And likewiſe breedeth madneſſe in their ſoules.
Hippocrates call'd luſt the foule diſeaſe,
Than which could be no worſe infection.

Of Pride,&c.

Pride, is a puft vp mind, a ſwolne deſire,
That by vaine-glory ſeeketh to aſpire.

PRide, is the chiefe diſgrace beautie can haue.
Pride drawes on vengeance, vengeance hath no meane.
Weake weapons doe the greateſt pride abate.
When pride but pointeth once vnto his fall,
He beares a ſword to ſlay him-ſelfe withall.
Vaine-glorie neuer temperance doth retaine.
Vaine-glorie fondly gazeth on the skies.
Pride gapes aloft, and ſcorneth humble lookes.
Pride is contemned, ſcorn'd, diſdain'd, derided:
While humbleneſſe of all things is prouided.
Proud will is deafe, and heares no heedfull friends.
The fleſh being proud, deſire doth fight with grace.
Suppreſſe the proud, helpe to ſupport the meeke.
Vaine-glories vice, like to the miſtie night,
Doth blemiſh oft our vertues ſhining bright.
Small Gnats enforc'd proud *Pharaoh* loone to ſtoope.
Very vnſurely ſtands the foot of pride.
Vaine-glorious men deſire to pleaſe their eies.

Such

Such is the nature ſtill of haughtie pride,
Than others praiſe, can nothing worſe abide.
In-ſight illuſtrates, outward brauerie blinds.
Shame followes pride, as doth the bodies ſhade.
Wit oft-times wrackes, by ſelfe-conceit of pride.
Though pride leads on, yet ſhame doth wait behind,
And ſhame for pride by iuſtice is aſſign'd.
Beautie breeds pride, pride bringeth forth diſdaine.
Vertue is plac'd, where pride may not preſume.
The plague of pride preſumption did begin.
Nothing there is that heauen can worſe abide,
Amongſt mens deeds, than arrogance and pride.
Truſt not to choiſe of proud confederates.
High-builded caſtles ouer-looke low lands.
Enuie is auncient'ſt ſinne, but pride is greateſt.
Proud thoughts, that greateſt matters take in hand,
Falls ſooneſt, where they ſafeſt thinke to ſtand.
Sorrow ne're followes him that flyes from pride.
Where leaſt deſert is, alwaies pride is moſt.
Prides loweſt ſtep is blood, Enuie the higheſt.
Pride bathes in teares of poore ſubmiſſion,
And makes his ſoule the purple he puts on.
A proud mans glory, ſoone begets defame.
A rich man hardly can be free from pride.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS vapours in aſcending ſoone are loſt,
So prides preſuming but confounds it ſelfe.
As great fires hazard ſimple cottages,
So pride in poore men is moſt perillous.
As winds blow ſternely being neere to ceaſe,
So pride is loftieſt, neere deſtruction.
As *Cedar* trees vnfruitfull are and ſtiffe,
So proud men helpe not any, nor themſelues.

As pride is the beginner of all vice,
So the deſtruction is it of all vertue.
As ſtill the dropſie couets after drinke,
So pride is neuer pleaſed but with pride.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Fabius the Senatour, o're-come with pride,
Swallowed a haire in milke, and thereof dyed.
Poppeia that was *Neroes* concubine,
Had with the pureſt gold her horſes ſhod.
Chares for hurting *Cyrus* in the knee,
Became ſo proud, that forth-with he ran mad.
The Emperour *Diocleſian* in his pride,
Would needs be call'd the brother to the Sunne.
Saith *Ariſtotle*, Men ouercome with pride,
Their betters nor their equals can abide.
Quintilian would haue men of greateſt gifts,
Rather be humble, than ſwolne vp with pride.

Of Couetouſnes, &c.

Couetouſnes is onely root of ill,
That kingdome, conſcience, ſoule and all doth ſpill.

THey that moſt couet, oftentimes looſe more.
Gaine commeth in, while as the miſer ſleeps.
Couetous wretches doe ſuch griefes ſuſtaine,
That they proone bankrupts in their greateſt gaine.
Vaine is it, all to haue and nothing vſe.
Intemperance thralles men to couetiſe.
Treaſure is moſt abus'd being hoorded vp,
When being employed, it turneth two for one.
It's vaine to couet more than we need vſe.
He that encrocheth much, is alwaies needie.
Rich roabes, other both and themſelues adorne,
But nor themſelues nor others, if not worne.
Great is the ſcope that greedie will deſires,
Gaines got with infamie, is greateſt loſſe.
Leſſe ſinnes the poore man, that doth ſtarue him-ſelfe,
Than he that ſlayes his ſoule by hoording pelfe.
Deſire to haue, doth make vs much endure.
Auarice is good to none, worſe to himſelfe.

Who

Who would not wiſh his treaſure ſafe from theeues,
And rid his heart of pangs, his eyes from teares?
The man that couets much, he wanteth much.
The gaine of gold makes many looſe their ſoules.
Learnings decay, is thankleſſe auarice:
Not rendring vertue her deſeruing price.
All vices haue their taſte from auarice,
The couetous mans excuſe, is childrens care.
Who hugs th'idolatrous deſire of gold,
To ſcorne and ruine hath his freedome ſold.
The deuils mouth is tearm'd a miſers purſe.
Mens faults, by couetouſnes the world diſcernes.
The greedie wretch that for him-ſelfe ſtill ſpares,
Doth hoord vp nothing but conſtrayned cares.
A couetous eye doth ſeldome find content.
Deſire of gaine, at no time hath enough.
A niggard ſeldome wanteth this ſlye ſhift,
To call his curſed auarice, good thrift.
The couetous minded man is alwayes poore.
Couetouſnes runnes round about the world.
Couetouſnes deſerueth ſpeciall hate
In Iudges, or in rulers of a ſtate.
Auarice diſeaſe, nothing can cure but death.
To flie from auarice, is a kingdomes gaine.
So greedie minds may but augment their wealth,
They not reſpect how much they harme their health.
How hard from couetouſnes can men refraine?
Gold, that makes all men falſe, is true it ſelfe.
Treaſures faſt bard vp by a couetous mind,
As prodigall expenders after find.
The more we ſpare, the more we hope to gaine.
To haue gold, and to haue it ſafe, is all.
In old men, couetouſneſſe is monſtrous,
Becauſe they are ſo neare their iournies end.

Auarice (like the dropſie) ſtill ſeekes more.
The gulfe of greedineſſe will ne're be fild.
The couetous churle, whoſe care great heapes attaines:
Hath for his end affliction, griefe his gaines.
Auarice is the chiefeſt hooke of death.
The miſers mind is neuer ſatisfied.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS fire, the more it hath, the fiercer burnes,
So couetous minds doe alwaies craue for more.
As Bees doe flocke vnto a hony dew,
So couetous men ſtill haunt the ſente of gaine.
As greateſt fiſh deuoure the ſmaller frie,
So couetous wretches feed vpon the poore.
As gluttons from them-ſelues can nothing ſpare,
So miſers will let nothing paſſe their purſe.
As without waues we neuer ſee the ſea,
So couetous men are neuer free from cares.
As clouds doe ſomtime hide the Sunnes cleare light,
So couetouſnes depriues the light of grace.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

HErmocrates lying at the point of death,
Bequeath'd his goods to no one but him-ſelfe.
Euclio hid his treaſure in his houſe,
And durſt not goe abroad for feare of robbing.
Caligula became ſo couetous,
That he would ſpare no meanes to compaſſe coine.
Demonica for gold ſold Epheſus,
And after dyed vnder the weight thereof.
Socrates ſeeing one ignorant, yet rich,
Said: He was nothing but a golden ſlaue.
Diogenes would ſay to couetous men,
That he had rather be their ſheepe, than ſonne.

Of Sloth, &c.

Sloth is to Vertue, chiefeſt enemie:
And Idlenes, the guide to euery ill.

SLoth dulles the wit, and doth corrupt our ſtrength.
Sloth both corrupts, and chokes the vitall powers.
Idlenes is a death in life eſteem'd.
Long ſlumbers are for idle perſons meet.
The idle luske, that no way is enclin'd,
Walkes as one dead among the liuing kind.
Eaſe is the mother of diſſention.
Who growes too negligent, too ſoone repents.
Humours, by much exceſſe of eaſe are bred.
All idle workes, are but the workes of lyes.
All idle houres are Calenders of ruth,
And time ill ſpent is preiudice to youth.
Idleneſſe cauſeth errour and ignorance.
Through idlenes, kingdoms haue ben deſtroi'd.
Idlenes is the root of deſperation.
The idle mind is apt to all vncleanneſſe.
In height of weale who hath a ſlothfull heart,
Repents too late his ouer-fooliſh part.

Sloth

Sloth blunts conceit, but ſtudie ſharpens it.
Proſperitie alwaies ingendreth ſloth.
The ſlothfull man in his owne want doth ſleepe.
Sloth hinders thrift, and much diſpleaſeth God.
Loue is a prodigie to loytring wits,
A hell of life, a trap for idle toies.
The idle heart is mooued with no prayers.
In doing nothing, men learne to doe ill.
Sloth is a feare of labour to enſue.
The Bees abide no idle Drones among them.
Vſurie is the nource of idlenes:
And idlenes the mother of all euill.
The wiſe mans idlenes, is daily labour.
A noble nature, ſloth doth ſoone corrupt.
Idlenes is the canker of the mind.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS mothes eat garments that are ſeldome worne,
So idlenes infecteth loytring wits.
As too much bending breakes the ſtrongeſt bow,
So too much ſloth corrupts the chaſteſt mind.
As moſſe growes on thoſe ſtones which are not ſtirr'd,
So ſloth defiles the ſoule, not well employed.
As ſtanding waters venemous wormes ingender,
So idle braines beget vnholy thoughts.
As pooles freeze ſooner than the running ſtreames,
So idle men ſpeed worſe than thoſe that worke.
As ſitters ſooner ſleepe than they that walke,
So ſinne tempts ſooner ſloth, than diligence.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

SCipio did baniſh from his campe, all ſuch
As could be toucht with ſloth or idlenes.

The wiſe men thus did anſwere *Alexander*,
If he were idle, long he could not liue.
Becauſe the *Sabies* did abound in wealth,
They gaue themſelues to nought but idlenes.
Metellus being arriu'd in Africa,
Diſmiſt all meanes might offer idlenes.
Tully ſaith, Men were borne to doe good workes,
As a preſeruatiue gainſt idlenes.
Pythagoras gaue all his ſchollers charge,
At no time to admit an idle thought.

Of Anger, &c.

Anger is entrance to vnſeemely wrath,
Prouoking Furie, Rage, and Violence.

ANgers raſh fire conceal'd, enkindles more.
Anger muſt be no reaſon of diuorce.
Anger doth ſtill his owne miſhaps encreaſe.
Thunder affrighteth infants in the ſchooles:
And angry threats are conqueſts meet for fooles.
What reaſon vrgeth, rage doth ſtill denie.
Vntamed rage doth all aduiſe reiect.

Rage

Rage is like fire, and naturally aſcends.
Hot haſtie wrath, and heedleſſe hazardie,
Breeds late repentance, and long infamie.
Full many miſchiefes follow haſtie wrath.
Happie who can abſtaine when anger ſwelles.
Words haue great power t'appeaſe enflamed rage.
Furie and frenzies are fit companie,
To helpe to blaze a wofull tragedie.
Mightie mens anger is more fear'd than death.
Miſshapen ſtuffe is meet for rude demeanour.
Violent fires doe ſoone burne out them ſelues.
Oft times we ſee, men troubled with annoy
Doe laugh for anger, and yet weepe for ioy.
Small ſhowers laſt long, but angry ſtormes are ſhort.
Oft outward rage doth inward griefes encreaſe.
The wrathfull man is ſeldome free from woe.
The broken tops of lofiie trees declare,
The furie of a mercie-wanting ſtorme.
Men will not ſpend their furie on a child.
Young ſlippes are neuer graft in windie dayes.
Loue being reſiſted, growes impacient.
Raine added to a riuer that is ranke,
Perforce will make it ouer-flow the banke.
Calmes ſeldome hold, without enſuing ſtormes.
Choller vnto digeſtion is a friend.
He that loues eaſe, offends no angrie man.
If once the fire be to the powder got,
It's then too late to ſeeke to flie the ſhot.
Heat added vnto heat, augmenteth it.
There is no reſt, where rage runnes all on head.
The waters ſwell before a boiſtrous ſtorme.
In windie dayes we hold our garments faſt,
But glaring Sun-ſhine makes vs put them off.
Tydes being reſtrain'd, o're-ſwell their bounds with rage.

The depth is hid by troubling of the flood.
Great mists arise before the greatest raine.
If rage spare not the walles of pietie,
How shall the profane piles of sinne keepe strong?
The raine doth cease, before the floods doe rise.
All stormes are calmed by a gentle starre.
Pale angrie death a greedie longing stops.
When discontented sectes and schismes arise,
They feed the simple, and offend the wise.
The edge of reprehension, is sharpe words.
Reproue with loue, not anger, others faults.
Cold breath doth not coole fire, but makes more hot.
What is with furie and sterne rage begun,
Doth challenge shame before it be halfe done.
Fond disagreement is loues ouerthrow.
Loue should preuaile, iust anger to asswage.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS hate is oft conceiu'd vpon no cause,
So anger on small matters doth ensue.
As he that loueth quiet, sleeps secure,
So he that yeelds to wrath, much harmes him-selfe.
As wrathfull anger is a grieuous fault,
So sufferance is great commendation.
As winter commonly is full of stormes,
So angrie minds haue still impatient thoughts.
As luke-warme water inward heats asswage,
So gentle language calmeth angers rage.
As tumours rise by blowes vpon the flesh,
So anger swelles by buffetting the mind.

Examples likewise on the same.

GReat *Alexander*, in his angrie mood
Kild *Clytus*, his old councellour and friend.

Dionysius

Dionyſius being ouer-come with rage,
Stabd to the heart his innocent poore Page.
Periander, angry and miſſe-gouerned,
His deare wife moſt vnkindly murdered.
Architas, though his bond-man did amiſſe,
Yet in his anger he refus'd to ſmite him.
Euripides, held nothing in a man
Of more defect, than ſterne impatience.
The elder *Cato* counſail'd angrie men,
To baniſh rage, if they deſir'd long life.

Of Gluttonie, &c.

Gluttonie, drunkenneſſe, and leud exceſſe,
Is the high-way to woe and wretchedneſſe.

WHo daily taſte neat wine, do water loath.
Diſorder breeds by heating of the blood.
Aduantage feeds him fat, while men delay.
In Italie, the fat, faire, ſlicke and full,
Are better lik'd than leane, lanke, ſpare and dull.
Staru'd men beſt geſſe the ſweetneſſe of a feaſt.
Worldlings (like Antes) eat vp the gaines of men.

Things vndigested, neuer turne to blood.
Steele is the glasse of beautie for our sight,
But wine is tearm'd, the mirrour of the mind.
A beastly shape with brutish soule agrees.
Set-banquets made by Courtiers, want no cates.
It's good in health to counsell with a Leach.
It's good abstaining from superfluous feasts:
Where too much feeding maketh men brute beasts.
Wine burnes vp beautie, and prouokes on age.
No secrecie abides, where liues excesse.
Excesse is nothing else, but wilfull madnesse.
He that delights in pampering vp himselfe,
Is chiefest seeker of his bodies shame.
Chastities daunger waits on drunkennesse.
Wine is the earths blood, and th'abusers blame.
A double fire in man, is wine and youth.
Gluttonie dryes the bones, more thereby die
Than in a kingdome perish by the sword.
Surfet hath sickenesse to attend on him.
Gluttonie causeth many maladies.
Excesse is that which soone dispatcheth life.
Rich men may feed their bellies when they please,
But poore mens dinners stay till they haue meat.
Much feeding causeth much infirmitie.
The belly alwaies is a thankelesse beast.
Drunkennesse is a many-headed monster.
Moderate diet is a wise mans badge,
But surfetting, the glory of a foole.
Women and wine haue made the wise to dote.
Too much of any thing conuerts to vice.
A meane in all things is most commendable.

Similies

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS corporall faſting quickens vp the ſoule,
So too much feeding doth depreſſe it downe.
As ſable clouds obſcure the ſiluer Moone,
So gluttonie dimmes glorie of the mind.
As birds with weightie bodies hardly flie,
So men o're-come with drinke, ſcant rightly goe.
As too much wet doth cauſe a mooriſh ground,
So too much drinke doth make a muddie mind.
As ſhips of lighteſt burden lightlieſt ſaile,
So minds of quickeſt motion are moſt apt.
As drowſie ſouldiours are vnfit for fight,
So drunken humours are not meet for men.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

THe Tyrant *Dionyſius*, by much drinke,
Loſt vtterly the benefit of ſight.
Aruntius in his beaſtly drunkennes,
With his owne daughter inceſt did commit.
Ptolomie ſlew his father and his mother,
Through wine and women, dying like a beaſt.
Geta the Emperour three dayes feaſting ſate,
Seru'd by the order of the Alphabet.
Men giuen to belly-ſeruice, *Plato* ſaith,
Deſerue no better name, than brutiſh beaſts.
Exceſſe (ſaith *Tullie*) is a teſtimonie
Of ſoules incontinence, and baſe deſires.

Of

Of Griefe,&c.

Griefe, Sorrow, Woe, and ſighing care,
Endaunger health, and often vrge deſpaire.

GRiefe doth await on life, though neuer ſought.
Griefe being diſclos'd, the ſooner is recur'd.
Ech griefe beſt iudgeth of his contrarie.
Extreame and hard with ſorrow doth it goe,
Where woe becomes a comforter to woe.
Sorrow doth dimme the iudgement of the wit.
Great griefes more eaſily can be thought than told.
There is no griefe, but time doth make it leſſe.
Sighes of them-ſelues, are ouer-ſilent much,
And farre too ſhort to make our ſorrowes knowne.
Griefe, to it ſelfe moſt dreadfull doth appeare.
Neuer was ſorrow quite deuoid of feare.
Sorrow beſt fitteth with a cloudie cell.
Still we behold ſome griefe our bliſſe beſeet,
Yet often-times that griefe, ſome good begets.
Sorrow diſcloſeth what it moſt doth grieue.
The deapth of griefe with words is ſounded leaſt.
No plaiſter helpes before the griefe be knowne.

Words are but ſhadowes of a further ſmart,
But inward griefe doth truly touch the heart.

Sower is the ſweet that ſorrow doth maintaine.
A heauie heart, with ſorrowes pipe muſt daunce.
Sorrow her ſelfe, is in her ſelfe confounded.

Where ſorrow ſerues for food, where drinke is teares,
There pleaſure ſighes amidſt confuſed feares.

Sighes often ſue, but ſeldome times find grace.
We may conclude our words, but not our woes.
Great griefes are mute, when mirth can chearely ſpeake.

What bootes it plaine that cannot be redreſt,
Or ſow vaine ſorrowes in a fruitleſſe eare?

Nothing auaileth griefe, when fates denie.
Cares, cloſe conceal'd, doe aggrauate the paine.
It's eaſe to tell the cares that inly touch.

Men torne with tempeſts, ſafe arriu'd at laſt,
May ſit and ſing, and tell of ſorrowes paſt.

Well fitteth moane the mind, neer kill'd with care.
A double griefe afflicts concealing hearts.
One louing hower quits many yeares of griefe.

When thou doſt feele thy conſcience rent with griefe,
Thy ſelfe purſueſt thy ſelfe, both robd, and thiefe.

All earthly ſights can nought but ſorrow breed.
Woe waxeth old, by being ſtill renew'd.
Woe neuer wants, where euery cauſe is caught.

When ſorrow once is ſeated in our eyes,
What-e're we ſee, encreaſeth miſeries.

Men change the aire, but ſeldome change their cares.
Griefes are long liu'd, and ſorrowes ſeldome die.
Griefe need no feigned action to be taught.

Know how to weepe when mightie griefes conſtraine,
Elſe teares and ſighes are meerely ſpent in vaine.

Sorow growes ſence-leſſe, when too much ſhe bears.
We need not cheriſh griefes, too faſt they grow.

Woe

Woe be to him that dyes of his owne woe.
To meane eſtate, but common woes are knowne,
But crownes haue cares that euer be vnknowne.
Sorrow doth make the ſhorteſt time ſeeme long.
One griefe conceal'd, more grieuous is than ten.
From ſtrongeſt woe we hardly language wreſt.
Oft times it haps, that ſorrowes of the mind
Find helpe vnſought, that ſeeking cannot find.
Huge horrors, in high tydes of griefes are drown'd.
Woe paſt may once laugh preſent woe to ſcorne.
Griefe carueth deepeſt, comming from the heart.
Enough of griefe it is to penſiue minds,
To feele their faults, and not be further vext.
Care makes men paſſionate, and ſorrow dumbe.
High floods of ioy, oft falls by ebbes of griefe.
No note is ſweet, where griefe beares all the ground.
It's euer pleaſing for a man to heare,
Thoſe griefes diſcourſt, that once were hard to beare.
Some often ſing that haue more cauſe to ſigh.
Griefe neuer parts from a care-filled breaſt.
Free vent of griefe doth eaſe the ouer-flow.
Vnhappie man, the ſubiect of misfortune,
Whoſe very birth doth following woe importune.
Mens dayes of woe are long, but ſhort of ioy.
Our time may paſſe, but cares will neuer die.
Oft greateſt cares, the greateſt comforts kill.
Men die, and humane kind doth paſſe away,
But griefe (that makes them die) doth euer ſtay.
Ioy ſtill aſcends, but ſorrow ſings below.
Men may lament, but neuer diſanull.
Sorrow ſtill ſeazeth on a grieued heart.
Things of ſmall moment we can ſcarſely hold,
But griefes that touch the heart, are hardly told.
They eaſily grieue, that cannot chooſe but moane.

Sorrow concludes not when it ſeemeth done.
Conceit deriues from ſome fore-father griefe.
Conceiued griefe reboundeth where it falls:
Not with the emptie hollowneſſe, but weight.
Things paſt redreſſe ſhould be as free from care.
It is no loſſe to be exempt from care.
Againſt a chaunge, woe is o're-run with woe.
Woe with the heauier weight doth alwaies ſit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne.
The deepeſt cares cure not the ſmalleſt griefe.
Sorrow is mortall enemie to health.
Griefe wanteth words to vtter what it would.
Fell gnarling ſorrow hath leaſt power to bite
The man that mockes it, and doth ſet it light.
No need to haſten care, it comes too ſoone.
Griefes beſt redreſſe, is the beſt ſufferance.
Griefe finds ſome eaſe by him that beareth like.
Sharpe ſorrowes tooth doth neuer rankle more,
Than when he bites, and launceth not the ſore.
The hearts deepe ſorrow hates both light and life.
Mirth may not ſoiourne with blacke male-content.
What helpeth care, when cure is paſt and gone?
Ech ſubſtance of a griefe hath twentie ſhades,
Which ſhewes like griefe it ſelfe, yet is not ſo.
It is ſome eaſe our ſorrowes to reueale.
Sorow doth euer long to heare the worſt.
Long are their nights whoſe cares doe neuer ſleepe.
The eyes of ſorrow glaz'd with blinding teares,
Deuides one thing entire to many obiects.
No farre remooue can make ſterne ſorrow leſſe,
Care-charming ſleepe, is ſonne of ſable night.
Idlely we grieue, when fruitleſſely we grieue.
Their legges can keepe no meaſure in delight,
Whoſe heart doe hold no meaſure in their griefe.

They

They that report griefe, feele it for the time.
Sad ſoules are ſlaine in merrie companie.
Griefe is beſt pleas'd with griefes ſocietie.
In wooing ſorrow, it is beſt be briefe,
When wedding it, there is ſuch length in griefe.
Great griefe grieues moſt at that would do it good.
Griefe dallied with, nor law nor limit knowes.
A wofull hoſteſſe brookes no merrie gueſts.
Ech thinks him-ſelfe to fetch the deepeſt grone,
Becauſe he feeles no ſorrow but his owne.
Diſtreſſe likes dumps, when time is kept with teares.
Woe is moſt tedious when her words are briefe.
Though woe be heauie, yet it ſeldome ſleepes.
Kind fellowſhip in woe, doth woe aſſwage,
As Palmers chat makes ſhort their pilgrimage.
Loue ne're ſo loyall, is not free from care.
Weepe ne're ſo long, yet griefe muſt haue an end.
Of ſorrow, comes but fancies and fond dreames.
True ſorrow then is feelingly ſuffis'd,
When with like ſemblance it is ſympathiz'd.
Sad hearts with weeping liue vpon their teares.
Sad ſighes ſet downe the hearts moſt feeling woes.
Aſſurance alway putteth griefe to flight.
Deepe woes roll forward like a gentle floud,
Which being ſtopt, the bounding bankes o're-flowes.
Accuſtom'd ſorrow, is meere crueltie.
Sorrow is very doubtfull in beleefe.
Silence, is ſorrowes chiefeſt Oratour.
To ſee ſad ſights, moues more than heare them told,
For then the eye interprets to the eare.
Sacietie makes paſſions ſtill leſſe ſtrong.
All ſence muſt die where griefe too much abounds.
All care is bootleſſe in a careleſſe caſe.
Sorrow is like a heauie hanging bell.

VVhich ſet on ringing, with his owne weight goes.
Sorrow beſt ſpeakes by ſignes of heauie eyes.
On greateſt charge, the greateſt care attends.
Dombe is the meſſage of a hidden griefe.
Sorrow breakes ſeaſons, and repoſing houres:
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tyde night.
Our inward cares are moſt pent in with griefe.
Sad cares, mens eyes doth alwayes open keepe.
Short walkes ſeeme long when ſorrow metes the way.
Sorrow hath onely this poore bare reliefe,
To be bemoand of ſuch as wofull are.
Wounds helpe not wounds, nor griefe eaſe grieuous deeds.
Exceſſe of ſorrow liſtneth no reliefe.
Paſsions encreaſing, multiply complaints.
To moane ones care, yet cannot helpe his thrall,
It kills his heart, but comforts not at all.
No griefe like to the bondage of the mind.
No outward vtterance can commaund conceit.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS fire ſuppreſt, is much more forcible,
So griefes conceal'd, vrge greater paſſions.
As ſtreames reſtrain'd, breake through or ouer-flow,
So ſorrow ſmoother'd, growes to greater woe.
As tendreſt wood is moſt annoyed of wormes,
So feebleſt minds doth ſorrow moſt afflict.
As clouds doe rob vs of faire heauens beautie,
So care bereaues vs of our ſpeeches libertie.
As the ſweet roſe doth grow among the bryars,
So oft in ſorrowes ſome content is found.
As diſcreete Pylots doe for ſtormes prepare,
So in our ioy let vs prouide for care.

Exam-

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Coriolanus, finding his offence
For warring gainſt his country, dyde with griefe.
Torquatus, baniſht from his fathers houſe,
For griefe thereof did raſhly ſlay him-ſelfe.
The Romane matrons for a whole yeares ſpace,
Sighed and ſorrowed for *Brutus* death.
Lepidus grieuing long his wiues abuſe,
Shortned his owne dayes with conceit of griefe.
The Pythagorians alwaies had this poeſie:
The heart ought not be eaten with ſad griefe.
Cicero thought, the minds chiefe enemies,
Were melancholly griefes, and penſiues.

Of Feare, &c.

Feare is defect of manly fortitude,
Continually by dread and doubt purſude.

A Hell-tormenting feare, no faith can mooue.
Safetie (moſt ſafe) when ſhe is fenc'd with feare.

Better

Better firſt feare, than after ſtill to feare.
Daunger deuiſeth ſhifts, wit waits on feare.
Abhorre ſinne paſt, preuent what is to come,
Theſe two are things feare not the day of doome.
The bait in ſight, the hooke much leſſe is fear'd.
Who euer feares, is better neuer feare.
To loue for feare, is ſecretly to hate.
Feare is companion of a guiltie mind.
Faint feare and doubt ſtill taketh their delight
In perile, which exceed all perill might.
Fidelitie doth flye where feare is hatcht.
Feares vrge deſpaires, ruth breeds a hopeleſſe rage.
By needleſſe feare, none euer vantage got.
The benefit of feare, is to be wiſe.
Who would not die, to kill all murdering griefes?
Or who would liue in neuer-dying feares?
Feare giueth wings, and need doth courage teach.
Fond is the feare that finds no remedie
The dread of dying, payes death ſeruile breath.
Who liues content, need feare no frowning fate.
To feare the foe, when feare oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Giues in our weakneſſe, ſtrengthning to the foe.
Feare finds out ſhifts, timiditie is ſubtill.
No greater hell than be a ſlaue to feare.
Birds feare no buſhes that were neuer lim'd.
The guilt being great, the feare doth more exceed.
Feare, and be ſlaine, no worſe can come to fight:
And fight and dye, is death deſtroying death.
Loue thriues not in the heart that ſhadowes feare.
Againſt loues fire, feares froſt can haue no power.
The Lyons roaring, leſſer beaſts doe feare.
Doubt takes ſure footing oft in ſlipperie wayes.
Huge rockes, high windes, ſtrong pyrats, ſhelues and ſands,
The merchant feares, ere rich at home he lands.

Delay breeds doubt, and doubt brings on diſmay.
A fearefull thing to tumble from a crowne.
Giue no beginning to a doubtfull end.
It's fearefull ſleeping in a ſerpents bed.
Extreameſt feare can neither fight nor flye,
But coward-like, with trembling terrour die.
Our owne examples makes vs feare the more.
Feare that is wiſer than the truth, doth ill.
Greatneſſe that ſtandeth high, ſtands ſtill in feare.
Feare caſts too deepe, and euer is too wiſe.
Who feares a ſentence, or an old mans ſaw,
May by a painted cloth be kept in awe.
The doubtfull can no vſuall plots endure.
A moderate feare fore-caſts the worſt of ill.
It's vaine to feare the thing we cannot ſhun.
Better to feare thy choice, than rue thy chaunce.
He rightly may be tearm'd a valiant man,
Whome honeſt death doth not affright with feare.
Diſtracted terrour knowes not what is beſt.
No feare of death ſhould force vs to doe ill
Dread of vnknowne things breeds a greater dread.
Feare not the things muſt come, bethinke faults paſt.
In vaine with terrour is he fortifide,
That is not guarded with firme loue beſide.
The loue vnfeene, is neuer knowne to feare.
A ſeruile feare, doth make a drooping mind.
Leaſt we preſume, we muſt goe backe with feare.
Delay doth much torment a doubtfull mind.
It much offendeth to be old with feares,
When youth ſaith, thereof thou want'ſt many yeeres.
Hardly we credit what imports our ill.
Men feare not them whoſe feeble ſtrength they know.
Feare commonly doth breed and nouriſh hate.
Small eaſe hath he that feared is of all.

Cold

Cold doubt cauills with honour, ſcorneth fame,
And in the end, feare weighes downe faith with ſhame.
Diſſention euer-more breeds greater doubt.
We ſoone beleeue the caſe we would haue ſo.
A fearefull looke bewrayes a guiltie heart.
Death is farre ſweeter than the feare of death.
It's better much, to ſuffer that we feare,
Than ſtill by feare, to liue in martyrdome.
Continuall griefe, is feare beyond all feare.
Baſeneſſe aduanced, purchaſeth but feare.
Who walke in feare, ſuſpect the pathes they tread.
Death being aſſur'd to come, deſerues no feare.
Whiles timerous knowledge ſtands conſidering,
Audacious ignorance performes the deed.
He that knowes moſt, the more he hath to doubt.
Better miſtruſt too ſoone, than rue too late.
We deeme things doubtfull, breed not contentation.
Where men leaſt feare, there harme they ſooneſt find.
Wicked men commonly are void of feare,
And therefore daunger alwaies with them beare.
Loue neuer was without both feare and teares.
Feare lendeth wings for aged folke to flie.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS ſuddaine bleeding, argues ill enſuing,
So ſuddaine ceaſing is fell feares renewing.
As leaking veſſels cannot long endure,
So fearefull minds haue ſlender permanence.
As nettles haue no prickes, and yet doe ſting,
So feares haue little motion, yet oft kill.
As ſalt ta'ne moderately doth reliſh meat,
So diſcreet feares doe often benefite.
As in calamitie good friends auaile,
So ſound aduiſe aduantageth in feare.

As wrong ſuſpitions are but mens diſgrace,
So needleſſe feares declare but want of wit.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Claudius being giuen to feare, his mother ſaid,
Nature begun, but had not finiſht him.
Midas grew deſperate by his fearefull dreames,
That to be rid of them, he ſlew him-ſelfe.
Ariſtodemus fear'd with howling dogges,
Tooke ſuch conceit, that ſoone he ended life.
Nicias th'Athenian, through cowardly feare,
Loſt many famous opportunities.
Tully ſaith, Much more euill is in feare,
Than in the thing that doth procure the feare.
Solon gaue inſtance to his country-men,
That ſhame did euermore attend on feare.

Of

Of Fortune, &c.

Fortune is nource of fooles, poyſon of hope,
Fewell of vaine deſires, deſerts deſtruction.

WHat fortune works, ſeemes not alwaies pretended.
Fortune not alwaies doth poure forth her bagges.
Fortune in tariance, to her ſelfe is ſtraunge.
Fortune her gifts in vaine to ſuch doth giue,
Who when they liue, ſeeme as they did not liue.
The end is it that maketh fortune good.
The ſea of fortune doth not alwaies flow.
Hap commeth well although it come but late.
When Fortune all her vtmoſt ſpight hath ſhewen,
Some bliſſe-full houres may ne're-theleſſe appeare.
Fortune's not alwaies good, nor alwaies ill.
Fortune doth ſome times laugh as well as lower.
Misfortune followes him that tempteth fortune.
How can miſchaunce vnto that ſhip betide,
Where fortune is the pylot and the guide?
Fortune oft hurts, when moſt ſhe ſeemes to helpe.
Wiſdome predominates both fate and fortune.
Oft where beſt chaunce begins, ill chaunce doth end.

Misfortune is attended by reproch:
Good fortune, fame and vertue ſtellifies.
Th'euent oft-times makes foule faults fortunate.
What follie hurts not, fortune can repaire.
Like clouds continually doth fortune chaunge.
Where Fortune doth her bountie franke beſtow,
There heauen and earth muſt pay what ſhe doth owe.
Miſhaps are maſtred by diſcreet aduiſe.
The helpe-leſſe hap, it booteth none to grieue.
Misfortune waits aduantage to entrap.
Misfortunes power can neuer foyle thy right,
Doe thou but beare a mind in her deſpight.
Misfortune followes many ouer-faſt.
Where firſt miſhap began, there will ſhe end.
A chaunce may win, what by miſchance was loſt.
Where great miſhaps our errours doth aſſault,
There doe they eaſieſt make vs ſee our fault.
Nimble miſchaunce, is verie ſwift of foot.
Silent miſhap diſcloſeth mourning griefe.
Our friends misfortune doth encreaſe our owne.
A miſchiefe ſeene, may eaſily be preuented,
But being hapt, not helpt, though ſtill lamented.
In ſome things all, in nothing all are croſt.
On miſchiefes maine, miſhap full ſaile doth beare.
The greateſt loſſes ſeldome are reſtor'd.
Nothing ſo much a mant miſhap torments,
As who to him his good ſtate repreſents.
Harmes vnexpected, ſtill doe hurt vs moſt.
Vnlookt for things doe happen ſoon'ſt of all.
Power hath no priuiledge againſt miſhap.
Complaine not thy misfortune to thy foe,
For he will triumph when he ſees thy teares.
The higheſt ſtate awarrants not miſhaps.
Vnfortunate are ſome men that be wiſe.

Happy

Happy he liues that taſteth no miſchaunce.
Oft times we ſee amidſt the greateſt cares,
Some ill ſucceſſe doth ſlip in vnawares.
No wit nor wealth preuailes againſt miſchaunce.
If ill approch vs, onely that is ours.
Of greateſt ill, a greater good may ſpring.
The man that ſtill amidſt misfortunes ſtands,
Is ſorrowes ſlaue, and bound in laſting bands.
Neuer ſtayes tickle fortune in one ſtate.
The baſeſt meanes, oft higheſt fortune brings.
Well may he ſwimme, held vp by fortunes hand.
The world is rightly tearmed full of rubs,
When all our fortunes runne againſt the byas.
Fortune hurts not where ſhe is held deſpis'd.
The fleece of fortune ſtriues to haue the fell,
Who keepes his fortunes wiſely, needs no more.
They fall, which truſt to fortunes fickle wheele:
But ſtayed by vertue, men ſhall neuer reele.
Time goes by turnes, and chances change by courſe.
A tragicke note beſt fits a tragicke chaunce.
By fortunes ſmiles enſues the greateſt falls.
He cannot iudge aright of fortunes power,
Nor taſte the ſweet that neuer tride the ſower.
Fortune may raiſe againe a downe-caſt foe.
The cards once dealt, it boots not aske, why ſo?
Loue throwes them downe, whom fortune raiſed vp.
Riches are nothing elſe but fortunes gifts,
And bring with them their owne confuſion.
Mariners ſound at firſt for feare of rockes.
Fortune aſſaults, but hurts no conſtant mind.
Phyſicall drugs helpe not iniſter chaunce.
It's ſeldome ſeene in any high eſtate,
Father and ſonne like good, like fortunate.
Fortunes fierce frownes, are oft times princes haps.

Fortunes being equall, are loues fauorites.
Where Fortune fauours much, ſhe flatters more.
Nothing is ours that we by hap may looſe:
What neareſt ſeemes, is furtheſt off in woes.
Birth many times by fortune is abas'd.
Fortune in ſleepers nets poures all her pride.
To painfull perſons fortune is ingrate.
When Fortune doth moſt ſweetly ſeeme to ſmile,
Then ſoone ſhe frownes, ſhe laughes but little while.
Few reape the ſweete, that taſte not of the ſower.
Whome fortune ſcornes, the common people hate.
Truſt not to Fortune when ſhe ſeemes to ſmile,
For then ſhe doth intend the greateſt guile.
Fortune is tear'md a bog or dauncing mire.
Fortune, though fickle, ſometime is a friend.
Fortune helps hardie men, but ſcorneth cowards.
Long-paſſed cares renew againe their courſe,
When fatall chaunce doth chaunge from bad to worſe.
Fortune can take our goods, but not our vertues.
Fortune is firſt and laſt, that ruines ſtates.
Fortune oft brings vs to misfortunes gate.
Deſert awaits, while fortune makes proviſion,
For fooles and dolts, and men of baſe condition.
While worthieſt fall, fortune doth worth-leſſe raiſe.
Fortune beſt ſhewes her-ſelfe in women kind.
Fortune doth glorie in her chaunging mood.
While graſſe doth grow, the labouring Steed may ſtarue,
For fortune ſeld each wiſhers turne doth ſerue.
On vertuous actions fortune hath no power.
Fortune can neuer hurt a ſteadfaſt mind.
Who fartheſt ſeemes, is to misfortune nigheſt.

Similies

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

EVen as the racket takes the balls rebound,
So doth good fortune catch ill fortunes proofe.
As winds blow ſome men good, and other harme,
So fortune friending ſome, on others frownes.
As Archers alwayes cannot hit the white,
So no man may of fortune alwaies boaſt.
As glaſſes ſhew the figure of the face,
So doe our fortunes beſt diſcloſe our minds.
As Hedge-hogs doe fore-ſee enſuing ſtormes,
So wiſe men are for fortune ſtill prepar'd.
As haile-hurts not the houſe, though makes a noiſe,
So haps may daunt, but not diſmay the mind.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

SCylla for multitude of high good haps,
Would often ſay: That he was Fortunes child.
Cæſar ſaid to the Pilot in a ſtorme:
Feare not, thou carieſt Cæſar and his fortune.
Auguſtus wiſhed *Scipioes* valiancie,
And *Pompeys* loue, but Fortune like him-ſelfe.
Paulus Aemilius greatly feared Fortune,
Chiefly in thoſe things which he held diuine.
To him whoſe hope on fortune doth depend,
Nothing can be aſſured, *Tully* ſaith.
Pindarus ſaid, the Romanes did rely
Only on Fortune, as their patroneſſe.

Of Fate, &c.

Deſtinie, or the firme decree of Fate,
Is ſure to happen, be it ſoone or late.

NO priuiledge can from the fates protect.
The fates farre off fore-ſeene, come gently neere.
Men are but men in ignorance of fate,
To alter chaunce exceedeth humane ſtate.
Mens haps by heauen are fram'd preposterous.
That yeelds to fate, which will not ſtoope to force.
We often find the courſe of fatall things,
Is beſt diſcern'd in ſtates of realmes and kings.
No one can turne the ſtreame of deſtinie.
No man can ſhun what deſtinie ordaines.
It lyes not in our power to loue or hate,
For will in vs is ouer-rul'd by fate.
There's none by warning can auoid his fate.
Our haps doe chaunge, as chaunces on the dyce.
In vaine we prize that at ſo high a rate,
Whoſe beſt aſſurance but depends on fate.
What fate impoſeth, we perforce muſt beare.
All mens eſtates alike vnſteadfaſt are.

Things

Things which preſage both good and bad there be,
Which fate fore-ſhewes, but will not let vs ſee.
Our frailties doome is written in the flowers.
Fate cannot be preuented, though fore-knowne.
VValles may a while hold out an enemie,
But neuer caſtle kept out deſtinie.
Errours are neuer errours but by fate.
No prouidence preuenteth deſtinie.
Thoſe fates that one while plague poore men with croſſes,
Another time prouide to mend their loſſes.
The faireſt things are ſubiect ſtill to fate.
No man is ſure what finall fruits to reape.
Men attribute their follies vnto fate,
And lay on heauen the guilt of their owne crimes.
What happens me this day, may you the next.
He thriueth beſt that hath a bleſſed fate.
Fatall is that aſcent vnto a crowne,
From whence men come not, but are hurled downe.
What fate intends, follie cannot fore-ſtall.
Whome fate caſts downe, hardly againe recouers.
The breach once made vpon a battered ſtate,
Downe goes diſtreſſe, no ſhelter ſhrouds their fate.
Force cannot winne, what fate doth contradict.
Men are but men, and may not know their lot.
VVhen men doe wiſh for death, fates haue no force,
But they (when men would liue) haue no remorſe.
It fatall is to be ſeduc'd with ſhewes.
To alter courſe, may bring men more aſtray.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

LIke as the day cannot preuent the night,
So vaine it is againſt the fates to fight.
As with the worſt, fate ſpareth not the beſt,
So faults are eaſier lookt in, than redreſt.

Euen

Euen as the ſtarres and ſands haue wondrous date,
So are our liues ſubiect to nought but fate.
As cities are o're-come by batterie,
So all on earth muſt yeeld to deſtinie.
As lookes of loue oft ſhadow inward hate,
So times faire hope is ſhortned ſoone by fate.
As flowers in morning freſh, oft fade ere night,
So fate cuts off what goodlieſt ſeemes in ſight.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

AS *Bibulus* in triumph rode through Rome,
His fate was with a tyle-ſtone to be ſlaine.
Aurelius ſiſter, *Lucia*, by her needle
But prickt her breaſt, and dyde immediatly.
Cneius Rufferius, combing of his head,
One of the teeth bereft him of his life.
Methridates, ſuppos'd mens deſtinies
Conſiſted in the power of hearbs and ſtones.
Chilo of Lacedæmon did maintaine,
That men might comprehend what was to come.
Plato affirmed, That a good mans fate
Neuer to euill could be deſtinate.

Of

Of the Mind.

The Mind is that bright eye, which guides the ſoule
And gouernes men in all their actions.

THe mind is free, what euer man afflicts.
Libertie is the minds beſt liuing fame.
Hope of long life, is balefull to the mind.
O're-many thoughts, maze-like the mind encloſe
Confuſedly, till order them diſpoſe.
Patience doth giue a troubled heart delight.
Patience is the true touch-ſtone of the mind.
The griefes of troubled minds, exceed beliefe.
When roomes of charge are giuen to minds of praiſe,
Then maieſtie doth ſhewe her brighteſt rayes.
The gentle mind, by gentle deeds is knowne.
The nobleſt mind, the beſt contentment hath.
No deuiliſh thoughts diſmay a conſtant mind.
Fame, cheriſher of honour-breathing hearts.
Is valours friend, and nource of ſacred Artes.
By outward lookes, the mind is oft diſcern'd.
The mind diſcernes, where eyes could neuer ſee.
A yeelding mind doth argue cowardiſe.

The action and affection of the heart,
Two wayes whereby a christian playes his part.

The vertuous mind beares patiently all wrongs.
Ill may a sad mind forge a merrie face.
The highest lookes haue not the highest minds.
The careless man with vnaduised mind,
Doth blindly follow euery puffe of wind.
Free is the heart, the temple of the mind.
Mens bodies may be ours, their minds their owne.
The mind of man doth many times behold,
That which fraile sight can neuer reach vnto.
Great hearts will breake before they yeeld to bend.
A priuat mind may yeeld, yet cares not how.
Mans mind a mirrour is of heauenly sights:
A briefe wherein all maruailes summed lye.
No man can slay the mind resolu'd to die.
Our seeming each man sees; God knowes the heart.
The mind a creature is, yet can create,
And adde to natures patternes higher skill.
None hath enough for euery greedie mind.
Mens minds oft times are tainted by their eares.
Bad mind, so much to mind anothers ill,
As to become vnmindfull of his owne.
Men haue rude marble, women soft waxe minds.
Theeues, cares, and troubled minds, are long awake.
There's none can tell the ease the mind doth gaine,
When eyes can weepe, heart groane, or griefe complaine.
The mind corrupted, takes the worser part.
A gentle mind will alwaies iudge the best.
Oh what a balme is made to cheare the heart,
If pearle and gold and spices beare a part!
Where minds are knit, what helps, if not enioyed?
What the tongue dares not, oft the mind doth say.
The gentle mind doth plainly represent,

The glorious ſplendour of the firmament.
The mind ſtoopes to no dread, though fleſh be fraile.
Little perſwaſion mooues a wicked mind.
It's pittie gold ſhould ſunder vertuous minds.
He doth but pine among his delicates,
VVhoſe troubled mind is ſtuft with diſcontent.
The heart oft ſuffers for the eyes offence.
Much promiſeth the mind, if fate as much.
Great is the will, but greater farre the mind.
In caſe of iarre, when as one man eſpyes
Anothers mind like his, then ill breeds worſe.
Hire of a hireling mind, is earned ſhame.
The guiltie mind hath neuer quiet liſe.
The bodies reſt, is quiet of the mind.
Agrieued minds ſeldome weigh the intent,
But alwaies iudge according to th'intent.
The mind well bent, is ſafe from any harme.
Cares cruell ſcourge doth greatly whip the mind.
No plague is greater than the griefe of mind.
The feeble mind through weakneſſe coines new feares:
VVhen ſtronger hearts their griefes more wiſely beares.
Ignorance is the deadly night of mind.
Mens faces gliſter when their minds are blacke.
The face is held the Herald of the mind.
VVhereas the mind is willing and addict,
Examples are more forcible and ſtrict.
The greateſt minds doe aime at greateſt things.
Pithie demaunds are whetſtones to the mind.
The faireſt face may haue the fouleſt mind.
All impious minds, though their fore-caſts be great,
They cannot hide them from the greateſt great.
The minds old habit hardly will be chaung'd.
Pure is the mind that neuer meant amiſſe.
Where mind conſents not, faults deſerue excuſe.

VVhen

When many tunes doe sweetly symphonize,
It conquers hearts, and kindly them compounds.

Dombe plaints in feeling minds, make greatest noise.
The mind by wrong is made a male-content.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS Scales by poise are mounted vp and downe,
So too and fro conceits doe vrge the mind.
As tender trees bend euery way we please,
So gentle minds are easily ouer-rul'd.
As heauines fore-tels some harme at hand,
So minds disturb'd, presage ensuing ills.
As sickly bodies brooke not heat nor cold,
So crazed minds dislike of euery thing.
As working vessels are by vent kept sound,
So troubled minds by conference find ease.
As fennie grounds send forth vnsauorie sents,
So bad minds blunder our distempered thoughts.

Examples likewise on the same.

SCæuola in the greatnesse of his mind,
Entred *Porsennaes* Tent to murder him.
Queene *Tomiris* to shew her dauntlesse mind,
With *Cyrus* blood, reueng'd her deare sonnes death.
Zenobia told *Aurelian* in the field,
He was not able to subdue her mind.
Lucius Dentatus, neuer matcht for mind,
Came eighteene times a conquerour from field.
Cicero saith, the goodnesse of the mind,
Is most discern'd in pardoning iniuries.
Socrates said, His quietnes in mind
Was cause he neuer sickned till his death.

Of

Of Affection, &c.

Affection, and ſweet fancies ſecret fire,
Kindle the coales, that quicken vp deſire.

WHere we affect, we ſeldome find defect.
Of things vnknowne, we can haue no deſire.
Men oft affect them, that doe loue them leaſt,
And leaſt doe loue them whome they ſhould like beſt.
That one deſires, another doth diſdaine.
Affection by the countenance is deſcried.
Full eaſily the faults may be redreſt,
Where kind affection onely hath tranſgreſt.
Kindly affection, youth to liue with youth.
Trueſt affection doth no bounds retaine.
Affection is a fierce, yet holy fire:
Free of him-ſelfe, and chain'd to ſtrong deſire.
Deſire, with ſmall encouraging growes bold.
It's eaſie to deſire, but hard to chuſe.
Affections ſpeech, that eaſily can diſſolue,
Doth moiſten Flint, yet Steele in ſtiffe attire.
The ſea hath bounds, but deep deſire hath none.
In darkeſt nights, deſire ſees beſt of all.

Sweet are the kiſſes, the embracements ſweet,
When like deſires, with like affections meet.

Affections ſlaue regards no oathes nor lawes.

Luke-warme deſires beſt fit with crazed loue.

Affection is a coale that muſt be coold:
Elſe ſuffered, it will ſet the heart on fire.

Entire affection hateth nice coy hands.

Affection will like fire, him-ſelfe betray.

Affection faints not like a pale fac'd coward,
But then woos beſt, when moſt his choiſe is froward.

The coales are quicke, where fancie blowes the fire.

Deſire can make a Doctor in a day.

Where loue doth reigne, diſturbing iealouſie
Doth call him-ſelfe, affections Sentinell.

Fauour and grace, are tearmed fancies fuell.

An equall age doth equall like deſires.

Bad mens affections, turne to feare and hate:
And hate, to daunger and deſerued death.

That's hardly kept, which is deſir'd of many.

The moſt maid-ſeeming, is not without affection.

That needs muſt iſſue to the full perfection,
Hath grounded-being by the minds affection.

There's nothing can affections force controll.

Drunken deſire doth vomit his receit.

Affections gawdie banner once diſplayed,
The coward fights, and will not be diſmayed.

Things much reſtrain'd, make vs the more deſire them.

In meaneſt ſhewe, the moſt affection dwells.

Small drops doe oft-times quench a mightie fire,
But hugeſt Seas not qualifie deſire.

All qualifide affections loue doth hate.

Beautie ſtrikes fancie blind, vaine ſhewes deceiue.

Sad perturbations that affections guide,
Should not giue iudgements, till their cauſe be tride.

Deſire

Desire is life of loue, and death of feare.
Death is the finall end of all desires.
Nothing can quench an infinite desire,
Once kindled through the first conceiued fire.
Sad sighes doe shew the heat of hearts desire.
Desire controld, doth aggrauate desire.
Desire being fierce, is spring of sighes and teares.
Men once degenerate and growne depresst,
Are pleasd to share affections with a beast.
Desire doth spring from that we wish and want.
Fancie is blind, deafe, and incredulous.
Fancie is watchfull, and doth seldome sleepe.
Fancie compeld, to Lute-strings is compar'd,
Which ouer-stretcht, doe cracke before they sound.
Lawfull desires, are honesties best notes.
Affection's rest-lesse, yet (being perfect) end-lesse.
Delay is preiudiciall to desire.
The greater part leane to example so,
That what they fancie, they will scant forgoe.
Fancies best cure, is mutuall affection.
Fancie soone fires, but long before it quench.
When loue leads lookes, no compasse keepes desire.
A hot desire, on present heat doth dote:
When cold repentance will it not fore-note.
Low fortunes often times haue high desires.
Like fortunes globe, euen so is fancies seat.
Appetites flame, with wisdome best is quencht.
There neuer did all circumstances meet,
With those desires which were conceiu'd before.
Affection brooketh no diuision.
Sleepe hath no priuiledge ouer desire.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

As poyſon ſweetly mixt is ſooner ta'ne,
So fancie cloſe conceal'd, is ſooneſt fier'd.
As Chryſolites are prooued in the fire,
So is affection in enforc'd reſtraint.
As cities wanting Magiſtrates, decay:
Euen ſo deſire vngouern'd, hurts it ſelfe.
As all the world were darke but for the Sunne,
So life, but for affection, were vnſure.
As ſteele brings fire from the hardeſt flint,
So fancie mollifies the ſtearneſt mind.
As Almond trees in age doe beare moſt fruit,
So yeares doth beſt approoue affections.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Zaleucus to the Locrians made a law,
To looſe their eyes that ſinn'd in foule deſires.
Appius was baniſhed the cittie Rome,
For leud affection to *Virginia*.
Marke Anthonie diſgrac'd his former fame,
By not reſtraining his affections.
King *Alexander* hated to the death
In men or women looſe and leud deſires.
Fancie (ſaith *Ariſtotle*) often makes
A frenzie in their ſoules are led thereby.
Deſire (ſaith *Socrates*) no limits holds,
And therefore hardly can be maſtred.

Of

Of Diſdaine, &c.

Contempt and Scorne, are Wits infirmitie,
Wherwith Diſdaine and Scoffes keepe company.

FLint, froſt, diſdaine; weares, melts, and yeelds we ſee.
Things long in getting, quickly are diſdain'd.
Preſent diſdaine oft after-loue diuines
Prayers preuaile not, where is coy diſdaine?
Better to die a thouſand deaths and more,
Than liue contemn'd, that honour'd was before.
Diſdaine deliuers a depraued mind.
Griefe often-times giues place to nice diſdaine.
Too much preciſeneſſe ſauours of ſelfe-loue.
Gibing demaunds deſerue ſcornefull replyes.
Neither can wit or Art take any place,
Where aduerſe ſcorne, with feare, ſtrikes boldneſſe dead.
Preſumption giues no guerdon, but diſdaine.
Deſpiſed men on earth, muſt liue in heauen.
There muſt be ſome contempt, ere plagues enſue.
Diſdaine attends where greateſt honour haunts.
In high diſdaine, loue is a baſe deſire:
And Cupids flames doe ſeeme but watrie fire.

Diſdaine repines at all good things it ſees.
They others vertues ſcorne, that doubt their owne.
Mocke none in need, beware thine owne miſhap.
Scoffes without feare, from follie doe proceed.
The choice is hard, where ſilence kills with griefe,
Or ſpeech reapes no reward, but baſe contempt.
To mocke a friend, is held no manly part.
Scorne can haue no reward, but like contempt.
Ieaſting is tollerable, but ſcorne moſt vile.
Diſdaine declares a proud preſuming heart.
Loues paſſions quenched by vnkind diſdaine,
Doth often times encreaſe the more deſire.
Scorning is artificiall iniurie.
Who ſcorneth moſt, ſhall be but paid with ſcoffes.
Scorne not thy wife, leaſt ſcorn'd, ſhe do thee ſcathe.
Better an open foe, than ſcornfull friend.
Better be borne a foole, than wrong thy wit.
No mocker, but at length did meet his match.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS hotteſt loue hath ſooneſt cold diſdaine,
So greateſt pleaſures haue the greateſt paine.
As good and ill each other doe purſue,
So hate-full eſtimation ſcorne ſucceeds.
As Adders keepe their venime in their tayles,
So ſcoffers poyſon lurketh in their tongues.
As faireſt beautie may deſerue ſome blame,
So wittieſt ſcoffes prooue but ridiculous.
As ſome things ſweet in taſte, are ſowre going downe,
So ſcoffes that like the eare, diſlike the mind.
As faire demeanour moſt commends a man,
So ſcornes and ſcoffes as much diſhonour him.

Exam-

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Caligula did couet his owne eaſe,
And yet diſdain'd others ſhould doe the like.
Anthonie cauſde the head of *Cicero*
In ſcorne, be ſet before him at his meat.
Plato, *Xenophon*, and *Demoſthenes*,
Againſt each other were contemptuous.
Geta and *Antoninus*, being brethren,
Slew one the other through their priuat ſcorne.
Among all perturbations, *Tullie* ſaith,
Diſdaine is moſt iniurious to it ſelfe.
And *Fabius Maximus* holds like conceit,
Affirming, nothing worſer than contempt.

Of Slaunder, &c.

Slaunder and baſe Detraction, is the fruit
Of deuiliſh hearts, and foule polluted ſoules.

WHo liues, that ſtandeth out of ſlaunders reach?
Detractions tongue, delights in ill reports.

What likes not mallice, ſtraight diſprais'd muſt be,
Slaunder is blind, and cannot vertue ſee.

In ſlaundring ſpeech, enuie takes pleaſure moſt.
With ſpightfull tongue detract no honeſt mind.

Doe what we will, we cannot ſcape the ſting
Of ſlaundrous tongues, that ſtill afreſh doe ſpring.
Take not away that thou canſt not reſtore:
Encreaſe not griefe, but rather ſaiue the ſore.
Detracting ſpeech, of heauen doth not ſmell,
But rather ſtinking, like the pit of hell.

Leudneſſe is ſtill defam'd, and euer was.
Bold ſlaunders tongue, time neuer can ſuppreſſe.

Good words of all men gaineth laud and praiſe,
Where ſlaunders are but counted caſt-awayes.

No ſecret's hid, where ſlaunder keepes the dore.
Detraction will not ſpare *Dianaes* name.

Detracting talke, Gods picture out doth race,
And ſetteth vp the Deuils in the place.

A free conſent is priuiledg'd from blame.
Slaunder can neuer iuſt deſerts defaee.

The Bee hath honey, ſo he hath a ſting:
The one doth wound, more than the other heales.

Againſt bad tongues, goodnes cannot defend her.
A ſprightly wit diſdaines detraction.

Men hardly ſtop the infamie and noiſe,
Of ſlaunders publiſhed by common voice.

An vniuſt ſlaunder hath no recompence.
Foule mouth'd detraction is his neighbours foe.

Blame is eſteem'd more blame-leſſe generall,
Than that which priuat errours doth purſue.

Slanders call things in queſtion, not approues them.
A tale vnaptly told, may be depraud.

An open ſlaunder, often times hath brought
That to effect, which neuer elſe was thought.

Flatterie

Flatterie, lyes, and ſlaunder, are ſworne friends.
Slaunder will wrong his friend behind his backe.
Slaunder like enuies dogge, detects the dead.
Slaunders like arrowes gainſt a wall rebound,
And ſoon'ſt of all the ſlaunderer doth wound.
Slaunder being odious, ſo would others make.
Slaunder may barke at truth, but cannot bite.
All itching eares doe ſwallow many wrongs.
Who by his ſlaundring tongue his neighbour harmes,
Doth wound his owne ſoule by his wicked words.
Large ſlaunders are apparant ſignes of enuie.
Slaunder offends the liuing, gnawes the dead.
Patience is prooued by detraction.
No bane to friendſhip, worſe than ſlaunder is.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS Rats and Myce doe feed vpon our meat,
So ſlaunderers feed on fleſh of other men.
As diuers meats doe hurt digeſtion,
So changeable reports begetteth ſlaunder.
As Princes armes reach very farre in length,
So ſlaunder ſtretcheth vnto following times.
As deepe inciſions are for feſtred ſores,
So mightie meanes muſt cure vp ſlaunders wounds.
As vultures prey vpon dead carion,
So ſlaunderers feed vpon mens liuing names.
As Somners liue by peoples daily ſinnes,
So ſlaunders liue by killing mens good fame.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

NArſetes that renowmed Generall,
By ſlaunders was diſmiſſed from his charge.
When *Scipio* was by ſlaunder highly wrong'd,
His diſcreet anſwere ſoone acquited him.

Caliſthenes,

Caliſthenes, *Parmenio*, and *Philotas*,
By ſlaundrous accuſations loſt their liues.
Auguſtus pardon'd one that would haue ſlaine him,
But baniſht him that falſely ſlaundred him.
Diogenes affirmed, the ſlaunderer
Was worſe than any wild or furious beaſt.
Seneca ſaith, Of theeues men may beware,
But hardly ſhall they ſcape the ſlaunderer.

Of the Tongue, &c.

The tongue is tell-tale of the priuat thoughts,
And words oft times doe ouer-reach the wiſe.

WOrds are but wind, they bid, but doe not buy.
The greateſt words, oft times haue weakeſt deeds.
Deepe ſounds make leſſer noiſe than ſhallow foords:
And ſorrow ebbes, being blowne with wind of words.
Imperious tongues doe ſcorne to vſe entreats.
The vulgar tongue prooueth vnpartiall ſtill.
Few words doe euer fit a treſpaſſe beſt,
Where no excuſe can giue the fault amends.

A ſoft

A ſoft ſlow tongue, true marke of modeſtie.
The leaſt diſcourſe is commonly moſt ſtout.
Preſumption's euer fulleſt of deceits,
And many times proud words haue poore effects.
Words are but ſhadowes of a further ſmart.
Things being twiſe told, the vulgar not allow.
The further men doe ſpeake of things well done,
They haue more mouthes, but not more merit wonne.
Not words, but deeds are ſtill reſpected moſt.
No charming words by dead tongues vttered are.
Of others faults what need we babble ſo,
When we our ſelues haue vices many moe?
Few words will ſerue a righteous cauſe to plead.
Great power haue pleaſing words, and mickle might.
Faire pleaſing words are like to Magique Art,
That doth the charmed ſnake in ſlumber lay.
With words and gifts, it's eaſie to attempt.
Speech doth preuaile, where weapons cannot win.
He that no more muſt ſpeake, is liſtned more,
Than they whome youth and eaſe hath taught to gloſe.
By good perſwaſion, what cannot be done?
Curſes, are but vaine breathings in the aire.
Curſes reſemble arrowes ſhot vpright,
Which falling downe, light on the ſhooters head.
The tongues of dying men enforce attention,
The hearts aboundance iſſues from the tongue.
Still eaſie yeelding zeale is quickly caught,
With what the mouth of grauitie hath taught.
Foule paiment for faire words is more than needs.
The tongues miſ-vſe oft breeds the bodies ſmart.
Sorrow makes ſilence her beſt Oratour,
Where words may make it leſſe, not ſhew it more.
In poore mens words, the rich haue ſmall delight.
Report can make a ſubſtance of a ſhade.

Follie doth guide the tongue that vainly ſpeakes,
And vaine is that which modeſt meaſure breakes.

In many words muſt needs be much amiſſe.
Mens thoughts and words nothing ſo oppoſite.

Few words among the wiſe haue greater grace,
Than long Orations with vnskilfulnes.

Words are the ſhadowes of our daily workes.
Superfluous ſpeech doth much diſgrace a man.

Griefe ſometimes doth diſtreſſed minds ſo wreake,
That heart neere burſteth ere the tongue can ſpeake.

The tongue gads many times before the wit.
Much babling doth bewray great impudence.

Words are but fruitleſſe that infect the eare,
Without ſome ſweet impreſſion of the mind.

Wine often-times is cauſe of many words.
The fewer words, the more diſcretion.

That man may worthily be ſaid to dote,
That truſts faire words, and ſelles his goods for ſmoke.

When ſwords haue pleaded, words doe come too late.
The leſſe men ſpeake, the more they meditate.

Bargaines made by conſtraint, may well be broken:
And words by force compeld, as well vnſpoken.

By the hearts thoughts, the tongue is carried.
Few words well coucht, doe moſt content the wiſe.

Reports in Courts are held both night and day,
As common gueſts, and ſeldome part away.

Seld ſpeaketh loue, but ſighes his ſecret paines.
Of whome the tongue talkes much, the heart thinkes more.

Better by ſpeaking little, make a ſcarre,
Than by much babling cauſe a wide deepe wound.

Report hath oft a bliſter on her tongue.
The ſweeteſt words may come from ſowreſt hearts.

The words that ſound the ſweeteſt in the eare,
Are not the wholſom'ſt alwaies to the heart.

In

In many words is couched moſt miſtruſt.
Who fights with words, doth ſooneſt wound himſelfe.
Many repent the words that they haue ſpoke,
But neuer any, that they held their peace.
The coldeſt words, oft cooles the hotteſt throat.
Workes, and not words, doe moſt commend a man.
Spend ſtripes on him, whome words may not retaine:
Yet ſpend to mend by ſtrokes, but not to maime.
From feweſt words may great effects enſue.
Silence hath ſeldome yet made any ſad.
Whereas deſire doth vrge the tongue to ſpeake,
Somwhat muſt out, or elſe the heart will breake.
The tongue is call'd, the gate of life and death.
Who ſpeakes with heed, may boldly ſay his mind.
The man whoſe tongue before his wit doth run,
Oft ſpeakes too ſoone, and rues when he hath done.
A word once paſt, can be recalde no more.
Better be ſilent, than in vaine to ſpeake.
As good be dombe, as ſpeake and not be heard.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS one ſparke may procure a mightie fire,
So one ill tongue may cauſe great enmitie.
As riuers are bound in with bankes for ouer-flowing,
So reaſon ſhould reſtraine too lauiſh talking.
As gold boiles beſt when it doth bubble leaſt,
So mild deliuerance ſweetens beſt our words.
As ſilence is a gift deuoid of feare,
So talking is a thing to vrge ſuſpect.
As he beares miſerie beſt that hides it moſt,
So he declares leaſt wit that prateth moſt.
As we muſt giue account for idle ſilence,
So much more muſt we for our fruitleſſe talke.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Pompey let burne his finger in the fire,
Rather than he would be too free of tongue.
Vlyſſes in his youth refrain'd from ſpeech,
Becauſe in yeares he would direct his tongue.
Great *Alexander*, gaue *Cherillus* coine
To hold his peace, and to forbeare to write.
Antigonus this leſſon taught his ſonne,
Firſt to learne ſilence, then to practiſe ſpeech.
Zeno reproued one that prated much,
And ſaid, his eares were founded on his tongue.
The tongue (ſaith *Ariſtotle*) blabs the mind,
And fooles or wiſe men ſoone thereby we find.

Of Flatterie, &c.

Flatterie, is friendſhips vtter ouerthrow,
The wracke of States, and honeſt natures foe.

THe greeneſt hearb, oft hides the fouleſt toad.
The ſtilleſt water hath the deepeſt channell.

It's bet-

It's better to be blamed by a friend,
Than to be kiſſed of a flatterer.

Soothing gets friends, but truth doth purchaſe hate.

A ſeeming friend, is a deceitfull bogge.

Flatterie ſuruiues not at the dead mans dore,
Liue men haue eares, when tombes are deafe and poore.

Of falſe diſſembling, foulie muſt befall.

The beſt diſſembler, hath the braueſt wit.

It is eſteem'd no certaine way to thriue,
To praiſe the dead, but flattering men aliue.

Diſſembled holineſſe, is double crime.

Faire feigned tales conuey foule things from ſight.

Diſſembling ſometimes may attaine to ſaue
Mens liues, their fame, their goods, and all they haue.

Chuſe few friends, trie them, flatterers ſpeake faire.

Men ſtrew ſweet flowers to hide the deepeſt ſnares.

Mens pleas in loue, like painters penſils are,
Which figure ſhadowes, and the ſubſtance leaue.

Faire outward ſhewes prooue inwardly the worſt.

Loue looketh faire, when hap is moſt accurſt.

The badge of hypocrites is noted ſtill,
By alwayes ſpeaking well, yet doing ill.

Flatterie doth verie ſeldome want rewards.

To flatter wiſe men, ſhewes diſcretions want.

When greateſt braues are brought to trials prooſe,
The boaſters are content to ſtand aloofe.

Flatterers reſpect their owne good, no mans elſe.

Better a wretch, than a diſſembler.

Falſe flatterers are worſe than greedie crowes:
The one deuoures aliue, the other dead.

Plaine, and not honeſt, is too harſh a ſtyle.

Men ſtill doe foulleſt, when they faireſt ſpeake.

Fond Phyſiognomies complexion,
Guides not the inward diſpoſition.

Better

Better offend with truth, than flattering praiſe.
Flatterers are nought elſe but trencher flyes.
True loue's a Saint, ſo ſhall ye true loue know,
Falſe loue's a Scithian, yet a Saint in ſhow.
Flatterie is the nource of wickedneſſe.
Diſſembling weares a cloake, truth naked goes.
The ſmootheſt lookes, doe ſoon'ſt of all beguile,
And oft are clokes to cogitations vile.
Womens diſſembling hardly can be matcht.
A foe is better than a diſſembling friend.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

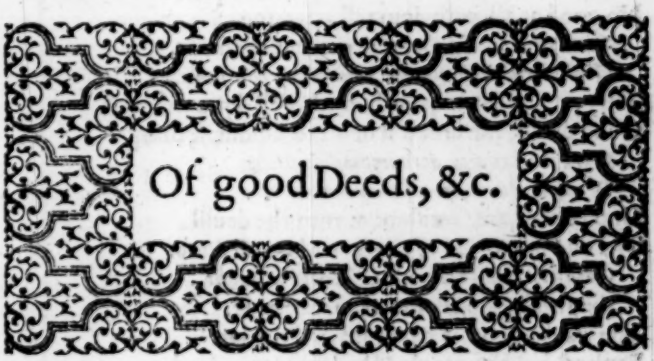
AS vultures ſleepe not where they find no prey,
So flatterers haunt not but where profit growes.
As vermine breed in places of moſt warmth,
So flatterers cling where beſt they find reliefe.
As Pilgrims creepe not but where is ſome croſſe,
So flye diſſemblers crouch not but for gaine.
As mothes the fineſt garments doe conſume,
So flatterers feed vpon the frankeſt hearts.
As Panthers haue ſweet ſents, but rauenous minds,
So flatterers haue ſmooth lookes, but killing hearts.
As ſtraighteſt trees haue ſtill the crookedſt roots,
So all diſſemblers haue the craftieſt trickes.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

THe Emperour *Sigiſmond* ſtrooke a flatterer,
And ſaid: He bit worſe than a Scorpion.
Auguſtus ſo deteſted flatterie,
He could not bide his ſeruants kneele to him.
Tyberius ſeruants might not call him Lord,
Becauſe he ſaid, therein they flatter'd him.
Cliſiphus was call'd *Philips* counterfeit,
Becauſe like him he faſhion'd all he did.

Phocion

Phocion ſaid to king *Antipater*,
He could not be his friend and flatterer.
Wiſe men (ſaith *Bias*) make not all their friends,
But haue a ſpeciall eye to flatterers.



Good Deeds confound all bad, ſuppreſſe offence:
Correcting faults with loue and patience.

THat is a good deed which preuents the bad.
Good vowes are neuer broken by good deeds.
He that ſets downe what gifts in goodnes lurke,
Shall breath him twiſe, before he end his worke.
In perſons full of note, good deeds are done.
Vowes are but ſeeds, and good deeds are the fruits.
Good turnes ought not be held a ſeruile bond,
To bind their doers to receiue their meed.
That which doth good, diſgraceth no degree.
We haue no good, that we can ſay is ours.
Of paſſed good to make a new diſcourſe,
By double vſurie doth twiſe renew it.

Good lampes will ſhine till all their oyle be gone.
Each goodly thing is hardeſt to begin.
When as the doing good, is only thought
Worthy reward, who will be bad for nought?
Raiſe not the bad, to make the good complaine.
No good at all, with doing ill, is wonne.
Let vs not thinke, that that our good can frame,
Which ruin'd hath the Authors of the ſame.
They are too blame, which deeds well done wil wreſt.
Good deeds, the cruelt'ſt heart to kindneſſe brings.
Good done to any, doth impreſſion ſtrike
Of ioy and loue, in all that are alike.
Good deeds, are famiſhment vnto the deuill.
The end is crowne of euery worke well done.
Good ſtill is beſt when it is ſooneſt wrought,
For lingring-fauour euer comes to nought.
The way to good, is neuer learn'd too late.
Faults ſhould be meaſur'd by intent, not deed.
Nothing ſo good, but may through guiltie ſhame,
Be much corrupt, and wreſted to great blame.
Ignorant faults craue pardon ſtill by courſe.
Faults done, may be repented, not reclaim'd.
He that will purchaſe things of greateſt price,
Muſt conquer by his deeds, and not by words.
Faults vncommitted, challenge no repent.
Many deſerts, may leſſen ſlender faults.
Vniuſt offences danger ſcape a time,
But yet at length reuenge doth pay them home.
Faults oft are meaſur'd by their ſecrecie.
An error paſt, is likewiſe paſt recalling.
There's nought ſo vile that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth giue.
Good is the end that cannot be amended.
Where good is found, we ſhould not quit with ill.

There's nought so good, but strain'd from that faire vse:
Reuolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse.
Gold and base mould, no difference but by vse.
Better to heare than doe what is not well.
For ones offence, why should a number fall,
Or priuats sinne be plagu'd in generall?
Seldome but some good commeth ere the end.
Gay without good, is good hearts greatest loathing.
Forraine defects giuing home-faults the way,
Make many times bad actions well succeed.
Still the directest courses best succeed.
Vertue conducteth to all things are good.
First weigh the qualitie of each offence,
And thereunto apply the punishment.
What one thinkes good, another counts as vaine.
The highest iudger quickely can espie,
If faults or fraud doe vnder couert lye.
Wisdome directs to know the good from bad.
As oft as we doe good, wee sacrifice.
The more our grace and goodnesse doth encrease,
The more our soules prepare them selues to God.
Truth is the guide to all good actions.
Neuer repent thee of thy well-done deeds.
The goodnesse that proceeds from ignorance,
Is like the hearbs that on a dunghill growes.
Good men doe still delight in doing good.
Good deeds doe shew the fruits of zealous faith.

Similies on the same subiect.

AS hardest stones are pierc'd with softest drops,
So vertuous deeds reforme the loosest minds.
As fond behauiour most displaies a foole,
So honest deeds declare an honest heart.

As falling ſtarres are ſoone extinguiſhed,
So ſlight offences craue quicke pardoning.
As ſullein lookes bewrayes reuenge-full thoughts,
So mild aſpect declares a gentle heart.
As golden bridles better not a horſe,
So words without good deeds, ſhew not a man.
As bankets haue no grace, where wanteth gueſts,
So words are litle worth, where deeds come ſhort.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Traiane reproou'd for liſtning poore mens wrongs,
Said: None ſhould hinder him from doing good.
The Emperour *Aurelian* had great care,
Leaſt malice ſhould obſcure his well-done deeds.
Philip did thanke the woman for her checke,
And ſaid: Still chide me when I doe not well.
Auguſtus left his friend to iudgements triall,
For hindring law (quoth he) becomes no king.
Cleon being call'd to deale in ſtate affaires,
Fore-warn'd his friends be carefull of their deeds.
Reward the good (ſaith *Solon*) for their doing good,
Aud puniſh them delight in wicked deeds.

Of euill Deeds, &c.

Euill deeds and wicked, come from vicious minds:
And here, or ſome-where els, due vengeance finds.

EXtreameſt ills, ſome time a ioy poſſeſſe.
Ill hardly ſet on, is as hard got out.
Thoſe things which we deeme good, oft prooue but ill.
Counſell that comes when ill hath done his worſt,
Bleſſeth our ill, but makes our good accurſt.
To put backe ill, our good we muſt forbeare.
Euill tidings ſtill doe faſter flye than good.
Our greateſt ills, we moſt of all miſtruſt.
A guiltie conſcience, vrged with the thought
Of former ill done deeds, not eaſily erres.
Euils vnto euils, ſtill conducters are.
Ill comes too ſoone, repentance oft too late.
Ill newes hath wings, and with the wind doth flye.
In the firſt riſing, ſeeke to ſtifle ill,
Leaſt it get head, and grow againſt thy will.
That daye's ne're ill, that brings a pleaſing night.
Worſe than the worſt of euils, are wicked thoughts.
No bluſh can paint the ſhame is due to ill.

The apprehenſion of what e're is good,
Giues but the greater feeling to the worſe.
All wicked deeds doe wrathfull doomes procure.
In euills, counſell is the comfort chiefe.
Many times good doth grow by euils proofe.
By euill courſes may be vnderſtood,
That their euents can neuer fall out good.
When ill is hapt, teares but encreaſe the ill.
Ill by example often gaineth good.
It's double griefe to ſee a helpleſſe ill.
Great men that will haue leſſe doe for them ſtill,
Muſt beare them out, although their deeds be ill.
Good heart in ill, doth much the ill amend.
It's better to reforme, than cut off ill.
The worſer deed, the doer likes for beſt.
Neuer was man ſo euill, did or thought,
But would pretend ſome good cauſe, though ſtarke naught.
Good words doe often couer ill pretence.
One day doth wreake the ill that many wrought.
Miſchiefe oft falls vpon the meaners head.
An euill deed done by authoritie,
Is mightie ſinne and ſubornation.
The good compar'd with bad is ſooneſt ſeene.
Who will not ſtoope to good, muſt yeeld to ill.
Miſchiefe doth euer ouer-match the bad.
The wicked cannot ſleepe or take their reſt,
Till they be pleaſed with ſome ill done deed.
Miſchiefe is light, and mounteth ouer head.
Old miſchiefes oft doe ſet new ills abroach.
Ill preſident, the tyde that waſtes to vice.
A minute ſpent in good, ſeemes long loath'd day:
But nights of ill like moments ſlip away.
The more ill threats vs, we ſuſpect the leſſe.
To harme, there alwaies needs but little helpe.

Euill enſueth of each wrong intent.
With vniuſt men to ſtand debating lawes,
Is to giue power to hurt a righteſull cauſe.
Conſtrained ill muſt needs be ſuffered.
We ſee the good, but yet we chuſe the ill.
Oft that is vile, ſhewes like a vertuous deed.
Nothing the world with greater harme doth fill,
Than want of feeling one anothers ill.
Mens faults doe ſeldome to them-ſelues appeare.
Men ſmoother partially their owne miſdeeds.
Faults ſtill againſt them-ſelues giue euidence.
When better choices are not to be had,
We needs muſt take the ſeeming beſt of bad.
The euill doth alwaies argue the offence.
One bad done deed, may worke to many ill.
Euill ſeeming good, is moſt pernicious.
Thoſe euils where to a man by loue is driuen,
So much the rather ought to be forgiuen.
Things badly got, can haue but bad ſucceſſe.
Cuſtome confirmes, and makes ill in perfection.
Nothing is euill, that is neceſſarie.
Too ſmall a ſacrifice for miſchiefes done
Is one mans breath, that thouſands did defeat.
Miſchiefe is no meet way to ſeeke redreſſe.
Miſchiefe is oft thought good by ſpeeding ill.
A bad beginning makes a worſer end.
Ill ſome-times is the cauſe of good ſucceſſe,
And wicked meanings turne to happineſſe.
One miſchiefes Sunne, thawes not anothers Ice.
The ſight of euill ſets out goodneſſe beſt.
Euill deſſignes haue euill accidents.
All ſuch as are the miniſters of ill,
The gallowes eates, or fatall ſword doth kill.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS Fowlers by their craft beguile the birds,
So wicked deeds corrupt plaine meaning minds.
As ſerpents food is onely on the earth,
So wicked mens delights, is ill done deeds.
As ſheep-cloath'd Wolues do alwaies greateſt ſpoile,
So painted deeds doe moſt of all deceiue.
As *Circes* witch-craft chaunged men to beaſts,
So wicked deeds makes ſeeming men bruit beaſts.
As braunches proſper not cut from the tree,
So all is vaine that ſwerues from honeſt courſe.
As little ſparkes of fire procure great harme,
So leaſt ill deeds doe hardly find amends.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

PEricles ſaid, th'Athenians loued him,
Becauſe they neuer could detect his deeds.
Demetrius loſt all his followers,
Becauſe he had no care of doing ill.
Pyrrhus deſired to be ſmit with death,
When he did ought that ill beſeem'd a King.
Seuerus caus'd his man be ſmoakt to death,
Becauſe his deeds ſhould not diſhonour him.
Men to doe ill, or iniurie each other,
Is no meane eye-ſore, *Tullie* doth affirme.
No man (ſaith *Socrates*) ſhould deale vniuſtly
In any matter, be it ne're ſo ſmall.

Of

Of Thoughts.

Thoughts are the flowring bloſſoms of the mind,
And words, the daily fruits of our deſires.

CLoſe thoughts ſtands free from ſword or violence.
No kings commaund could euer hinder thought.
What thought can thinke, another thought can mend
A ſecret ſhame in euery thought will ſmother.
Where feares doe Candie-thoughts with Icie-cold,
Heat ſtirres the tongue to daungers manifold.
Thoughts are but dreames, till their effects be tryed.
Vnſtained thoughts doe ſeldome dreame of ill.
A fault vnknowne, is as a thought vnacted.
Preuention ſpeaketh all, but what he thinkes.
That which the thought would by the tongue digeſt,
The eare conuayes it backe into the breaſt.
The thoughts of men are fed with expectations.
All wiſhing thoughts ſprout forth by quicke deſire.
Cities doe baſtardize the braueſt thoughts.
It's very hard, impriſoned thoughts to bale.
Pure thoughts doe alwayes ſleepe ſecure and ſtill,
While luſt and murder wakes to ſtaine and kill.

Thoughts

Thoughts oft times force a lingring life to pine.
Hope ſtrengthened, addes much matter to each thought.
All womens tongues and thoughts ſeldome agreee.
How poore ſoeuer, thought is rich enough.
If ſpringing thoughts be any iot diminiſht,
They wither in their prime, and proeue nought worth.
The heart hath but one ſtring, yet many thoughts.
All earthly thoughts are ſubiect to annoy.
Vnreuerend thoughts gainſt kings, are treacherie.
Vnmeaſur'd thoughts, by fortune are cut ſhort.
Nothing doth ſooner dry vp beauties blood,
Than ſullein thoughts, though it be ne're ſo freſh.
Oft princes thoughts are tyed to beauties wings.
All wicked thoughts haue ſtill a wicked end.
Sweet is the thought, where hope perſwadeth hap.
Sweet are the thoughts that neuer ſound amiſſe.
Nothing doth ſooner ſhorten life of man,
Than vaine deluding hopes, and idle thoughts.
Deare is the thought whereby diſcretion liues.
Thoughts proſper not, where feare doth periſh them.
No witneſſe needeth for a guiltie thought.
The meaneſt man, will yet in thought aſpire.
Our narrow-eyed thoughts oft times looke more direct,
Than our looſe wiſdomes, borne with wild neglect.
All leaden thoughts, than earth no higher flyes.
Full many ſignes bewrayes our ſecret thoughts.
Thoughts often-times doe ſhroud vs in the earth.
To muſe and meditate, is learnings life.
By common cariage of the outward parts,
The ſecret thoughts are ſeene of many hearts.
Carrie thy thoughts in ſilence ſealed vp.
Sweet are the thoughts of pleaſures we haue tryed.
Thoughts are not ſeene, yet lookes bewray the mind.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS white and blacke are contrarie in ſight,
So words and thoughts are very different.
As fire and water neuer can agree,
Euen ſo mens words and thoughts doe diſagree.
As courtiers cloakes are ſhifted very oft,
So are our thoughts neuer at certaine ſtay.
As light is welcome to perplexed minds,
So merrie thoughts doe baniſh ſadneſſe beſt.
As euery tree hath his peculiar fruit,
So euery man hath his owne priuat thought.
As merrie hoſts care not for frowning gueſts,
So pleaſant minds can brooke no penſiue thoughts.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

C*Aeſar* did neuer feare a merrie looke,
But doubted ſad men to haue wicked thoughts.
The *Spartanes* carried commendation,
Becauſe they ſcorn'd to beare iniurious thoughts.
Puluillus being told, his ſonne was dead,
Made anſwere: Therefore he would take no thought.
When *Scipio* read the bookes of *Xenophon*,
He ſaid: They counſail'd him from taking thought.
Thoughts doe afflict the mind, ſaith *Cicero*,
And makes it ſubiect to no certaintie.
Saith *Ariſtotle*, They need Phyſicke moſt,
That doe deuoure their health by fretfull thoughts.

Of

Of Teares,&c.

Teares are beſt friends to ſolitarie minds:
And mourning is a foe to company.

WEeping auailes not, where laments are ſcorn'd.
Our teares oft times draw teares from others eies.
Great loſſes, greatly are to be bemoan'd.
Teares tye the tongue of an accuſers grudge,
And ſofts the rigour of the ſtearneſt iudge.
No griefe like that, to mourne and be deſpis'd.
A troubled ſoule in teares her comfort ſeekes.
Well mourning garments fit a mourning mind.
Teares are dumbe Oratours, and wanting ſpeech,
Perſwade ſome-time more than the tongue can doe.
Teares are the moſt effectuall rhetoricke.
Teares are the treaſure of a griefe-gald heart.
Griefe tyes the tongue, and ſorrow ſtoppeth teares.
Teares muſt not be as torments, but as markes
To ſhew the loue we beare vnto our friend.
Teares will appeaſe, where treſpaſſe hath incenſt.
Repentant teares doth quench Gods kindled ire.
Teares ſhed in time, doth winne a bliſſe-full houre.

Our teares muſt be as drops of vitall blood,
Not feigned, but deriued from the heart.

The heart may weepe, although the eyes be drie.
Partners in loue, are partners in laments.
Eyes are firſt cauſers of the hearts lamenting.

Muſicke can hardly ſolace humane eares,
When ſtrings are broke, and eyes are drown'd in teares.

Soft teares make batterie in the hardeſt heart.
Teares deem'd but ſilent, are as loud as thunder.
Teares are ſwift poſtes to certifie our griefes.

They ſeldome doe reſpect poore beggers teares,
That may haue muſique to delight their eares.

Teares are as nouriſhment to godly ſoules.
Weeping is ioy to well-affected minds.
Our eyes muſt not be drowned, nor yet dry.

To weepe for loſſe, or worldly dignitie
And not for ſinne, is meere hypocriſie.

Teares kindle loue, and qualifie diſpleaſure.
The deepeſt cares, breake neuer into teares.
Teares ill becomes the Iudge that firſt condemnes.

To weepe alone, is thought an yrkeſome ſore:
Yet companie diſturbeth ſome, much more.

Venus ſmiles ſeldome in a houſe of teares.
It's better wake and weepe, than ſleepe and ioy.
Teares eaſe the mind, though elſe doe ſmall auaile.

Drops pierce the flint, not by their force or ſtrength,
But by oft falling weares it out at length.

Teares ſhed for vertues ſake, are bleſſed teares.
Teares worke no ruth, but where the heart is tender.
Teares are the riches of a ſighing ſoule.

Griefe-broken hearts doe liue with teares in eyes,
And dye with mirth, appearing in their lookes.

Griefe till all ends, hath neuer perfect ending.
Sighes vſually proceed from griefe and ſmart.

Teares doe but blind the eyes, as clouds the aire.
The rich man doth reuenge him-ſelfe by armes,
But poore men haue no other helpe than teares.
Whoſe griefes are great, haue need of quickeſt cure.
Teares cannot change what God hath fore-decreed.
Teares do want eies which ſhould giue tears to weep.
Teares are no remedies for ſad diſtreſſe:
Neither can preſent plaints eaſe paſſed harmes.
Hearts true contrition, is ſoules bliſſe beginner.
Teares are the badges of true penitence.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS ſome men weepe that are not rightly ſad.
So many ſmile that are not rightly glad.
As trees by nature bringeth forth their fruit,
So ſorrow doth by cuſtome ſhed ſad teares.
As thunder alwayes is not quencht with raine,
So griefe not euer is appeaſd with teares.
As too much boldneſſe is in women bad,
So fits it not in men to be too ſad.
As ſhowres of raine doe cauſe the earths encreaſe,
So ſtreames of teares doe giue the ſoule true peace.
As weeping Oliue trees moſt fruitfull are,
So mourning minds doe ſooneſt kill deſpaire.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

BRaue *Coriolanus* being baniſht Rome,
Toucht with his fault, went forth, and dide in teares.
The Romane matrons for old *Brutus* death,
For one whole yere did nothing elſe but mourne.
The wife of *Lepidus*, her misbehauiour,
In teares and anguiſh did abridge his daies.
Craſſus was neuer ſeene in all his life
But once to ſmile; but many times to mourne.

Semisa

Seneca ſaith, That mightie men by power
Reuenge themſelues; the weaker, by their teares.
The broken heart (ſaith *Tullie*) hath moiſt eyes,
When often-times it faignes forth merrie lookes.

Of Humilitie, &c.

Humilitie, is lowlineſſe of mind,
The onely way, the ſeat of bliſſe to find.

HVmilitie lookes lowly on the ground.
Humilitie, her friends with kindneſſe feeds,
The lowly dales enuie not higheſt hills.
Humilitie, to heauen, the ſteppe, the ſtaire,
Is by deuotion, heartie griefe, and prayer.
The lowly mind doth higheſt gifts adorne.
Meekneſſe of heart is glorie to man-kind.
Humilitie admires his paine with ioy.
The kindly dew drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
The Cedar yeeldeth to the Axes edge.
Better ſit ſtill, than riſe, and after fall.
The ſhrub is ſafe, when the tall Cedar ſhakes,

He that high growth on Cedars did beſtow,
Gaue likewiſe lowly Muſhromes leaue to grow.

Humble and meeke, becomes both young and old.
Gray hath leſſe griefe, than coſtly ſilken ſutes.

Humilitie walkes lowly on the earth,
Aſſur'd of certaine dignitie in heauen.

The loweſt ſhrubs doe feele the feweſt ſtormes.
The minds ſubmiſſion pulls downe loftie lookes.

When as the Eagle meanes his higheſt flight,
He makes his mounting in the loweſt dale.

Great floods doe often riſe from humble ſtreames.
Content below, ne're climbes to ſeeke aloft.

The cottage ſeated in the lowly dale,
Is more ſecure than higheſt ſoueraigntie.

Humilitie, the ſoules chiefe beautie is.
Humilitie doth anger ſoone aſſwage.

A lowly life that feares no ſuddaine loſſe,
Is ſtill content, how-euer things goes croſſe.

An humble mind ſauours of pietie.
True humblenes doth all mens vertues praiſe.

A mind that feares no fall, nor craues no crowne,
Is in the righteſt way to true renowme.

Religions chiefe precept, is humblenes.
Happie that man, who is in honour humble.

Where humble thoughts doe to the heauens aſpire,
There is no place for any proud deſire.

The minds beſt armour, is humilitie.
Lowlineſſe is the perfect path to honour.

Humilitie hath brought thoſe things to paſſe,
Which reaſon, nor no vertue elſe could doe.

Pride wageth warre againſt humilitie.
By lowlineſſe, is true diſcretion wonne.
Proud minds can hardly learne humilitie.

Humilitie augments benewolence,

Supporteth

Supporteth truth, and keepes a kingdome ſafe.
Humilitie reuiues dead charitie.
The face doth ſoone expreſſe an humble mind.
Truth ſoone appeares to humble minded men.
The noble Lyon neuer ſlayes the leaſt,
But alwayes preyes vpon the proudeſt beaſt.
Humilitie rules all the minds affects.
No way to heauen, but by humilitie.
Humilitie winnes immortalitie.
Humilitie with perfect grace ſtands faſt,
When all things elſe are vaniſhed and paſt.
Breake not a bending reed, ſpare the ſubmiſſe.
Earth veſſels, with the brazen may not ſtriue.

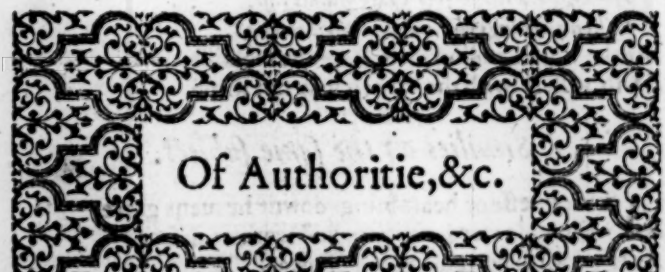
Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS lowlineſſe of heart brings downe heauens grace,
So humble words can proudeſt tearmes deface.
As ſalt doth ſeaſon euery kind of meat,
So lowlineſſe doth ſhew all vertues beſt.
As vallies fertilneſſe the hills exceeds,
So humble lowlineſſe ſhewes faireſt deeds.
As wine in loweſt vaults is beſt preſeru'd,
So grace in humble minds is beſt diſcern'd.
As proud preſumption ſeekes his owne decay,
So lowlineſſe to bliſſe directs the way.
As ignorance moſt ſcorneth to be taught,
So humbleneſſe deſireth ſtill to learne.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

PHilip for humblenes of mind was praiſd,
Beyond all princes of the Macedons.
Antigonus with great humilitie,
Bare off the ſlaunders of his enemies.

Scipio, in all his fortunes neuer ſweru'd,
From patient ſufferance, and humilitie.
Pericles moſt of all defam'd him-ſelfe,
By making ſcorne of true humilitie.
Tullie affirmes, all vertues what-ſoe're,
Are ſooneſt learned by humilitie.
Plato calls lowlineſſe, the ſoules defence,
And onely ſhield againſt extremities.



Of Authoritie, &c.

Authoritie, proud pompe, and worldly power,
Makes monarchs but as marks, whē fate doth lower.

AVthoritie makes many men ſeuere.
Death giues no thanks, but checks authority.
It is in vaine, and fondly we reſiſt,
Againſt proud might, that can doe what it liſt,
A lawfull title counter-checks proud might.
The greateſt oft may need a weaker helpe.
Little auailes a lawleſſe vſurpation,
Which gaines a ſcepter, but not rules a nation.

Might

Might wanting meaſure, prooueth ſurquedrie.
Nothing ſo fell as wrong, being arm'd with right.
Might is reputed abſolute alone,
When of two powers there's true coniunction.
Some learne to rule, while others learne to liue.
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them
Vaine is the vaunt, and victorie vnmeet,
That more to might, than rightfull cauſe doth truſt.
When great leaues fall, then winter is at hand.
Needs muſt we doe, what might will force vs doe.
The ouer-ſpreading pompe of greateſt might,
Will darken weakneſſe, and debaſe his ſight.
What mightie men miſdoe, they cannot mend.
Deepe are the blowes made with a mightie Axe.
More than enough he finds, that finds his might,
Hath force to make all that he will haue, right.
The more, the mightier, if they gree in one.
Arme not vnskilfulnes with mightie power.
He, who his owne cauſe makes, doth ſtill deuiſe,
To make too much, to haue it more than ſure.
Great is the daunger of vnmaſtred might.
Too many great, one kingdome cannot hold.
Where power hath decreed to find offence,
The cauſe is better ſtill, than the defence.
Might makes a title, where he hath no right.
Men count that wrong, is compaſſed by might.
He onely treads the ſure and perfect path
To greatneſſe, who loue and opinion hath.
Vncertaine power, cannot it ſelfe retaine.
Cuſtome hath power to kill with weakeſt might.
Who falls but low, may quickely riſe againe:
Who falls from height, is mercileſſely ſlaine.
Loue is not alwaies dignities companion.
The talleſt trees are ſhaken moſt with winds.

When one ſelfe-power is common made to two,
Their duties they nor ſuffer, nor will doe.
Preferment is the firſt ſtep to diſquiet.
In equall play-fellowes, no perill lyes.
The man that giues a weapon to his ſtronger,
Is like himſelfe to carrie rule no longer.
Ech little ſpot, appeares moſt in the face.
Great might is like a fortified tower.
No man can manage great affaires of ſtate,
And yet content a wayward multitude.
Where many lead, they lead to many blowes.
Let Gods with Gods, and men with men contend.
What ere he be, with his ſuperiour playes,
Stands in the mouth of daunger many wayes.
He hardly will entreat, that may commaund.
All dignitie on tickle ſtayes doth ſtand.
With mightie men' tis better ceaſing ſtrife,
Than an vnequall quarrell to maintaine.
There is no hell, like to declining pompe.
He ſits not ſafeſt, that is mounted high.
In high degree ſmall faults are quickely ſpyde,
But low eſtate a many errours hyde.
No high eſtate can yeeld a quiet life.
The power of vertue euer-more preuailes.
What though our ſhines goe braue and better clad?
They are in ragges as baſe and all as bad.
Might breakes the law the ſacred Senat makes.
The more our greatneſſe, makes our faults the more.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS in fine cloth the brighteſt ſtaines we ſee,
So faults are moſt diſcern'd in high degree.
As haſtie climbers oft catch ſuddaine falls,
So might miſ-vſde, doth kindle nought but braules.

As he that ſtands on high, ſtands ſtill in feare,
So they that manage ſtates, doe want no care.
As Raſors are not fit for childrens hands,
So fooles no way beſeeme authoritie.
As preſidents are apteſt meanes for youth,
So rulers goodneſſe giues example beſt.
As the great Elme ſupports the ſpreading vine,
So might ought ſtill ſupport humilitie.

Examples hereof are generally through the booke: as in Kings, Princes, Kingdomes, Magiſtrates, &c. and therefore no need of other collections.

Of Courage, &c.

Courage, is foe to faint-heart cowardiſe:
And man-hood, teacheth valour to be wiſe.

COurage emboldneth wit, wit courage armes.
Without experience, valour wants his armes.
Daunger and feare, like cowards turnes aſide,
When man-hood is by reſolution tryde.

Skill valour guides, and valour armeth skill.
Who hopes a conqueſt, leaues no means vnſought.
The inward thoughts, that haughtie courage beares,
Grieues more at words, than deaths pale-faced feares.
Courage, with cowardiſe will not be matcht.
The valiant man, doth moſt in warre delight.
Seldome ſhall any liuing creature ſee,
That courteſie and manhood diſagree.
The coward ſeekes to liue at home in eaſe.
Valour is neuer knowne till it be tryed.
They that attempt high dangers euident,
Vpon no reaſon, are not valiant.
Actions doe kill imaginations ſway.
Vnequall warres, t'vnequall ſhame is ſold.
The man that dares, not caring how he dares,
Sells vertues name, to purchaſe fooliſh skarres.
Rebellious natures muſt be roughly vs'd.
Repining courage yeelds no foe a foot.
Cowards doe onely wiſh and call for death,
While valiant hearts in ſilence baniſh breath.
Vaine words cannot bewitch a valiant mind.
Meaſure not manhood by the outward ſhewe.
The noble courage neuer weeneth ought,
That may vnworthie of it ſelfe be thought.
Chaffer no words, high courage to prouoke.
Courage may lend a cloake to cowardiſe.
Nothing the praiſe of manhood more doth marre
Than foule reuenge, and baſe contentious iarre.
Action, is fierie valours ſoueraigne good.
True valour lodgeth in the lowlieſt hearts.
High courage with true wiſdome alwayes backt,
Winnes perfect fame, and ſhunneth each miſhap.
Weakeneſſe is falſe, and faith in cowards rare.
Glorie doth follow, courage goes before.

The man that couples courage with deſire,
Runnes freely through his daunger, and preuailes.
True valour aimes at honour euermore.
A cowards heart keepes words and deeds aſunder.
A iewell in a ten-times bard-vp cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyall breaſt.
Courage and induſtrie can neuer want.
In conquering will, true courage moſt is ſhewen.
In vaine hee ſeeketh others to ſuppreſſe,
Who hath not learn'd firſt to ſubdue him-ſelfe.
All ſtrength is fraile, and full of fickleneſſe.
No fortunes frowne can daunt true valors heart.
Beggers (but feigning brauerie) are the prondeſt:
And cowards (bragging boldneſſe) wrangle loudeſt.
A valiant mind diſdaines to hide his head.
It's cowardiſe, vnworthie wrongs to beare.
Where wronged valour reignes, it's hard to find
Such pittie, as may honours pride controll.
True valour, feeles nor griefe nor miſerie.
Reſolute courage, makes loue fortunate.
Cowards in peace doe dread the weapons fight,
But vrg'd by need, will venture then the pikes.
Courage to die, exceeds a captiu'd life.
Courage deſpiſeth dread, and conquers death.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS courage addeth wings to braue deſire,
So bloodie ſhewes doth quench incenſed ire.
As it is valour to be conquerour,
So wiſdome maketh vſe of victorie.
As courage keepes the mind from baſe aſſaults,
So cowardiſe infects it with all faults.
As courage is eſteem'd a wiſe mans coat,
So cowardiſe is follies cogniſance.

As Faulconers doe in Faulcons moſt delight,
So mightie men reioyceth in their might.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

THe Romane *Sergius*, looſing his right hand,
Slew with his left hand, foure in ſingle fight.
Scæwola entred king *Porſennaes* Tent,
Either to kill him, or be ſlaine by him.
Agis diſſwaded from the fight, replyed:
No man wonne ſhame, that with true courage dyde.
Stout *Alcibiades* cheerd vp his followers,
By his couragious leading them to field.
Courage, ſaith *Seneca*, is of ſuch power,
As it can conquer any miſerie.
Plato ſaith, Courage eleuates the mind,
To all things that are laudable and iuſt.

Of Pleaſure,&c.

Pleaſure and ſweet Delights, doe much beguile:
Expecting ioy, griefe happens oft meane-while.

PLeaſures are poore, and our delights ſoone dye.
Where pleaſure is diſplac'd, care keepes his marte.
Where care killes pleaſure, life not long endures.
Who tries, ſhall find, that pleaſures long reſtrain'd,
Be farre more pleaſant when they once are gain'd.
Where ſtrife is ſtirr'd, there pleaſure hath no part.
Worlds pleaſure laſts not long, but griefe abides.
Farewell delight, when graueld is all grace.
Neuer haue vniuſt pleaſures been compleat
In ioyes entire, but feare ſtill keepes the doore.
The ſweeteſt pleaſure hath the ſhorteſt date.
Long wiſhed things, a ſweet delight doe beare.
Pleaſure and penaunce ſtill are mortall foes.
Enforced ſolace, like a vapour flyes,
And hath no power repining hearts to moone.
Solace and ſorrow haue their certaine times.
While pleaſure withers, paine more ripe doth grow.
When pleaſures ebbe, then griefes begin to flow.

To vaine delights, a man may eaſily goe:
But ſafely to returne, may much be fear'd.
Beſt muſicke breeds delight in loathing eares.
The ſtrong, through pleaſure falls; the weak, by ſmart.
Pleaſures doe neuer feed, but on exceſſe.
He that in pleaſures vaine doth time beſtow,
Treads but the path to his owne ouerthrow.
In things without vs, no delight is ſure.
Pleaſure is felt, opinion but conceiu'd.
Pleaſure is ſhort, and glory laſts not long.
The ſweets we wiſh for, turne to loathed ſowres,
Euen in the moment, that we call them ours.
That pleaſeth moſt, is fartheſt from the eye.
Low is the ſtalke, whereon beſt pleaſures grow.
Pleaſure aſleepe, then ſorrow will awake.
Maids are not wonne by brutiſh force or might,
But ſpeeches full of pleaſure and delight.
Pleaſure maintain'd by care, is quickly loſt.
After long ſickneſſe, health brings moſt delight.
Vncertaine pleaſures, bring a certaine paine.
Maydes doe take more delight, when they prepare
And thinke of wiues ſtate, than when wiues they are.
Shorteſt delights, doe bring a long repent.
Pleaſures them-ſelues, are but imaginations.
Things ſoone obtain'd, doe leaſt of all delight.
This world is but the pleaſure of an houre,
And yet the ſorrow of a thouſand dayes.
Oft pleaſures paſt, doe way to woe prepare.
In worldly mirth, lurketh much miſerie.
All ſweet delights, are drown'd in dulled minds.
Pleaſures (like poſting gueſts) make but ſmall ſtay,
Where griefes bide long, and leaue a ſcore to pay.
It's true delight, to know the cauſe of griefe.
Mirth ſoundeth harſh to melancholly men.

Mirth makes the longeſt iournies to ſeeme ſhort.
What more apparant ſigne can be of madneſſe,
Than haue anothers pleaſure cauſe thy ſadneſſe?
Who buyes a minutes mirth, may waile a weeke.
Mirth ſearcheth out the bottome of annoy.
Vnlawfull pleaſures, haſte deſtruction.
Potions (if pleaſant) though infectious,
Are ſooner ta'ne, than holeſome pills for health.
Sorrow, fore-going pleaſure, graceth it.
Gladneſſe with griefe, continually is mixt.
Banke-rupts in pleaſure, can but pay with woe.
We are right docible to imitate
Depraued pleaſures, though degenerate.
Short pleaſures many times haue large repents.
Pleaſures are ſtill inductions to our griefes.
Oft hath a tragicke entrance, pleaſant end.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS no eſtate can ſtable ſtand for aye,
So euery pleaſure hath his ending day.
As ſmall brookes ſwell and are enrag'd with raine,
So ſight of pleaſure trebleth euery paine.
As weeds expeld, the corne doth better thriue,
So care being kild, pleaſure bides long aliue.
As greateſt griefes doe make the leaſt not ſeene,
So huge delights cauſe meane ones vaniſh cleane.
As greateſt light, is in the largeſt skie,
So that delights, is furtheſt from the eye.
As ſad minds brooke no merrie companie,
So ſorrow is to pleaſure enemie.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

SArdanapalus was ſo giuen to pleaſure,
That of a man, he made him-ſelfe a beaſt.

Xerxes beſtowed gifts on none but ſuch,
As daily could inuent new kinds of pleaſures.
In King *Latinus* Court, the Troyans
In choiſe of all delights did ſpend their time.
Demetrius being to all vaine pleaſures giuen,
Was by the Macedonians quite expulſt.
Cineas told *Fabritius*, that vaine pleaſure,
Did like a moath conſume the life of man.
Demoſthenes in his Orations,
Alwayes forbad voluptuous vaine delights.

Of Paine.

Paine, as companion doth on Pleaſure wait:
And Daunger is the hand-maid to Delight.

SHort paine may be endur'd, that brings long eaſe.
He neuer findeth helpe, that hides his paine.
Farre harder is it, to learne continence
In ioyfull pleaſures, than in grieuous paine.
They leſſer paines can beare, that hide the great.
Paine profit reapes, if ſeeds be wiſely ſowne.

Where

Where words be ſcarſe, th'are ſeldome ſpent in vaine,
For they ſpeake truth, that breath their words with paine.
Soone-dying mirth, begets long-liuing paine.
Who bears the wound, perforce muſt feele the paine.
The man that needs will ſeeke for vnknowne gaine,
Oft liues by loſſe, and leaues with mickle paine.
The greater paine, the greater miſerie.
Paine payes the in-come of each precious thing.
It eaſeth ſome, though none it euer cur'd,
To thinke that others haue their paines endur'd.
It's paine to keepe the things we would expreſſe.
All labours haue their end, but paine hath none.
No paine or ſickneſſe doth ſo ſwiftly breed,
As euill humours grow, the griefe to feed.
To get, and keepe not; is not loſſe, but paine.
Paine breedeth honour, vertue getteth fame.
Better in priſon euer to remaine,
Than being forth, to ſuffer greater paine.
With eaſe a ſparke, with paine is quencht a flame.
Pleaſure doth follow paine, and bliſſe annoy.
It's paine and griefe, to beare and ſuffer wrong:
But ſhame and ſinne to him that cauſeth it.
An inward ſore ſtrikes the Phiſition blind.
Salues ſeldome helpe ouer-long feſtred ſores.
How mightie is the ſoueraigne power of loue,
Which paine, thirſt, hunger, no nor death can moue?
Sad muſicke to ſad paſſions, addes more paine.
One paine is leſſened by anothers anguiſh.
Let him for euer liue in woe and griefe,
That feeleth paine, and will not haue reliefe.
Paine is the entrance to eternall ioy.
How fraile is that which men atchieue with paine?
They that muſt either ſerue, or pine in want,
Ought ſcorne no paines, that may relieue their ſcant.

The

The cauſe, and not the paine, the martyr makes.
Remembrance of ioyes paſt, breeds greater paine.
He that with eaſe may paine and harme eſchew,
Is vaine, if he his proper death purſue.
Patience doth put all toyle-ſome paine to flight.
He beſt doth beare his paine, that hides it moſt.
Few linke for loue, but all for greedie gaine,
Though in the end, it turnes them moſt to paine.
An vnknowne paine, is greateſt miſerie.
He cannot iudge of pleaſure, ne're felt paine.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS daunger waiteth at the heeles of pride,
So euery pleaſure hath a following paine.
As where miſhaps doe flow, there loue doth ebbe,
So where friends faile, the heart feeles no like paine.
As ſicke men with leaſt anguiſh are diſturb'd,
So to vexe troubled minds, augments their paine.
As Sun-ſhine daies of fortune getteth friends,
So paine or perill looſeth them as ſoone.
As miſerie a med'cine hardly finds,
So inward paines, are not with pratings cur'd.
As he beares ſorrow beſt that hides it moſt,
So who knowes patience, ſtands prepar'd for paine.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

PHiloſtrates endured all his paines,
To th'admiration of his enemies.
Marius the Romane ſaid, he felt no paine
In all his hurts, if but one friend were by.
Sextus Pompeius could abide no paine,
No, not ſo much as feele his head to ake.
The Spartanes for their pleaſures, made ſtrict lawes,
Shewing, what paine to each one did belong.

Cicero

Cicero ſaid, No paine could touch the mind,
That was but rampierd-in with ſufferance.
And *Ariſtotle* held the ſame opinion,
Firme reſolution could ſubdue all paine.

Of Pouertie, &c.

Pouertie is a vertue of it ſelfe,
Content with want and needie miſerie.

POuertie is not wiſdomes hinderance.
Contented pouertie is greateſt wealth.
Need, is eſteem'd a perfect Schoole-miſtreſſe.
Need anſwers not to euery mans requeſt.
Poore miſerie is troden on by many,
And being low, neuer relieu'd by any.
Wiſe men, muſt giue place to neceſsitie.
Ignorance is the greateſt pouertie.
Stout vowes are oft repeal'd in extreame need.
Sweet are poore crummes, where pained thoughts doe ſtarue.
Need hurteth none ſo much as ſillie ſoules,
Who cannot patiently endure her yoke.

Plentie

Plentie breeds perill, want procures disdaine.
Miserie craues rather mercie, than reproofe.
There is no vertue like necessitie.
Thanks ought be deem'd th'Exchequer of the poore.
We should our selues not miserable deeme,
Sith none are so but in their owne esteeme.
To needie men, delay is euen as death.
Most wretched he, that is, yet cannot tell.
Miserie oft makes sport to mocke it selfe.
The wretched conquered, may nought refuse.
Who in distresse from resolution flyes,
Is rightly said, to yeeld to miseries.
That needs must be perform'd, which need constraines.
Poore wretches haue remorse in poore abuses.
The graunts are small to them that stand in need.
Men flye from foes, but not from miserie.
Sharpe are the wounds, but sweet the medcines be,
That wretched soules from wearie bondage free.
Want pines away, and comfortlesse doth dye.
Delay leads impotent and snaile-pac'd need.
He is not poore, hath little, but that much desires.
Contented pouertie, is happinesse.
A little stroke will serue to make him die,
That is halfe slaine before with miserie.
Diligence most enableth pooreſt men.
The loue of poore men, great mens harmes debates.
Loue neuer keepes where wretchednes abides.
Poore men should suffer for no great mens sinnes.
No truer friends haue poore men than their teares,
Wherein men (each way wretched) may be rich.
It is too much for one good man to want.
Giue them that want, not such as haue no need.
To liue and lacke, doth breed a daily griefe.
Sharpe is the food necessitie imposeth.

Want ſmiles ſecure when princely thoughts doe feele
That feare and daunger treads vpon their heele.
Speed in neceſsitie is chiefeſt ſpurre.
Diſtreſſe cuts deeper than ſterne fortunes frownes.
Neceſsitie endures what elſe would not.
Miſerie finds no multitude of friends.
It is an honour to aduerſitie,
With ſleights to vndermine proſperitie.
Where need compells, Orations are in vaine.
Occaſion makes them ſtirre, that elſe would not.
The iuſt mans miſerie is no meane merit.
Though thou art poore, yet ſeeke, and thou ſhalt find.
Proſperitie is lou'd of very many,
But men in want are hardly holpe by any.
By others wants we know our owne good haps.
Miſerie doth the braueſt mind abate.
Need makes men ſeeke for that they ſomtime ſcornd.
Want, is the enemie to good deſires.
Pouertie oft with heauie clogge of care
Pulls many downe, when they aſcending are.
Poore men are little ſhrubs, rich men tall trees.
Need ſometimes doth inſtruct vnlawfull things.
A poore and heneſt life hath no compare.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS Kings haue honour to beare out their deeds,
The poore haue honeſtie to guide their liues.
As riches ſeemeth cumberſome to fooles,
So pouertie is pleaſing to the wiſe.
As riches is the mother of delight,
So pouertie doth nource calamitie.
As want, to many intollerable,
So in good men, it is moſt comfortable.

As the wild Asse is still the Lyons prey,
So doe the rich feed on the poore each day.
As euery Artizane best knowes his trade,
So euery poore man best doth feele his want.

Examples likewise on the same.

Vblicola cast downe from high degree,
Sham'd not, but ioyed in his pouertie.
Aristides, from humble pouertie,
Was raised to degree of dignitie.
Fabritius in his meaneste pouertie,
Pyrrhus made choise of, as companion.
Vulturnus banished by *Anthonie*,
Neuer repined at his miserie.
Pouertie, is helpe to Philosophie,
Learn'd of it selfe; so said *Diogenes*.
Lactantius said: *Take away insolence,*
And there's no difference twixt the rich and poore.

Of

Of Bountie,&c.

Bountie hath open hands, a zealous hart:
And liberally beſtowes without reſpect.

Like clouds that haue no raine, are liberall words.
The whole effect of bountie, is in loue.
The liberall heart, God cheriſheth and loues,
And from him ſtill, all cauſe of want remooues.
The more the fruit, more precious is the tree.
The more the fiſh, more valued is the ſtreame.
That bountie is the beſt, and moſt approou'd,
Which without perill of renowme is paſt.
The goodlieſt night is, when moſt ſtarres are ſeene.
Bounties beſt honour is to helpe the poore,
And happines to liue in good mens minds.
We count that ground the beſt, which yeelds moſt grain.
Bountie, remitting fraile and mortall things,
Doth for reward, receiue immortall fame.
The whole effect of bountie, is in loue.
They that in bountie doe begin to want,
In weake eſtate ſhall find their friends and foes.
True bountie is not faſtened to reſpect.

A ſpend-thrift ſworne to prodigalitie,
Excuſeth it with liberalitie.

A liberall minded man, baſe enuie hates.
He that ſtill draweth forth without ſupply,
The fountaine of his ſtore will ſoone be drie.
He neuer giues in vaine, that giues in zeale.
Gifts to the poore, let them be done with ſpeed,
For long delay, more wretched makes their need.
Bountie and thankfulneſſe are concords bonds.
One gift in time beſtowed, as good minds doe,
Falls out in prooſe to helpe much more than two.
A liberall heart procures beneuolence.
Honours chiefe grace is liberalitie.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS pride makes enemies of perfect friends,
So liberalitie makes friends of foes.
As hollow ſpouts retaineth nought but aire,
So hollow hearts all bountie euer hate.
As Bees doe flocke vnto a honey dewe,
So multitudes flyes to a liberall mind.
As ſhadowes hinders ripening of the fruits,
So couetouſnes ſtill holdeth bountie backe.
As Henbane cauſeth death by ſleepines,
So bountie is deſtroy'd by niggardnes.
As manhood is diſcern'd by cowardiſe,
So bountie is beheld by wretchednesſe.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

BY liberall bountie, *Alexander* wonne
More fame, than all his conqueſts elſe beſide.
Caſar, by bountie to his followers,
Was call'd the liberall'ſt prince in all thoſe times.

Archelaus

Archelaus gaue not to vnworthie men,
For that he held not liberalitie.
Titus, remembring one day nothing giuen,
Said: O my friends, how haue we loſt this day?
Plato ſaid, Niggards neuer can be good,
For all attendeth on the bountifull.
Phocylides will'd no man ſleepe at night,
Till that day he could count ſome well-done deed.

Of Follie.

Follie is both rewarded and reſpected,
When wit is often ſcorned and reiected.

WHat folly can pretend, wiſdome preuents.
A greater ſigne of follie is not knowne,
Than truſting others force, diſtruſt our owne.
Repentance, youthfull follie quite expells.
Who hazards his eſtate, to remedie
A cureleſſe miſchiefe, may be tearm'd a foole.
Wiſhes are vaine, where will is follies guide.
Fooles may not play with ſwords, nor maids with loue,
Leaſt follie crye, and wantonnes repent.

Fooles many times, to dignities arise.
A foole such pastime with his pleasure maketh,
As in the end his ruine he awaketh.
Fooles wanting knowledge, doe contemne the wise.
He is a foole that doth prepare a ginne,
To be him-selfe the first man ta'ne therein.
Vnlettered fooles, at learning doe repine.
Who with a rasour thinkes to cut the Flint,
But vnder-takes a foolish fruit lesse taske.
Follies oft leaue a memorie of shame.
Learning doth liue in penurie and bare,
When fooles grow rich, and feed on daintiest fare.
Wisdome doth frowne when follie is in place.
Fooles are set vp in offices full gay,
When wiser men come downe, and sit below.
It's better be a foole, than prooue a Foxe.
Follie is iudg'd in silence to be wise,
For too much babbling, wisdome doth despise.
Follie flings forth, if counsell touch him neere.
For childrens hands, a rasour is vnfit,
And fooles vnmeet in wisdomes seat to sit.
What greater scourge than follie, is to wit?
Foolish that science is, held ne're so deare,
Which fore-shewes perils farre, not daungers neere.
Silence is still best answere to a foole.
Promote a foole, his follie strait appeares,
And prooues a shame to them which caus'd him climbe.
All's prouender to Asses, but the aire.
Mount vp a foole, his wit is quickely heard:
Then keepe such downe, let wise men be preferr'd.
Instructions giuen to fooles, encreaseth follie.
A leaden sword clad in a golden sheath,
Is like a foole of natures fineſt mould.
Follies are sooner thought on, than redrest.

For

For man, it is great follie to delight
In fading ſmoake, and looſe the heauenly light.
Follie, to ſaue a part, and looſe the whole.
A very foole I doe him firmely hold,
That loues his fetters, though they be of gold.
A Lyons skinne hides not the Aſſes eares.
So much doth follie thruſt men into blame,
That euen to leaue off ſhame, they count a ſhame.
Follie, though ouer-guilt, at length appeares.
Proſperitie oft maketh fooles ſtarke mad.

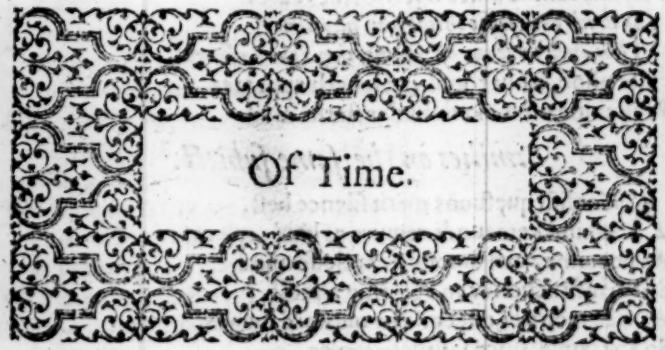
Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS fooliſh queſtions merit ſilence beſt,
So kind demaunds require as kind replyes.
As no miſhap can mooue a careleſſe mind,
So no inſtructions can reforme a foole.
As wiſe men not eſteem'd by outward ſhewes,
So any ſemblaunce ſatisfieth fooles.
As ſnow in Summer no man doth commend,
So none deemes honour requiſite for fooles.
As ſpots disfigure any beauteous face,
So follie is the blemiſh of the mind.
As ſmoake at higheſt, ſooneſt vaniſheth,
So follie praiſed, quickliеſt periſheth.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

BY follie *Nicias* was ta'ne aliue,
Diſmayed onely with the Moones eccliplе.
Æmilius tearmed *Perſes* but a foole,
To be diſmay'd becauſe of vanquiſhing.
Cleander, who would needs betray his lord,
Loſt all his hopes, and proou'd him-ſelfe a foole.
Torquatus fooliſhly ſhunn'd dignitie,
Becauſe himſelfe was pained with ſore eyes.

Be neither ſimple, nor yet ouer ſubtill,
Such counſell gaue the wiſe and learned *Bias*.
Follie, ſaith *Cicero*, pollutes the ſoule,
But wiſdome is a glorious ornament.



Of Time.

Time calls account of what before is paſt,
For time will haue a reckning made at laſt.

TIme wanting bounds, ſtill lacketh certaintie.
Time hath a ſalue for all extremities.
There's none but haue in time perſwaded been.
Flowers haue time, before they fall to ſeed.
VVee can helpe time, to furrow vs with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage.
Times office is to end the hate of foes.
Times glorie is to calme contending kings.
Time is a tutour both to good and bad.
Short time ſeemes long, in ſorrowes ſharpe ſuſtaining.
Time is the herald, that doth beſt of all
Emblazon all affections of the mind.

They

They that watch well, ſee time how ſlow it creepes.
Dalliance of time doth long lookt ioyes preuent.
Time offers ſtill each houre to doe amiſſe.
In time all things decay, and draw to end.
Time is the ſweet Phiſition, that allowes
Some remedie for all our paſt miſhap.
Times minutes loſſe, no treaſure can reſtore.
We may much ſhorten time by negligence.
Time heales, when Art and reaſon both doe faile.
No time ſo long as that which breedeth griefe.
Nothing than time there is more precious,
And nothing leſſe than time accounted of.
Nothing ſo firme, but time diſſolueth it.
Faire baits of time doth all the world deuoure.
By time and wiſdome, paſſions are ſuppreſt.
In time, ſmall wedges cleaue the hardeſt Oakes.
He that will not endure the ſtormie time,
Where will he liue vntill the luſtie prime?
In time the flint is pierc'd with ſofteſt ſhowers.
Time is the anker both of truth and right.
In great extreames, aduantage hath no time.
Times loſſe, is greateſt prodigalitie.
Time ripens all, and haſtes the harueſt on,
To ſow new ſeeds ere all the old are gone.
Showres come out of time, when corne is ripe.
Time is diſcouerer of all miſhaps.
Time hath ſet downe the compaſſe of his courſe.
When time is loſt, repentance is but vaine.
While we haue iewels, we doe not eſteeme them:
But being loſt, would with our liues redeeme them.
Times chaunge, and we in them, doe alter ſtill.
By times delay, new hope of helpe ſtill liues.
Time is the father of vncertaintie.
Time meaſureth our daily actions.

Times motions equalleth the reeling Sunnes,
Or as the Sea reciprocally runnes.
That longeſt kept, muſt yet at length be ſpent.
Both life and loue, in time muſt haue an end.
Our daily labours harbour deepe diſtruſt.
Time, on the wearieſt wretch, beſtoweth reſt.
The loſſe of time, all other loſſe exceeds:
And commonly, too late repentance breeds.
Time is beſt gouernour of all our counſailes.
Time to the greateſt ſorrowes limits end.
Neglected time is follies chiefeſt ſigne.
Time is our liues diſcreeteſt councellor.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

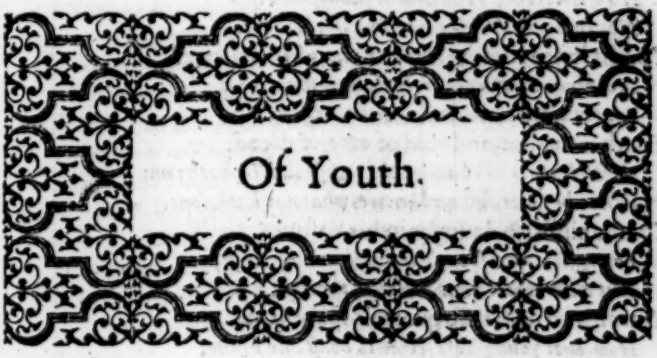
AS when the ſhip is ſplit, no anker helpes,
So time once ſpent, can neuer be repeal'd.
As ioynts cut off, the plaiſter comes too late,
So time being paſt, repentance booteth not.
As no retrait auailes, when fight is fought:
So no deuiſe recouereth paſſed time.
As time well vſde, a mans beſt treaſure is,
So badly waſted, is moſt miſerie.
As nothing is of greater price than time,
So nothing ſhould with greater care be kept.
As winter nips the freſheſt flowers that be,
So time makes furrowes in the faireſt face.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

SEuerus made ſuch deare account of time,
As nothing grieu'd him more than loſſe of time.
Pyrrhus had priuat obſeruations,
Whereby to know how time did ſteale away.
Philip of Macedon would chide him-ſelfe,
For the leaſt vaine employment of his time.

Great

Great *Alexander* learn'd of *Diogenes*,
How in his warre affaires to ſpend his time.
Byas maintain'd; Fooles might in time be wiſe,
And ignorance attaine to learnings reach.
Our happines of time (in *Solons* mind)
Conſiſteth in the ſhorter while it laſts.



Youth is that ſtate our minds doth moſt affect,
Our ſpeedieſt ſpoile, without moſt wiſe reſpect.

YOung grafts of future goodneſſe, ſoone appeares,
When youth haue wealth before they can well vſe it,
It is no wonder though they doe abuſe it.
Cuſtome, ſmall faults of youth permits to ſcape.
The meane is beſt, young fruits the ſtomacke gripe,
And elder cloy, when they are ouer-ripe.
Suſpect is ſtill a page that waits on youth.
The Summers glorie figures youths vanitie,
The winters wracke, ages declining ſteps.

Youth

Youth hardly can obey an old decree.
Looke what impreſſion we in youth retaine,
In age, our reaſon hardly will refraine.
Loue is youths plague, wits ſcourge, and ages hell.
Looke where vnbruiſed youth, with vnſtuft braines
Doth couch his limbes, there golden ſleepe remaines.
The ſpring hath flowres, but autumne witherd leaues.
It's often ſeene, that loue in young men lyes
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Youths loue is quicke, ſwifter than ſwifteſt ſpeed.
Nothing can temper well a young mans rage,
But thraldome, wedlocke, or the ſtaffe of age.
Youth is too hot, and void of care or dread.
Youth learnes to chaunge the courſe that he hath run,
When he perceiues and knowes what age hath done.
Youth minds no daunger in his haſtines.
Young ſlips new ſet, are quickely pluckt away,
But elder roots cleane faſter to the clay.
Youth, into needleſſe quarrels ſoone is led.
How-euer youngſters ſeeme to boaſt and braue,
Their worth and wit, they from their elders haue.
Lewd obiects, forward natures ſoone retaine.
Youths common fault, is to admit and chuſe
Thoſe errours which their lawleſſe parents vſe.
Youth by encreaſing, doth as faſt decreaſe.
What things by vaine examples youth conceiues,
The ſame for lawfull daily he receiues.
Youth well inſtructed, makes age well diſpos'd.
The faults and follies men in youth commit,
Are cauſes of repentance in old age.
Examples are beſt preſidents for youth.
The prime of youth is like the pine tree flowers,
Seemely in ſight, vnſauorie in their ſente.
Like to a ſhipwracke is the death of youth.

He that in youth, by reaſon guides his life,
In age ſhall find the foot-ſteps from decay.
Youth vſeth paſtimes but as naturall reſt.
The better that a child is borne by birth,
The more reſpect ſhould wait vpon his youth.
So tutour youth, that ages ſinnes may die.
Good doctrines characters being ſtampt in youth,
No age or fortune once can weare them out.
Vanitie is the maske for youths fond march.
Where vice in youth doth beare the chiefeſt ſway,
Their vertue is neglected moſt in age.
Leſſe paine to learne in youth, than dote in age.
Tyrannie is no ſchoole-maſter for youth,
Rather vſe kindneſſe than compulſion.
Wild youth, by gentleneſſe will ſooneſt yeeld.
When beautie and ſweet youth are baniſhed,
They neuer after can be call'd againe.
Young willowes eaſily bend, greene wit ſoon caught.
Youth grac'd with vertue, then moſt perfect is.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS ſinne is ſooneſt entertain'd in youth,
So is it hardly ſhaken off in age.
As gentle mould is apt for any print,
So youth receiues what-e're impreſsion.
As vntill'd fields bring nothing forth but weeds,
So vntaught youth yeelds all but vanitie.
As freſheſt flowres the canker ſooneſt eats,
So youthfull heads are quickly caught by vice.
As vnripe apples fall not but by force,
So vnconſtrain'd, youth hardly yeelds to die.
As youngeſt nettles are not free from ſtings,
So wiſeſt youth hath imperfections.

Examples

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Comodus not well tutor'd in his youth,
Did afterward prooue a moſt wicked Prince.
Neroes vnbridled youth, made him to fall
To greater leudneſſe than was euer heard.
Cato would to his ſonnes be ſchoole maſter,
Becauſe he would not haue their youth infected.
Scemides and her ſonne were caſt in Tyber,
For bringing vp the gulfe of ſhame to Rome.
Youth well inſtructed, ſaith *Euripides*,
Doth after make his age more honourable.
Pythagoras bad, tutor ſo young youth,
The ſinnes of age be not impoſde on thee.

Of Age.

Age is the gift of Heauen, expence of yeares:
Exchaunge of haps, and graue experience ſchoole.

AGe is a Cinicke, not a flatterer.
Age, or infirmitie, ſoone blaſteth beautie.
Age is alike in Kings and other men.

Gray

Gray haires in youth, kindles no greene deſires.
The power of Kings may well with-ſtand proud foes,
But cannot keepe backe age, with time that growes.
In womens honour, age is worſt diſeaſe.
Let ſpringing youth reiourne old ages woes.
For age to die, is right; for youth, it's wrong.
Blame we not youth, if wantonly he wooes,
Since doting old, and booke-wiſe cannot chooſe.
Follie in youth, is ſinne; in age, it's madneſſe.
Age, though conceal'd, doth warme with thoughts deſire.
Cold age dotes moſt, when heat of youth is gone.
Age ſtill is prone to credit what it likes.
Mens chiefeſt aime, is but to nource vp life,
With honour, wealth, and eaſe in waining age.
Reſpect and Reaſon, wait on wrinkled age.
Youthfull delights, lode crooked age with griefe.
Age is as credulous as ſuſpitious.
What can auaile vnpleaſurable age,
That feeds on luſt, or baſe vnable rage?
Age is a glorious crowne, adorn'd with grace.
Death is the due to nature, ages almes.
Gray haires are fruits for death, not flowers for life.
Trees may haue roots, although they beare no leaues.
Loue (as a vertue) is in age allowed,
Except vnequall choiſe doe diſallow.
Age well may ioyne with youth in law, not loue.
When old Bees dye, the young poſſeſſe the hiue.
Age is chill cold, and full of doubts and feares.
Pleaſant conceits are bloſſoms for young yeares,
But melancholly thoughts, fruits of gray haires.
Age with fore-ſight, a many harmes preuents.
Age takes aduiſe, ere he preſume too farre.
Age is ordaind to counſell, youth to fight.
Age lends fore-ſight, young courage muſt enact;

Age is allowed to gaze at beauties tree,
But youth muſt climbe and gather vp the fruit.

Old age, helpes by good counſell and fore-ſight.
Old age can neuer pay youthes debt ſet downe.
Diſcretion waxeth young, when age drawes neere.
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where care lodgeth, ſleepe can neuer lie.
Age breedeth no defect in innocence.
Innocence is an excellence in age.
Old age being come, life cannot long endure.
Each age of man hath end, but old age none.
Age can report, and youth doth daily proouе,
There is no comfort like the ſweets of loue.
Sickneſſe and age are our conducts to death.
It helpes not age to wiſh him young againe.
It's grieuous to be old with feares, not yeares.
It's time to flye from brawles of iudgement ſeat
And publique noiſe, when age once gets the ſtart.
Gray haires are wiſdomes badge, and ages pride.
The benefit of age, is libertie.
Reſpect old age, it commeth not alone.
Old men, are young mens meeteſt preſidents.
Aduiſed age right warily doth keepe,
VVhat headſtrong youth would looſe, and looſing weepe.
Youth runneth well, when age the bridle holds.
Old age hath all things, and yet all things wants.
Our parents age, worſe than our grand-ſires be,
VVe worſt beget, our children worſe than we.
White haires, are grauities embaſſadours.
Aged and wiſe, deſerues great reuerence.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS Cedars in their age the ſtraighter growes,
So men in age ſhould haue the grauer ſhowes.

As

As bonds being ſeald, are paſt recalling backe,
So age once come, by no meanes can be ſhund.
As flood-gates helpe not, when the towne is drown'd,
So cunning helpes not, when gray haires are ſeene.
As coine conſum'd, expence is rued too late,
So ſnow-white heads in vaine wiſh youth againe.
As phyſicke boots not for a bodie dead,
So counſell helpes not ages wayward head.
As faireſt Sunnie dayes muſt haue their nights,
So goodlieſt youth old age at length affrights.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Clitomachus of Carthage, in good yeares
Went to be ſcholler to *Carneades*.
Marcus Aurelius told to *Lucius*,
He went to learne what yet he did not know.
Terentius Varro, and *Marcus Portius Cato*,
Went to learne Greeke when they were verie old.
Alphonſus, king of Arragon, at fiftie yeares,
Tranſlated *Liuie* into the Spaniſh tongue.
When men (ſaith *Tullie*) looke on their white haires,
They muſt doe nothing mit becomes thoſe yeares.
Old men, whoſe ſoules are fed with heauenly light,
Grieue not their age, but ioy it, ſo ſaith *Sophocles*.

Of Life.

Life, is a froſt of cold felicitie,
And death, a thaw of all our miſerie.

LIfe is a wandering courſe to doubtfull reſt.
Life is but loſſe, where death is counted gaine.
When vertues dayes doe end, they are not done,
But liue two liues, where others haue but one.
The death of ſinne, is life vnto the ſoule.
Mans life ſtill endeth, with the end of life.
In vanitie of life, and wandring wayes,
The wicked run and weare out all their dayes.
Better not be, than being, ſoone to die.
Life is moſt loath'd, where loue may not preuaile.
Death is moſt louely, ſweet, and amiable,
But captiu'd life, for foulneſſe admirable.
The longer life, the greater is our guilt.
Life muſt with life, and blood with blood be paid.
Hate not thy life, but loath captiuitie,
Where reſts no hope to purchaſe victorie.
He that giues life, beſt knowes the date thereof.
Mans life may leſſ'ned, not enlarged be.

Who will not bide the burden of diſtreſſe,
Muſt not here liue, for life is wretchednesſe.
True loue deſpiſeth ſhame, when life is fear'd.
Life warres with loue, and loue contends with life.
Too long they liue, that liue till they be naught,
Life ſau'd by ſinne, baſe purchaſe, dearely bought.
More are mens ends markt, than their liues before.
As death is foe to life, ſo hate to loue.
Euen then when we of obſcure life doe boaſt,
It often prooues, that then we are knowne moſt.
Men muſt haue griefe, ſo long as life remaines.
Life is not that which ſhould be much deſir'd.
We often ſee, who on a king relyes,
Finds death aliue, while liuing yet he dyes.
So ſome men liue, they care not how they liue.
Life ſuffers wrong, when death would end her woes.
Ill, compaſſing fit opportunitie,
Or killes his life, or elſe lifes qualitie.
That dead things can giue life, we ſeldome find.
Contrition doth reformed life begin.
To liue or dye, which of the twaine is better,
When life is ſham'd, and death reproches debter?
Firſt doe we bud, then blow; next ſeed, laſt fall.
We aske deaths aid, to end lifes wretchednesſe.
God guides mans life, and when he liſt to haue it,
Wit, wealth, nor any thing beſide can ſaue it.
Our life is death, if we doe liue in ſinne.
A dying life, all kind of deaths exceeds.
Contented meane eſtate, true life doth giue,
Reſting ſecure, not riſing vp to grieue.
This life affoords no ſweet without ſome ſowre.
To liue and loue not, is no life at all.
Fond blinded greatneſſe, with his buſie toyle,
Seeking for happie life, doth life deſpoyle.

Life neuer is too ſhort, where death is wiſht.
There is no force ſo great, as life enforc'd.
What kind of life (alas) liue thoſe men in,
That cannot liue without, nor with their kinne?
Life is ill ſpar'd, that's ſpar'd to ſpill more blood.
To liue in death, is but a dying life.
Long vſe of life, is as a lingering foe,
And gentle death the onely end of woe.
Sweet is the life that is maintain'd by loue.
Redeeme thy life, although with all thou haſt.
The good doe liue, as if they lined not:
And die, as if their death were but a dreame.
That life is death, where men doe liue alone.
A good life doth beget as good a death.
No wiſe man likes in ſuch a life to dwell,
Whoſe wayes are ſtrait to heauen, but wide to hell.
Mans life may not be deſtitute of office.
A good life, is next way to winne good fame.
The life corrupt with vnexpected ſhame
And timeleſſe death, is buried with defame.
They liue but ill, who alwayes thinke to liue.
To men in miſerie, life ſeemes too long.
Long life hath commonly long cares annext.
The breath that maintaines life doth finiſh life.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS falls the tree, ſo proſtrate ſtill it lyes:
So ſpeedeth life, in liuing, as it dyes.
As men by life in bondage ſoone are brought,
Euen ſo by death is freedome ſooneſt wrought.
As fire burnes fiercely, being ſtill ſupplyed,
So life poſtes ſwiftly when it leaſt is ſpyed.

As

As ſharpe froſts eaſily nip forward ſprings,
So life to end it, hath too many things.
As Eaſterne winds doth towardly bloſſoms blaſt,
So inward cares makes life to finiſh faſt.
As life is onely by the gift of grace.
So death by nature taketh time and place.

THere is hardly any one Chapter in this Booke, but it deliuereth plentie of examples for this argument of life; the whole ſumme (indeed) but containing the courſe of our actions, euen from our entrance into life, vnto the verie houre of our death: therefore there ſhall need no ſpeciall collection vpon this head.

Of

Of Death.

Death is the keye, which vnlocks miſerie,
And lets the ſoule to bleſſed libertie.

DEath is the end of woe and wretchedneſſe.
When deaths houre comes, let none aske reaſon why.
He ought to die, that not deſerues to liue.
Who dyes the death with honour in the field,
Both his lifes woes and ſorrowes briefly ends.
With ſharpe affliction, death firſt grounds his cauſe
The faireſt bloſſome, deaths ſterne winter nips.
Death hath no dart to ſlay deſerued fame.
The tragicque Scene where death her play begins,
Are acts of night, and deeds of ougly darke.
To wretched men, death is the welcom'ſt friend,
Death neuer comes when need doth moſt require.
Life is but loſſe, and death felicitie.
Who dyes, the vtmoſt anguiſh doth abide:
But he that liues, is left to waile his loſſe.
Sad life, is much more worſe than gladſome death.
Our life is day, but death is ougly night.
Faire death it is, to ſhun more ſhame, to die.

Death

Death to ſharpe ſorrow, quickely eaſe doth ſend,
For death, doth griefe and ſorrow ſooneſt end.

Death to the wretched, is both grace and gaine.
In death, aduiſe for daunger comes too late.
It's worſe than death, to linger on reliefe.

Death is the gulfe of all, and then I ſay,
Thou art as good as Cæſar in the clay.

A ſicke man beſt ſets downe the pangs of death.
Deaths name is much more mightie than his deeds.
To die, is all as common, as to liue.

It is not death, that which the world calls dying,
But that is death, which vs all ioyes denying.

The ſhade purſues the bodie, ſo death vs.
Death is the driery Dad, and duſt the Dame.
Death is misfortunes monarchizing foe.

Thy fatall end, why doeſt thou ſo begin,
Locking death out, yet keep'ſt deſtruction in.

None moane his death, whoſe life hath all annoy'd.
We haue one life, and ſo our death is one.
Death lends vs ſight, while he doth ſpare vs breath.

It's treble death, a freezing death to feele,
For him on whome the Sunne hath euer ſhone.

Long liues the man, that dies in luſtie yeares.
Death is the loweſt ſtep a man can fall.
Death is not ſhunn'd of them that dutie yeeld.

Death which ends care, yet careleſſe of our death,
Doth ſteale our ioyes, but ſtealeth not our breath.

Parting breeds mourning, abſence cruell death.
To good and bad, death is an equall doome.
Though death be poore, it ends a world of woe.

Death is to ſome a fierce vnbidden gueſt,
But thoſe that craue his aid, he helpeth leaſt.

There's nothing we can call our owne, but death.
Death's the deuourer of all worlds delight.

It's ſweet to dye, when we are forc'd to liue.
When heapes of treaſure is the meed prepoſed,
Though death be adiunct, there's no death ſuppoſed.
Neere death he ſtands, that ſtands too neere a crowne.
It's double death, to drowne in ken of ſhoare.
Death is too good for baſe diſhoneſt life.
There's nothing elſe remaines for vs beſide,
But teares and coffins onely to prouide.
All things are ſubiect to deaths tyrannie.
What thing ſoeuer liues, is ſure to die.
All-killing death, by Chriſt is kill'd him-ſelfe.
Oh Sickneſſe, thou art many times belyde,
When death hath many wayes to come beſide.
The ſharpeſt ſting of death, hurts not but helpes.
Carrion corruption is the food of death.
The day of death, excels our day of birth.
Oft times their gaines whome greatneſſe fauoureth,
When chiefe preferr'd, ſtand as preferr'd to death.
Raiſe vp no liuing blame againſt the dead.
A preſent death exceeds a lingring life.
Life leads to care, death to the ſcale of heauen.
The dying man, whoſe eyes are ſunke and dimme,
Thinkes euery paſſing bell rings out for him.
To die in life, is but a liuing death.
Good death, not loftie life, is moſt renowme.
In countries cauſe to die, is noble death.
Death doth no time, no age, no reaſon meaſure.

Similies on the ſame ſubiect.

AS the hearb Rew is bitter in our taſte,
So deaths remembrance fearefull is to many.
As ſleepe depriues the memorie of paines,
So ſleepe of death ends all our wretchednes.

As all ſmall currents runne into the ſea,
So all mens toiles are ſwallowed vp in death.
As borrowed money muſt be paid againe,
So what life owes, muſt be by death diſcharg'd.
As we are merrie at our childrens birth,
So ſhould we not grieue vainly at their death.
As darkneſſe doth obſcure the faireſt day,
So death laies hold vpon the forward'ſt life.

Examples likewiſe on the ſame.

Hector ſaid to his wife *Andromache*,
Grieue not my death, all men are borne to die.
Gorgias, askt in ſickneſſe how he far'd?
Said, Sleepe now yeelds me to his brother death.
Pindarus ſleeping on a young lads breaſt,
Neuer awaked, but in that ſort dyed.
Veſpaſian ſtood vp at the point of death,
And ſaid, An Emperour ſhould ſtanding dye.
Plato thankt Nature, that ſhe let him liue,
In ſuch a time, as taught him well to die.
Thales will'd euery man amend his life,
Elſe he could haue no honour in his death.

The Concluſion.

THis worke, which coſt no meane paines and labour, to reduce into this forme and method; is thus at the length happily concluded, & commended to the kind acceptation of all gentle and well-diſpoſed minds. If ſome carping Sycophant (readier alway to cauill and find fault, than correct and amend) ſhall miſlike of the courſe obſerued in this booke, and imagine the heads not aptly or properly placed, (according as in his nice opinion perhaps hee would haue them:) let me thus plainely anſwere him, That they were neuer meant for the pleaſing of his vaine appetite, and therefore hee hath more loue to looke

looke off, than be prying into matters aboue his capacitie. Onely to the iudiciall and affable iudgements of this age, both the paines and pleaſure of this labour is publiſhed: not doubting, but they will meaſure it by the iuſt deſert, and cenſure thereof as their owne kind natures haue euer beene accuſtomed.

In this firſt Impreſsion, are omitted the Sentences of *Chaucer*, *Gower*, *Lidgate*, and other auncient Poets, becauſe it was not knowne how their forme would agree with theſe of ten ſyllables onely, and that ſometimes they exceed the compaſſe herein obſerued, hauing none but lineall and couplet ſentences, aboue and beyond which courſe, the Gentleman who was the cauſe of this collection (taking therin no meane paines him-ſelfe, beſides his friends labour) could not be perſwaded, but determinately aimed at this obſeruation. Neuertheleſſe, if this may enioy but the fauour hee hopes it will, and the good intent thereof be no way miſconſtrued: at the next impreſsion it ſhall be largely ſupplyed, with things that at this preſent

ſent could not be obtained, both in reſpect of ſome vrgent occaſion, beeing the hinderance thereof: as alſo becauſe there wanted apt meanes to furniſh further purpoſe then intended. All which, ſhall then be anſwered effectually, and any thing els may be thought auaileable to this worke, and the good liking of the wiſe.

FINIS.

An Alphabeticall Table, of the ſeuerall things handled in this Booke.

A

Aboundance. *vide Riches.*
Abſence. *vide Loue and Friendſhip.*
Abſtinence. *vide Gluttonie.*
Accuſation. *vide Iuſtice.*
Actions. 1,17,19,50,67,*&c.*
Admiration. *vide Loue.* 40
Admonition. *vide Counſell, Aduiſe, &c.*
Aduerſitie. *vide Pouertie.* 12
Aduiſe. 73
Adulterie. *vide Luſt.*
Affection. 161
Affliction. 12,20,74
Age. 222
Ambition. 108

Amitie.

Amitie. *vide Friendſhip.*
Angels. *vide Heauen.* 58
Anger 132
Armes. *vide Warre.*
Arrogancie. *vide Pride.*
Art. *vide Learning.*
Aſpiring. *vide Ambition.*
Auarice. 127
Aunceſtors. *vide Kings.*
Authoritie. 194

B

Babbling. *vide Words.*
Beautie. 40
Beleefe. 30
Benefits. 63
Blaſphemie. *vide God, and Heauen.*
Bleſſednes. 2,11,16,24
Blood. 58,71,77,79,82,84, *&c.*
Boaſting. *vide Pride.*
Body. *vide Mind.*
Bountie. 22,211
Bragging. *vide Pride.*
Brauerie *vide Pride.*

C

Care vide Greefe.
Charitie. vide Loue.
Chaſtitie. 37,38,39,40
Chaunce. vide Fortune.
Chaunge. 11,24,29,34,37,&c.
Children. 36,97
Choyce. 46
Choller. vide Anger.
Ciuilitie. vide Anger.
Clemencie. vide Pittie.
Comfort. 20, 24,54,64,80,&c.
Common-wealth. vide Kingdomes.
Compaſsion. vide Pittie.
Concord. 81
Concupiſcence. vide Luſt.
Confidence. 18,32
Conqueſt. vide Warre.
Conſcience. 8,9,10
Conſideration. vide Counſell.
Conſpiracie. vide Treaſon.
Conſtancie. vide Women.
Contemplation. vide Religion.
Contempt. vide Diſdaine.

Content. vide Peace. 6,49,67,71
Contention. vide Anger, Concord, &c.
Couetouſnes. 127
Counſell. 73
Countrey. vide Common-wealth.
Courage. 197
Courteſie. vide Kindneſſe. 75
Cowardiſe. 33,48,60,66,86
Craft. 97
Credit. 22,68
Credulitie 30,51,58
Crueltie. vide Tyrannie. 33,41,51
Curioſitie. vide Pride.
Cuſtome. 61,70,79

D

Darkneſſe. vide Day and Night.
Daunger. vide Feare.
Day. 29,46,57,92
Death. 230
Deceit. vide Falſhood.
Deeds, 177, &c.
Delay. 28,78
Delight. 201, &c.
Deſert. 19,65,67,68

Desire. 161
Despaire. 24,26,33,43,45,47,66,74
Desperation. *vide Despaire.*
Destinie. 154
Deuill. *vide Sinne.* 2
Deuotion. *vide God.* 37
Diligence. *vide Labour.*
Discord. *vide Concord.*
Discretion. 18,48,49,50,53,65,*&c.*
Disdaine. 165
Dishonestie. 39,43,71
Dishonour. *vide Honour.*
Dissimulation. 29,174,*&c.*
Distresse. 20,21,26,59,75,76,80
Distrust. *vide Trust.* 24
Diuision. *vide Discord.*
Doctrine. *vide Learning.*
Doubt. 144
Dread. *vide Feare.*
Drunkennes. *vide Gluttonie.*
Dutie. *vide Subiects.* 41

E

Earth. 2,5,6,12,19,42,57,60,63,87
Education. *vide Children.*

Election. *vide Choice.*
Eloquence. 30,55,56
Enuy. 117,*&c.*
Equalitie. *vide Equity.*
Equity. 1,3,13,33,76,*&c.* 94
Error. 12,18
Eternity. 18,37,39,54
Euill Deeeds. 181,*&c.*
Example. 51,59
Exceſſe. *vide Drunkenneſſe.*
Exile. 82
Experience. 48,54,55
Extremitie. 32,39,46,48,78,82,90,98

F

Faith. 21,*&c.*
Falſhood. *vide Friends and Friendſhip.*
Fame. 88,*&c.*
Familiarity. *vide Friendſhip.*
Fancie. *vide Affection.*
Father. 60
Faults. 14,19,21,22,32,35,36,42,*&c.*
Fauour. 2,26,31,35,59,61
Feare. 144,*&c.*
Felicitie. *vide Happines.*

Flatterie. 174,&c.
Foes. *vide Friends, and Friendſhip.*
Folly. 1,5,17,24,30,41,49,50,52,213
Fortitude. 39,54,85
Fortune. 149,&c.
Force. *vide Strength.*
Fraud. *vide Deceit.*
Friends. 94,&c.
Friendſhip. *vide Friends.*
Frugality. 38
Fury. *vide Tyrants.*

G

Gaine. 18,26,32,35
Generall. *vide Warre.*
Gentlenes. *vide Kindnes.*
Gladnes. *vide Ioy.*
Glory. 31,38,67,71,89
Gluttony. 135,&c.
God. 1,2,3,4,11,24,26,37,41,59,79
Gold. *vide Riches.* 80
Goodnes, 14,17,18,36,50
Good Deeds. 177,&c.
Good name. *vide Fame.*
Good will. *vide Loue.*

Gifts. 2,21,26,27,38,40,48,*&c.*
Grace. 21,24,26,37,42,44
Greefe. 138,*&c.*
Guile. *vide Fraud.*
Guiltines. 46,77,78

H

Hap. *vide Fortune, and Fate.*
Happines. 5,17,25,27,36,51,67,81,98
Hate. 34,*&c.*
Health. 26
Hearing. *vide Iustice and Iudgement.*
Heauen. 5,6,7
Hell. *vide Sinne.* 2,6,7,29,45,72
Honestie. 14,15,27,39,82,92,93
Honour. 69,*&c.*
Hope. 24,*&c.*
Hospitalitie. *vide Bountie.*
Humanitie. *vide Manhood.*
Humilitie. 191,*&c.*

I

Idlenes. *vide Sloth.*
Iealousie. 45,*&c.*
Ieasting. *vide Pleasure.*
Idolatry. *vide God, and Religion.*

Igno-

Ignorance. 9,11,27,49,55
Immortalitie. 18,19,43
Impietie. *vide Religion.*
Impudence. *vide Shame.*
Incontinence. *vide Luſt.*
Induſtrie. *vide Learning.* 51
Infamie. *vide Fame.*
Ingratitude. *vide Loue.*
Iniury. *vide Wrong.* 44,85
Iniuſtice. *vide Iuſtice.*
Innocence. 10,11,15,64,77,224
Inſtruction. *vide Arte.*
Intemperance. *vide Gluttonie.*
Inuention. *vide Learning.* 32
Ioy 5,8,9,25,29,32,61,89
Ire. *vide Anger.*
Iudge. *vide Iuſtice.*
Iudgement. 3,77,78,92
Iuſtice. 76,*&c.*

K

Kindneſſe. *vide Pittie.* 3,7
Kingdomes. 63,*&c.*
Kings. 57,*&c.*
Kinred. 3,64,67

Knighthood. 22
Knowledge. 13,53,*&c.*

L

Labour. 16,71,92
Lamentation. *vide Sorrow & Teares.*
Lawes. 3,60,61,*&c.*
Learning. 53,*&c.*
Lecherie. *vide Luſt.*
Lenity. *vide Kindnes.*
Liberalitie. *vide Bountie.*
Libertie. 17,38,39,64
Life. 226
Light. *vide Day.* 30
Loue. 28
Lowlineſſe. *vide Humilitie.*
Loyaltie. 47,95
Luſt. 120
Lying. 15,71,92

M

Madneſſe. *vide Furie.* 47
Magiſtrates. 64,86
Magnanimitie. *vide Courage and Warre.*
Maieſtie. 17,59,60,61
Malice. *vide Hate.* 67

Man.

Man. 101
Manhood. *vide Valour.*
Marriage. *vide Loue, and Luſt.*
Meane. *vide Equitie.*
Melancholly. *vide Griefe.* 64
Memory. *vide Learning.*
Mercie. 1,2,35,78
Might. *vide Power.*
Mind. 157
Miſery. 19,26,30,46,75
Miſhap. 2,55,66,89,98
Miſtruſt. *vide Truſt.*
Moderation. *vide Law.*
Modeſtie. *vide Temperance.* 39
Monarch. 27,40,57,86
Money. *vide Wealth.* 87
Mourning. 188,*&c.*
Muſes. *vide Poetrie.* 53
Muſicke. 20,32,56,98

N

Nature. 29,34,40,48,50,54,55,64,*&c.*
Neceſsitie. *vide Need.*
Need. 19,26,39,55,74,87,95
Negligence. *vide Sloth.*

Neighbour. 34,47,68,82
Niggardiſe. 67,93,212,213
Night. 29,46,57,73
Nobilitie. 66,*&c.*
Nurture. *vide Children.*

O

Oath. 37,70
Obedience. *vide Subiects.*
Obliuion. *vide Memory.*
Occaſion. 22,24,69
Offence. 9,21,36,77,97
Offers. *vide Gifts.*
Office. *vide Authoritie.*
Old age. *vide Age.*
Opinion. 17,19,22,50,54,60,68,96
Opportunitie. *vide Occaſion.* 50
Oratory. *vide Oratours.*
Oratours. 15,18,31,42,55
Order. *vide Iuſtice.*

P

Paine. 25,29,31,32,33,64,70,204,*&c.*
Painting. 40,*&c.*
Paraſites. *vide Flatterie.*
Pardon. *vide Obedience, and Age.*

Parents. 64,66,68
Partialitie. *vide Iuſtice.*
Paſsions. 26,33,46,50
Patience. 99,*&c.*
Peace. 81,*&c*
Perill. *vide Daunger.*
Periurie. *vide Oath.*
Perſeuerance. *vide Patience.*
Pittie. 32,35,41,43,45,47,77,84
Plainneſſe. *vide Honeſtie.* 15
Play. *vide Pleaſure.*
Pleaſure. 201,*&c.*
Plentie. *vide Abundance and Wealth.*
Poetrie. *vide Learning.*
Pollicie. 79,*&c.*
Poore. *vide Need.* 207
Pouertie. 1,15,31,35,50,51,57,58,*&c.*
Power. 5,14,18,25,26,35,42,49,54
Praiſe. 18,38,41,50,66,91,*&c.*
Prayer. 11,79,80,81
Preciſeneſſe. *vide Pride.*
Preferment. *vide Promotion.*
Preſumption. *vide Ambition and Pride.*
Pride. 124,*&c.*

Princes

Princes. 57,58,*&c.*
Prodigality. *vide Bountie, and time.*
Profit. 50,54,70
Promiſe. 36,34,70
Promotion. 26,59
Proſperity. *vide Wealth.* 35
Prouidence. 2,6,85
Prudence. *vide Wiſdome.*
Puniſhment. 65,77,78

Q

Qualitie. 36,61
Quietnes. 10,48,59,71,77

R

Rage. *vide Anger.* 35,45,49
Raſhnes. 21,22,49,59,75,85,93
Reaſon. 12,15,32,39,43,45,60,72,82
Religion. 11,*&c.*
Repentance. 6,8,29,213,217
Report. 19,71,89,91
Reproch. *vide Shame, and Slaunder*
Reſolution, 22,25,39,61,67
Reuenge. 5,35,46,59,72
Rhetoricke. 11
Riches. 9,18,38,51,76,81

Right.

Right. 13,14,64,69,77
Rigour. *vide Cruelty.* 42
Riot. *vide Prodigality.* 39
Ruine. 84,90,97
Rule. *vide Authority, and Kings.*
Ruth. *vide Pitie.*

S

Sadneſſe. 26
Sapience. *vide Wit, and Wiſdome.*
Science. 56,86
Scoffing. 165, &c.
Scorne. *vide Diſdaine.*
Selfe-loue. 33,40,60
Selfe-will. *vide Vain-glory.* 22
Secrecie. 46
Security. *vide Idleneſſe.*
Senſes. *vide Learning.*
Seruice. *vide Duty.*
Shame. 2,18,29,42,58,59,66,67,71,73.
Sicknes. *vide Death.* 43,74,75,87,224
Silence. *vide Talke.*
Sinne. 2,6,9,12,17, &c.
Sight. *vide Loue.*
Slauery. *vide Tyrants.*
Slaunder. 167, &c.

Sleepe. *vide Death.*
Sloth. 130, &c.
Sobriety. 9, 48
Solitude. *vide Griefe.*
Sorrow. *vide Woe.*
Souldiours. 86, 87
Soule. 5, 7
Sparing. *vide Niggardiſe.*
Speech. *vide Words.*
Spending. *vide Bountie.*
Spoile. *vide Warre.*
Sport. *vide Delight.*
Stabilitie. *vide Reſolution.*
State. *vide Kings and Common-wealths.*
Strength. *vide Power.*
Study. *vide Learning.*
Subiects. 57, &c.
Subtilty. *vide Fraud.*
Sufferance. *vide Patience.*
Surfet. *vide Gluttony.*
Suſpition. *vide Iealouſie.*
Swearing. *vide Oath.*
Sword. *vide Warre.*

T

Talke. vide Words.
Taunts. vide Diſdaine.
Taſting. 38,42
Teares. 188,&c.
Temperance. vide Sobriety.
Temptation. 3,17
Terrour. vide Tyrants and Feare.
Thankfulneſſe. vide Kindnes.
Thoughts. 185,&c.
Time.
Tongue. 170,&c.
Treaſon. 114,&c.
Treaſure. 28,40,43,57,62,64,71
Triall. 3,14,21,24,55,78,82,97,98
Trouble. vide Affliction. 10,63
Trueth. 13,&c.
Truſt. 14,22,25,45
Tyranny. vide Tyrants.
Tyrants. 111,&c.

V

Valiancie. 86,&e.
Valour. 18,29,56,80,82,84,85
Vaine-glory. vide Pride. 94
Vanity.

Vanity. 18,26,44,50,53
Variety. *vide Pleasure.*
Venery. *vide Lust.*
Vertue. 16,*&c.*
Vice. 17,*&c.* 62,82
Victory. 2,85,86
Violence. *vide Cruelty.*
Virginity. 37
Vnderstanding. *vide Wisdome.* 56
Vnity. 12,38,82,96
Vnkindnesse. *vide Affection.* 29
Vowes. *vide Oath.*
Vsury. *vide Riches.*

W

Want. 39,55,82,89
Wantonnesse. 31,33,38,39.41
Warre. 84,*&c.*
Wealth. 9,20,26,33,38,42,48,*&c.*
Weeping. *vide Mourning.*
Wife. 38,46
Will. 18,29,30,43,44,46,49,*&c.*
Wine. *vide Drunkennes.* 10,20
Wisdome. 48,*&c.*
Wit. *vide Wisdome.*

Wickednes.

Wickednes. 3,63,86,89,93
Woe. *vide Griefe.*
Women. 104,*&c.*
Words. 170,*&c.*
Workes. 22,32,60,75,86
World. 12,17,19,26,53,74,87
VVretchednesse. *vide Misery.*
VVrath. *vide Anger.* 1,2,60,85

Y

Youth. 219

Z

Zeale. 21,22,23

THE MANNERS, LAWES, AND CVSTOMES OF ALL NATIONS.

Collected out of the best VVriters by IOANNES BOEMVS AVBANVS, a Dutch-man.

With many other things of the same Argument, gathered out of the Historie of Nicholas Damascen.

The like also out of the History of America, or Brasill, written by *Iohn Lerius*.

The faith, religion and manners of the Aethiopians, and the deploration of the people of Lappia, compiled by Damianus à Goes.

With a short discourse of the Aethiopians, taken out of IOSEPH SCALIGER his seuenth booke *de Emendatione temporum*.

Written in Latin, and now newly translated into English.

By ED. AST[illegible].

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